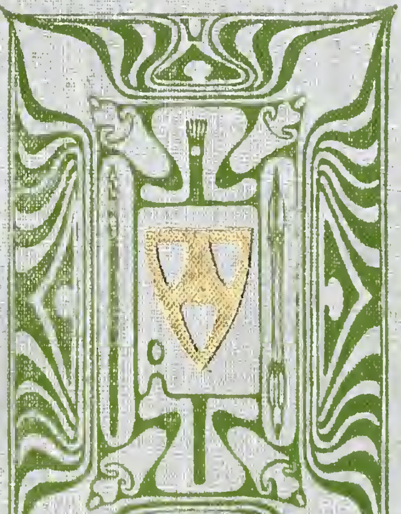
DUTCH PAINTERS OF·THE·NINETEENTH CENTURY.



SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co.

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DUTCH PAINTERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DUTCH PAINTERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

EDITED BY

MAX ROOSES

Curator of the Plantin—Moretus Museum, Antwerp.

Translated by F. KNOWLES.

With Six Etchings by Ph. Zilcken, Six Photogravure Plates and
over 200 other Illustrations.

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CONTENTS.

I. Jacob Maris by G. H. Marius . . . . page 3
with Portrait and 11 Illustrations in the text.

II. Albert Neuhuys by J. van Rennes . . . . ,, 19
with Portrait, from a drawing by Joseph Israels and 13 Illustrations in the text.

III. Henry William Mesdag by Anna C. Croiset van der Kop . . . ,, 35
with Portrait and 15 Illustrations in the text.

IV. Julius Jacobus van de Sande Bakhuyzen by Lewis Mulder . . ,, 61
with Portrait by Willy Martens, and 13 Illustrations in the text.

V. N. van der Waay by A. G. C. van Duyl . . . . ,, 81
with Portrait, from a drawing by E. S. Witkamp and 15 Illustrations in the text.

VI. William Maris by G. H. Marius . . . . ,, 101
with Portrait and 9 Illustrations in the text.

VII. Johannes Christiaan Karel Klinkenberg by Johan Gram . . . ,, 117
with Portrait and 13 Illustrations in the text.

VIII. Lodewijk Franciscus Hendrik Apol by Johan Gram . . . . . ,, 137
with Portrait and 15 Illustrations in the text.

IX. B. J. Blommers by A. G. C. van Duyl . . . . ,, 159
with Portrait and 16 Illustrations in the text.

X. Thérèse Schwartze by H. Leonards . . . . ,, 179
with Portrait painted by herself and 15 Illustrations in the text.

XI. J. H. L. de Haas by A. G. C. van Duyl . . . . ,, 207
with Portrait and 12 Illustrations in the text.

XII. F. H. Kaemmerer by A. L. H. Obreen . . . . ,, 223
with Portrait and 12 Illustrations in the text.

ILLUSTRATIONS APART FROM THE TEXT.

Page.

I. JACOB MARIS. The town quay, from a painting in the National Museum in Amsterdam. (Autotype.) 3

II. ,, The mill, from a painting in the possession of Mr. L. Smit (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 9

III. ALBERT NEUHUYS. An old spinning wheel, at Laren, from a painting. (Wood-cut.) 19

IV. ,, Sorrow, from a painting in the possession of Mr. E. van Essen (Photogravure.) 27

V. HENRY WILLIAM MESDAG. The return of the fishing boats, from a painting in oils (Autotype.) 35

VI. ,, Herring boats returning, from a painting. (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 41

VII. JULIUS JACOBUS VAN DE SANDE BAKHUYZEN. A landscape, (Drenthe,) from a painting in the possession of Mr. David Evans. (Autotype.) . . 61

VIII. ,, ,, Lake, from a painting in the Museum at the Hague (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 73

IX. N. VAN DER WAAY. The etching class, from a water-colour. (Autotype) . 81

X. ,, An Exhibition, from a water-colour in the possession of the artist. (Photogravure) 89

XI. WILLIAM MARIS. Under the willow trees, from a painting. (Autotype) . 101

XII. ,, Landscape with cattle, from a drawing in the possession of Mr. Spaan. (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 107

XIII. JOHANNES CHRISTIAAN KAREL KLINKENBERG. Alkmaar, from a painting (Autotype.) 117

XIV. ,, ,, Groeneburgwal, from a painting in the possession of Mr. C. Noordendorp. (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 129

XV. LODEWIJK FRANCISCUS HENDRIK APOL. The mill stream in the woods A painting from nature. (Autotype.) . . . 137

XVI ,, ,, Winter, from a painting in the possession of Mrs. Tersteeg-Pronk. (Etched by PH. ZILCKEN) 145

XVII. B. J. Blommers. The doll, reproduced from a water-colour in the possession of Mr. Volcker van Soelen (Autotype) 159
XVIII. „ On the sea-shore, from a painting, in the possession of Messrs Boussod Valadon & Co (Photogravure.) 169
XIX. Thérèse Schwartze. Lutheran communicants, from a painting in the Museum Suasso (Autotype.) 179
XX. „ „Fatherless," from a painting in the possession of Mr. Joan Schmitz. (Photogravure.) 193
XXI. J. H. L. de Haas. In the downs. In the possession of H. R. H. the Prince Regent of Bavaria. (Autotype.) 207
XXII. „ A rising storm, from a painting in the Museum in Antwerp. (Photogravure.) 217
XXIII. F. H. Kaemmerer. „Sur la promenade." From a study in oils. (Wood-cut.). 223
XXIV. „ „An accident," from a painting. (Photogravure.) . . 233

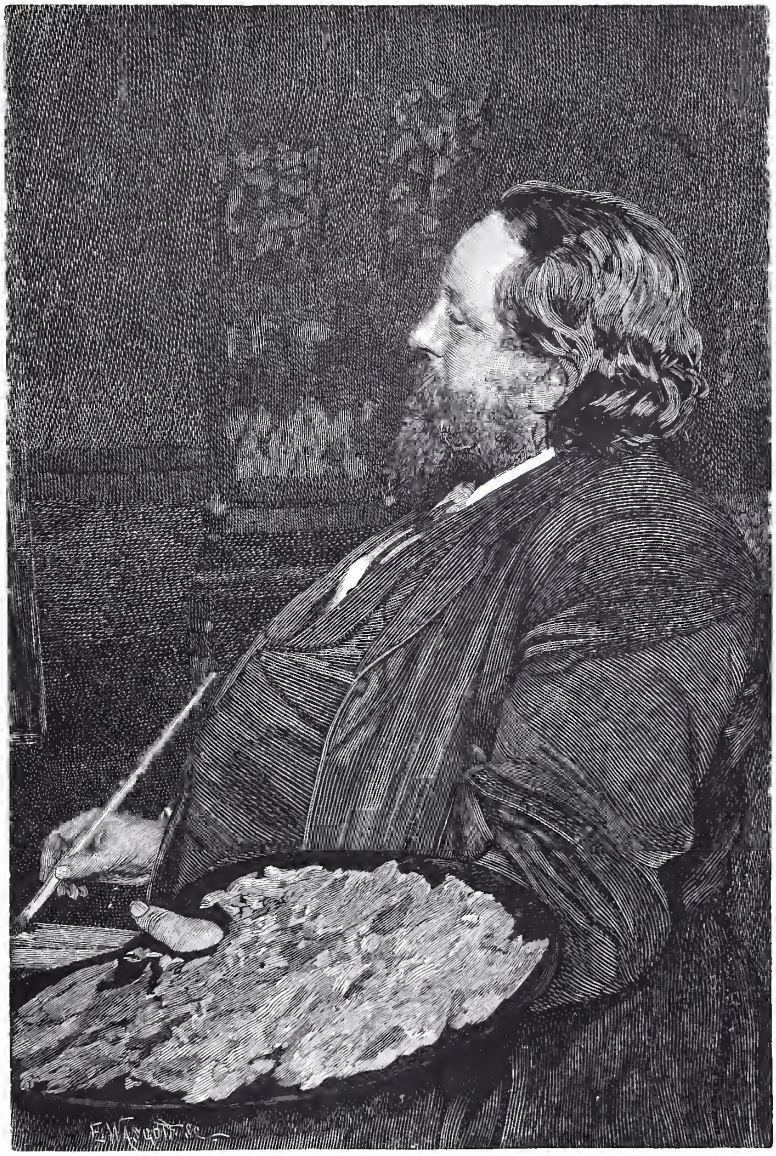
JACOB MARIS.

BY

G. H. MARIUS.

The town quay, from a painting in the National Museum in Amsterdam.

JACOB MARIS.



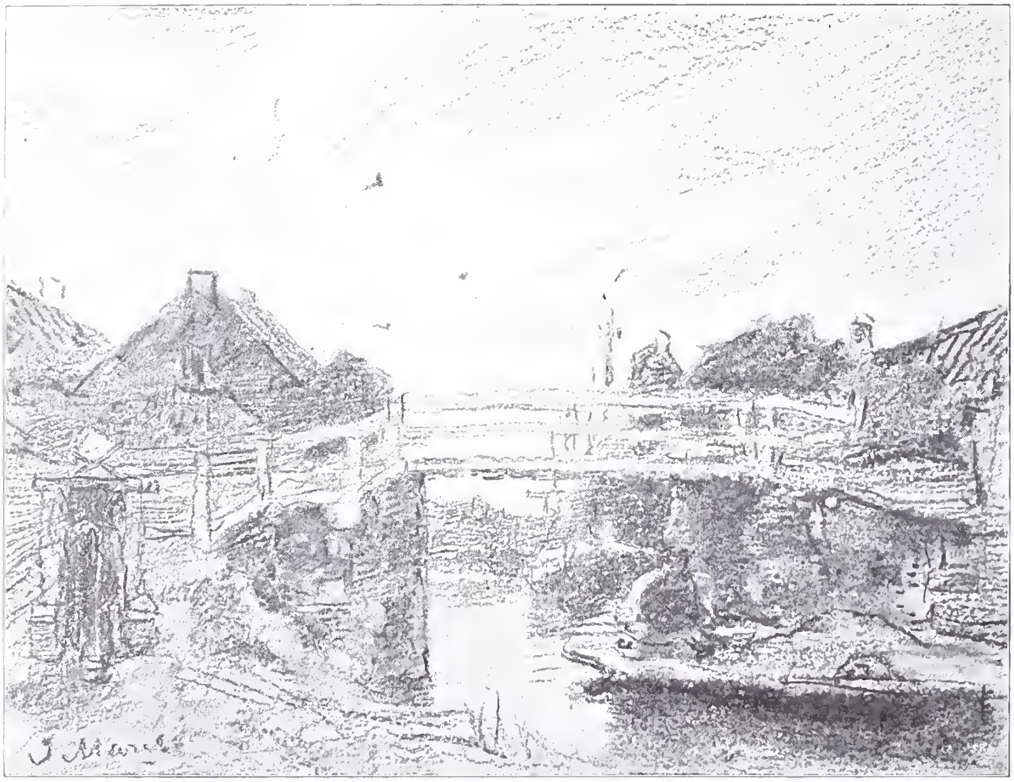
There is no doubt that Jacob Maris was much impressed, and perhaps influenced by the works of the French painters Millet, Rousseau, Dupré, Corot and many others, during his sojourn in Paris.

It must have been a revelation to him that these Frenchmen, these enthusiastic admirers of our Dutch school—who came to Holland to study our old masters—had reached such a perfection of strong personal art-interpretation and saw nature through their own eys. They did not copy the old cracked and time-worn canvases in a sleepy manner, but discovered spirit and life, which they expressed and idealized in the proper way.

When you consider how stiff and conventional art remained in Holland, at a time when France was pushing ahead, when her younger school—especially in Paris and its suburbs—was bringing freshness and life into art, then I say it was an undoubted sign of the strong personality of Jacob Maris, that, with all his admiration for these extreme colourists and romantic impressionists, he remained *himself* and true to himself; a Dutchman of the Dutch, and although seeking nature as his model, yet following in many ways the old school of his native land, to which he was bound by strong ties of affection and relationship.

Although all his works were perfectly original and strictly from life, yet he followed Rembrandt, Ruysdael and Van der Meer to a certain extent, modernizing however their ideas, with the interpretation and sentiment of his own period. (The last half of the 19th century).

Life is perpetually changing and art, the greatest vibrating expression of life, must of necessity change too, else she would be dead. There was no one who understood this better than Jacob Maris; he saw the movement, and rejoiced at the sign of fresh life which was steadily creeping into our Dutch Art in the beginning of the 17th century.



The bridge, from a charcoal sketch.

This perfect equality, combining artistic feeling with common sense, which are the decided characteristics of Van der Meer, are also the properties which stamp the works of Jacob Maris, and class them, among the great; young and old honour and respect him, and many of the former look up to him and follow in his footsteps.

The touch of sympathy which sends a thrill of pleasure and satisfaction through one's whole being, at the contemplation of his works, is not produced by the subject, but by the exquisite painting, the power of rendering, the splendid *beauty* and *harmony* of the whole. He never painted sentimental or romantic subjects to attract the eye; hence perhaps the reason of the lingering appreciation of the public.

It is nature that you see, it is not Jacob Maris at all, if such were possible. He knows exactly what he would express on the canvas and carries out his impressions to the letter. His memory is wonderful, he grasps his ideas with an iron will and produces the exact counterpart of that which is in his mind.

The sentiment of his work is buried in the innermost recesses of his soul, artistically hidden by his cleverness. Every part of a picture that he produces, is handled with equal dexterity and all detail added tenderly and with care.

If he is painting grass, growing by the side of a river or canal, you can almost count the blades, so lifelike and natural.

Or if the picture represent a threatening sky and approaching storm, with a dilapidated windmill in one corner, and perhaps a muddy stream in the other, then in the midst of all this grey dullness your eye catches a delightful little spot of bright sunny green, as if a piece of brilliant paint, from a child's paint-box, had been rubbed into the spot.

And such a detail, such a touch of colour—apparently out of harmony with the rest—is perhaps added to a picture after many years. Some peculiar effect in nature has been unexpectedly noticed by our artist and carried in his mind; then, when the spirit moves him, he adds this—as some would call it, ill-omened touch—to a long since finished canvas, and thus changes the whole aspect of the landscape.

Look at that picture by Maris in the National Museum in Amsterdam (a view of a town), see how beautifully it is painted. Every stroke of the brush tells a tale; the old houses with their quaint gables and uneven roofs, stand out against the sky; the row of small trees—not quite in full leaf—are seen conspicuously in straight even lines, so thoroughly like an old Dutch town.

Then look at his landscapes, in which water is always introduced, how distinctly the boats and barges appear in the soft atmosphere; that hazy and misty atmosphere, so characteristic of Holland; it casts a grey and silvery tone over everything. His effects of light and shade are so cleverly treated, that everything seems natural and lifelike, even the sea-mews and gulls look as if they could fly out of the picture, if so minded; and over everything, whether animate or inanimate, there is an aspect of peace, in fact an intense calm pervades the whole.

If you stand before one of Maris' pictures, for a long time, you discover many objects, which you had not noticed at first, houses, bridges, trees all looming out of the mellow misty light which is diffused over the entire canvas.

But it is not merely a view that Maris wishes to place before us, it is not alone that we should recognize the exact spot and say, it is taken from here, or it is taken from there. This does not constitute the beauty, nor the value of the picture, yet to many the attraction is great to see a familiar spot portrayed, and to be able to exclaim: „I know the exact place."

In this respect of completeness I consider that Jacob Maris stands higher than Daubigny. Daubigny's paintings are fresh and beautiful, suggesting a series of refined impressions, but should I be called upon to compare the two, I should say that Daubigny's works give one the idea of the separate though perfect petals of a rose, whereas those of Jacob Maris suggest the complete flower, full blown and in its beauty.

This is only one more proof how well Jacob Maris can place the opposing effect of light and shade comformably with his own ideas of beauty, making the forms of the objects represented, stand out in true magnificence. Nothing is overdone, nor is there any thing wanting to show his great taste and the perfection of his conception in producing a satisfactory whole. In this he is not unlike Rembrandt who, though never slighting detail, considered the completeness of his master-pieces as paramount.

⁂

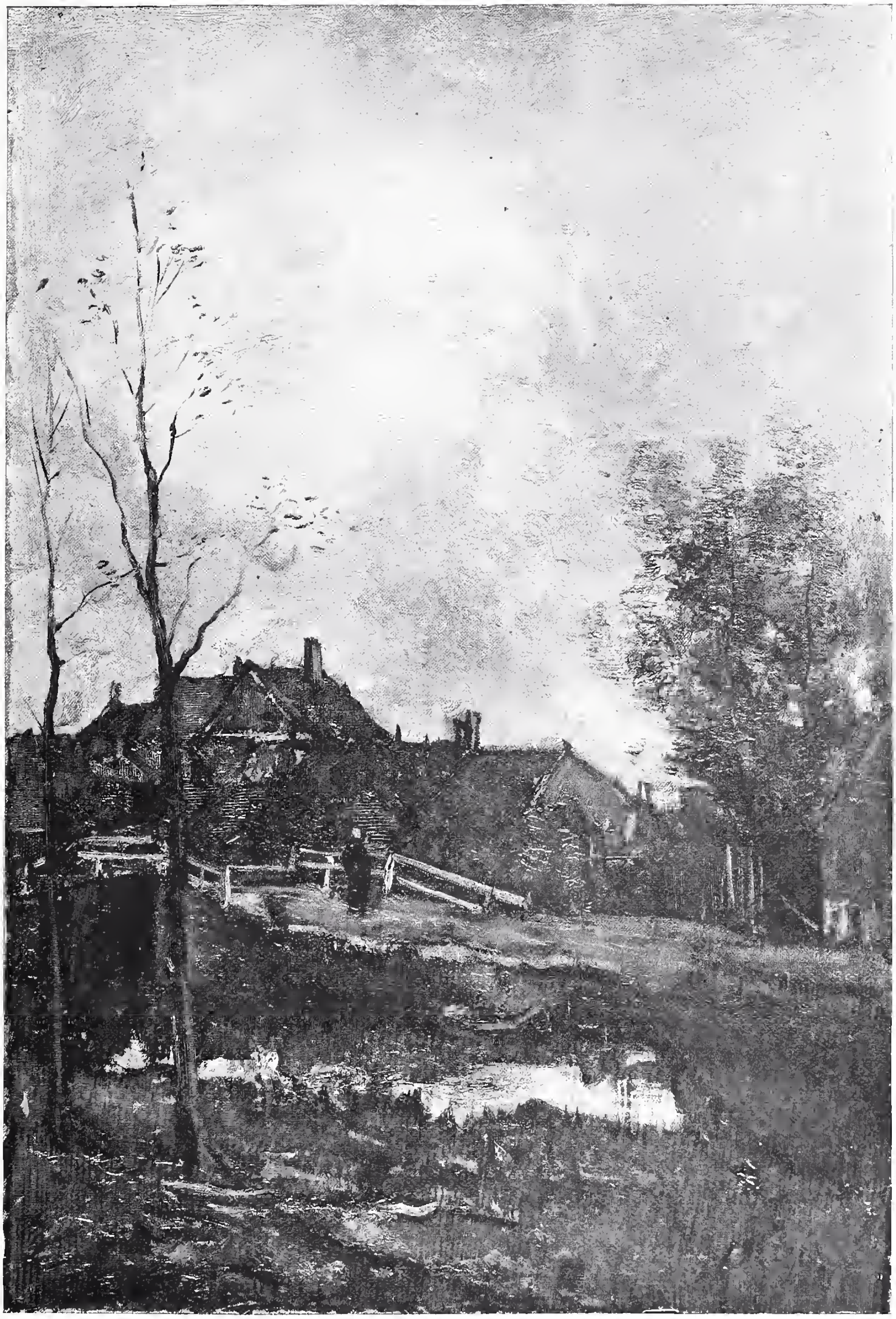
In the Museum of the Hague you will find one of his best views of the sea-shore. It is a picture of great beauty, fresh and bright in which the eye wanders over an immense space.

One large cloud seems to dominate the canvas, and an intense azure blue pervades the whole. Although the sun is shining, it is plainly perceivable that it is a cold raw day, by the look of hardness and clearness of the sea.

The sand on the beach has a look of firmness and solidity, and the boats and figures in the picture are massive yet not bulky or ponderous. The reflection in the pools of water, left by the receding tide, is very cleverly done.

The whole has movement and life. Genuine and real to that extent that you can almost feel the cold north wind blowing in your face.

Few artists are more versatile than Jacob Maris. That fresh „happy look" in his work comes, no doubt, from the fact that painting to him is a pleasure, almost a recreation; never a toil, never a labour. When he is touched by

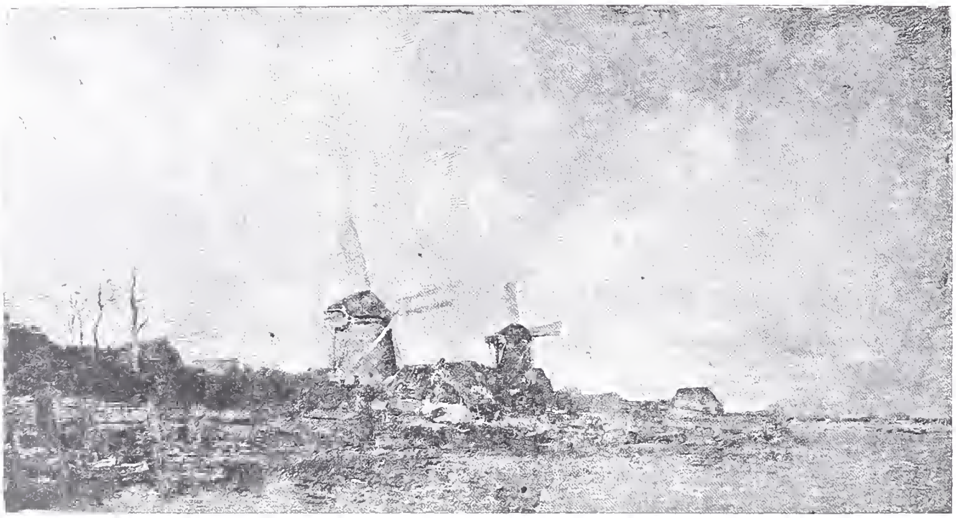


In the neighbourhood of Delft, from a painting in oils, in the possession of Mrs. H. G. Tersteeg.

some marvellous effect in nature, he either carries it in his mind, or dots it down on paper or canvas to be used on some future occasion.

By this continued observation of nature in general, and of light and shade in particular, he strengthens his power as an artist, yet never losing that tender and ingenious expression of touch, which is the chief charm of his productions.

What an endless variety of windmills he immortalizes. Some of his canvases have but a small solitary windmill, while others have a crowd of these gigantic cumbersome structures. Some pictures have a fringe of them upon the horizon.



The two windmills, from a painting in oils in the possession of Mr. J. S. Forbes.

The Dutch windmill is like the ubiquitous Dutch cow, no picture is complete without either the one or the other.

These huge colossus—the mills not the cows—stand generally in low-lying watery ground and in dismal surroundings, heavy clouds hang about as if a storm was imminent. It is not difficult to know whether these mills are at work or at rest; even the most unobserving could tell. We seem to see these great „arms" rushing round and can imagine that we hear that peculiar sound, so familiar to every Dutchman.

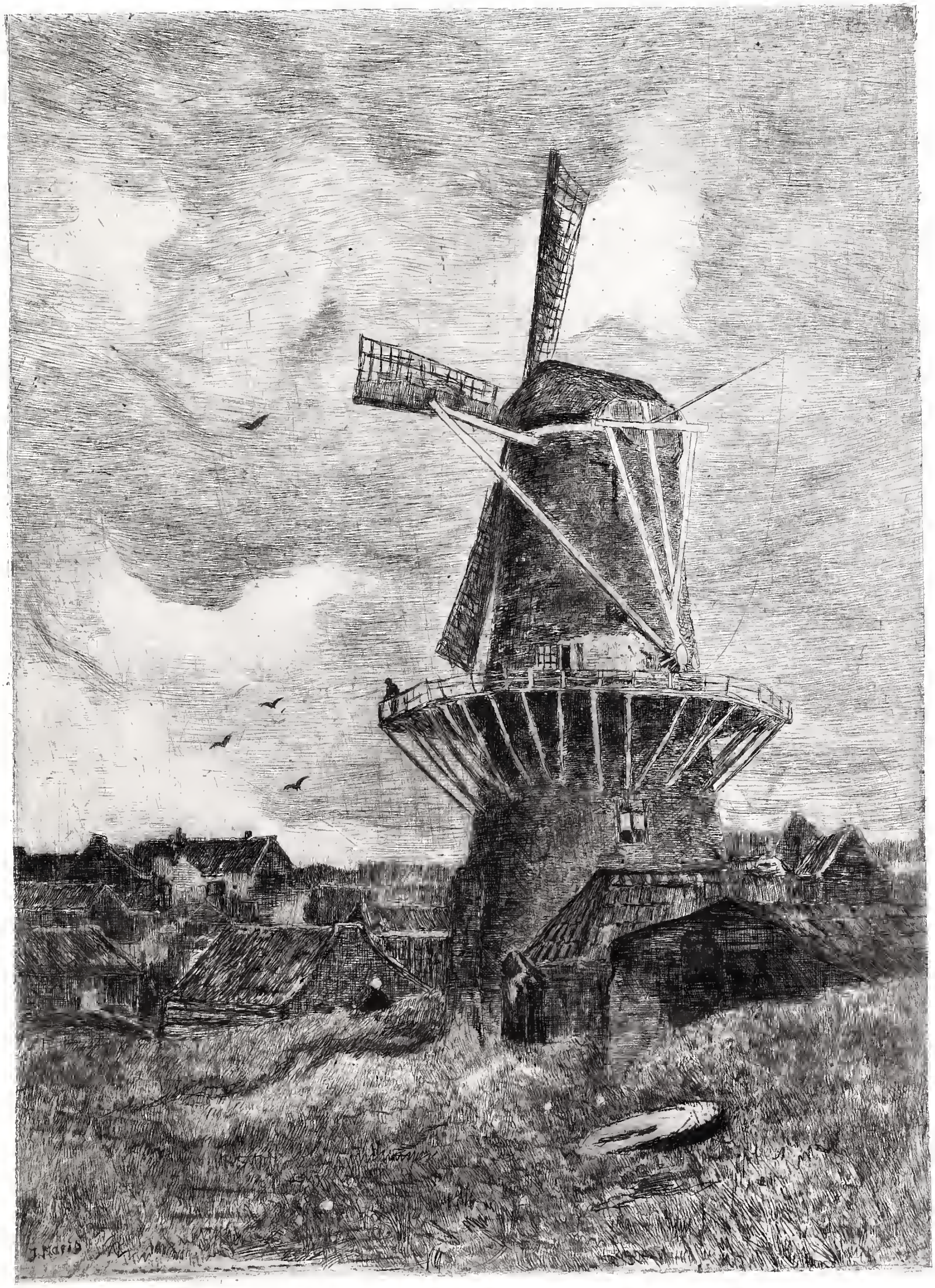
However simple the subject, it is oft times made almost dramatic by the rays of the setting sun, or by the brilliancy of a silver-lined cloud. These effects of light and shade are rapidly passing, and we gaze with admiration upon the skilful work of a man who can produce such a faithful picture, which his eye could have seen but momentarily.

Sometimes he paints a canal with a barge pulled by a weary-looking horse, tramping along the muddy road, the ruts of which are filled with water from recent rain. (His horses are generally white).

„*The mill*"

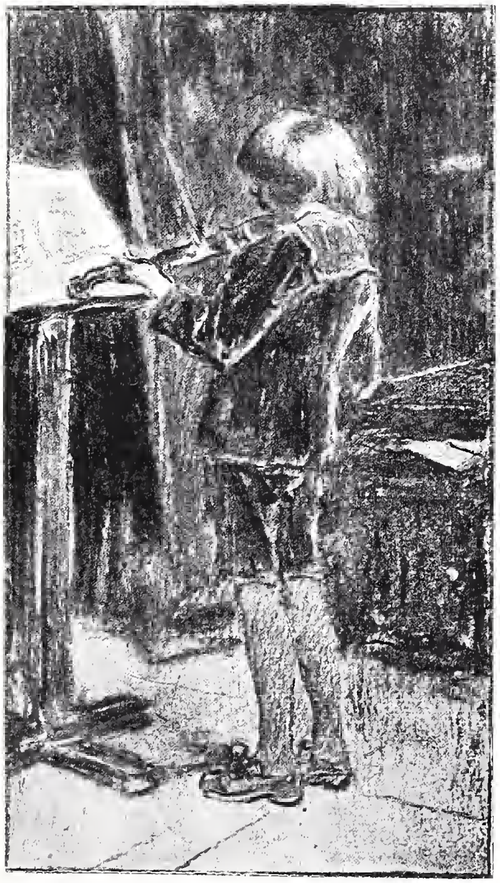
FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mr. L. Smit.


J. Maris

Or it is a bit of rich agricultural land, the long furrows stretching into the far distance; against a wonderful sky you see the profiles of distant houses, trees, mills, etc., all dying away into the horizon, showing the flatness of our Dutch landscape, where there is nothing to impede or obstruct the eye for miles.

It would be impossible in this short allotted space to enumerate all the different variety of pictures by Jacob Maris, both as regards style and subject.



Mr. H. W. Mesdag, in his fine collection of paintings, has a lovely one by Maris. This canvas represents an old Scheveningen fisherwoman sitting on the downs. The sea and the sky have a silvery appearance and a streak of light catches her white cap. All about her are masses of downs, which stand out in strange relief against the pale atmosphere; and over everything there is a look of intense repose.

Another picture by Maris is almost the same as the above, but instead of the old woman we see a child playing, a pretty little thing dressed in white—probably one of his own children. It is a charming picture. In this case the sky is blue, and there are touches of green on the downs, which give to the canvas a look of summer and sunshine.

Jacob Maris frequently took his own children as models, and good little models they were. I am sure everybody knows that picture of his called „Boy playing the violin." A few years ago it was exhibited in Amsterdam. The boy is dressed in brown velvet and stands against a background of old tapestry. He is holding his violin gracefully and with ease; a ray of light falls on the music stand, lighting up the white edges of the book. The colouring is superb and reminds one of some old Spanish painting.

Maris was fond of painting children. Another celebrated work is a girl sitting at the piano, the light touches her pale-coloured frock and the white keys, making a striking contrast to the surrounding darker shades. His children are always tender eyed and as fresh as spring flowers, and their environment generally some soft bright colouring from the deepest blue to the warmest ochre.

In former years Jacob Maris painted many interiors. By interiors I mean

"Practising," from an oil painting.

farm houses, kitchens, and family gatherings, where the wife would perhaps be busy cooking the frugal repast and the husband, tired out by a hard day's work, sitting in the chimney corner smoking a long pipe. Always simple folk and the pictures breathing a fine sentiment.

The interiors he depicts now are chiefly taken from his own home; scenes from the life of his own family. They are elegant little paintings if one may use such a term when applying it to pictures.

It is a good and healthy sign when a man sees beauty in his own immediate surroundings, and does not seek for it among strangers and away from home.

A short time ago a well-known water-colour by Maris was exhibited at the Hague. This picture was called "The monthly nurse." On a low chair sits this important personage, (they appear to be important in all countries), her black silk skirts spread out in order to show every fold to advantage. On her broad and comfortable looking lap, lies the baby, dressed in long flowing robes. At her knee stands a little girl gazing in astonishment and awe at the new comer. The furniture of the apartment has many touches of blue.

This fascinating *aquarelle* gives one a feeling of peace and repose. I believe it was taken from our artist's home circle, and not merely an imaginative creation of his own fancy. It is beautifully painted. The head of the old nurse is exquisite, and the hands, although perhaps a little stiff, rest naturally upon the child.

His water-colours are as carefully finished as his oil paintings; they may be, if possible, a little more sympathetic and finer in touch. Many of these water-colours are taken from the immediate surroundings and suburbs of the Hague; canals and ditches, along the sides of which are market gardens and tiny little houses, These home-like subjects, combined with the picturesque costumes of the men digging and planting, boys piling up the fresh cut green into low barges, and young women with red arms, and rosy cheeks rinsing their linen in the water, make many charming pictures. In the distance are cows and windmills, with an occasional church tower against the horizon, no hills or dales to intercept the view; and over everything a sky such as only Jacob Maris knows how to produce.

It appears that Jacob Maris must have said one day: "A picture is finished as soon as you can see what it is intended to represent." If you consider the sense of this pithy remark you will understand its full meaning and purport.

It contains a world of technical cleverness: the clouds must be moving; the blue sky showing expanse; the light and shade clear and natural; all things alive and real. Every figure must be in action and yet in repose; birds must be flying; trees waving in the breeze; reflection correct and exact; all as we see it in nature for ourselves.

Personally he has fulfilled this demand. His pictures are, in all respects, perfect and true to the laws of nature. His canvases seem to live, each ray of light, each shadow that is cast—though logically thought out and carefully planned—is produced with feeling and sentiment; every stroke of the brush seems to tell and is in its right place. Not one too many, not one wanting.

It goes without saying that this completeness and thoroughness is the fruit of years of practise and ardent study. No perfection can be obtained without persistent work and determination.

The stiffness and thinness—if I may use the expression—of Maris' former works have quite disappeared. His touch is now broader and firmer, and yet with it all, more tender and sympathetic.

Maris' chief aim is to make a strong impression with the whole, (not by part or portion). To this end his detail is subordinate to the entire; even colouration, I may say, becomes of minor importance. From this you will gather how much value our artist puts in the perfection of completeness; nothing may overbalance or outdo its neighbour; nothing may overshadow, by greatness or perfection, its immediate surroundings.

An old part of Amsterdam, from a sketch in charcoals.

In the course of conversation with Jacob one day he said: "The exact connection between light and shade, the decision as to the placing of each object in relationship to those in its vicinity; the portraying of that which is true and correct; and the completeness of the whole when finished, may be called the essentials of picture producing, and the public have a right to demand these qualities; but colouring; tone; style; these we do for ourselves and each other." Many more such kindly and feeling remarks, have fallen from his lips. Remarks that show what the man is, not only a kind benevolent human being, but a true artist; who knows how to appreciate and admire all that is good and honest in art, provided it *is* art.

Much intelligence is expected from artists, in judging each other's work, and there is great publicity too to contend with. Nothing is sacred to Editors and

Publishers in the present day, and with the existing fashion of Interviews there is absolutely no privacy or seclusion obtainable. Great artists are often forced to give their opinion, upon the works of their smaller contemporaries, which opinion they perhaps regret in an hour's time, and wish unsaid. I imagine that many an artist, who reads about himself in public papers must smile and inwardly exclaim: "How little they know of real art."

⁂

I know of no artist who takes more pains with light and shade than does my friend Jacob Maris. A thousand times I have seen him change the properties of light; then he throws the whole strength into the left, then again into the right; then again the whole atmospheric power is reversed and a complete change comes over the spirit of his dream, or shall I say over the spirit of his picture.

He does not begin by beautifying, nor does he think of the delightful finishing touches, but he begins by planning out his subject and thoroughly making up his mind how he means to treat it. When however he finally gets to work, the picture is soon finished. If you consider how enormously productive his brush is, and the number of pictures he produces yearly; views of streets, country lanes, small hamlets; windmills, canals; rivers and *genre* pieces, etc.—each one unlike the other—then you can begin to realise the rapidity with which he must handle his brush.

Jacob Maris was born at the Hague in the year 1837. As a lad he showed signs of great artistic talent and was sent to the studio of Stroebel to study as a pupil, where besides learning the *metier*, such as colour-mixing, brush-washing, etc., he had to copy old drawings, lithographs and—what proved of great use to him in later years—water-colour drawings of still life.

After leaving Stroebel he went to Antwerp, where he worked for three years at the Academy of Drawing, and on returning to the Hague he entered the Studio—as pupil—of the well-known and celebrated painter Louis Meyer.

Zilcken relates, in some of his amusing stories about artists, in *L'Art Moderne*, that Jacob Maris was obliged—among other duties at Louis Meyer's Studio—to cut out swallows and sea-gulls, drawn by the master on paper, for the latter to use in arranging the detail of his pictures. These paper birds were stuck on the canvas with small pins, in order to decide the best and most advantageous positions.

From a charcoal sketch.

It was at this period that there came a change over the manner of painting pictures. The new method was to put in the sky first and then paint the rest on the top. They began by brushing in a blue sky, then, when this was dry, clouds were introduced, after which trees, houses, and objects generally; always allowing a darkened shade to be cast over some particular spot in the foreground.

Notwithstanding all these arduous tasks and tiresome duties, Jacob found time to paint independently of his master, and even succeeded in selling a small canvas; the subject was an interior, (a farm house kitchen of the 17th century.)

In 1865 he went to Paris and studied with Hébert. The story goes, that, when Hébert saw Maris' work he exclaimed: "there is nothing left for me to teach him!" How many wonderful tales of great men, go the rounds. Although they may only be legends, and by no means authentic, yet they surround them with a halo of glory.

During the commune Maris was in Paris, and unfortunately had his family with him, and their experiences were not of the pleasantest. This, I think decided him to leave France and return to his native land. He went and settled at the Hague and devoted himself entirely to depicting Dutch landscape. It is not too much to say that, since Ruysdael, we have not had a better landscape painter.

* * *

To put Jacob Maris in his proper place in the world of art, you must not confine yourself within the borders of his native land. Our school of painting is cosmopolitan and honoured throughout the world; so unlike our literature which is little know beyond the precincts of our own soil, and Jacob Maris was I think appreciated by foreigners sooner than by the Dutchmen themselves. Twenty years ago he was known in London and longer since in Paris, whereas his name has not been before the public in Holland more than ten years.

The love of Art, for the sake of Art, this is Maris' ruling passion, his life's motto. The world's opinions do not trouble him, he sticks to what *he* considers right, leading a quiet peaceful life, surrounded by those he loves and working in their midst; mind and soul absorbed in his beloved occupation.

Often after he has sent out a picture, he will ask to have it back to make some small alteration. He often goes to Goupil's—where there are always works of his to be found—to put a few finishing touches to a particuliar canvas. He is sometimes tempted to take the picture back to his studio, in order to add a few strokes, but he fears that a longing will come over him to repaint the whole. Such a thing has happened more than once. Upon one occasion when someone deplored the loss of the original picture, his characteristic reply was: "I will paint the lost subject on my next canvas."

Maris has much to say—with his brush—and what he says is not said in haste, nor by accident, but is thought out seriously and earnestly.

⁂

High in the scale of Art stand the works of Jacob Maris. A fine example to our young rising students and may he be spared for many years still, to support and maintain the dignity of our Dutch School.

But history, however, teaches us, that when a thing reaches its zenith, decline must of necessity follow, a waning of the full moon, as it were. A slight counteraction seems to have set in, and the balance going down on the wrong side, owing chiefly, I should say to the overstepping and confounding of the various branches in Art.

Ploughing, from a charcoal sketch.

But whatever the "changes and chances of this mortal life", however much art may decline, by each revival and renewal of her former powers, she will always of necessity be founded on the firm basis of Plastic Arts and the study from nature.

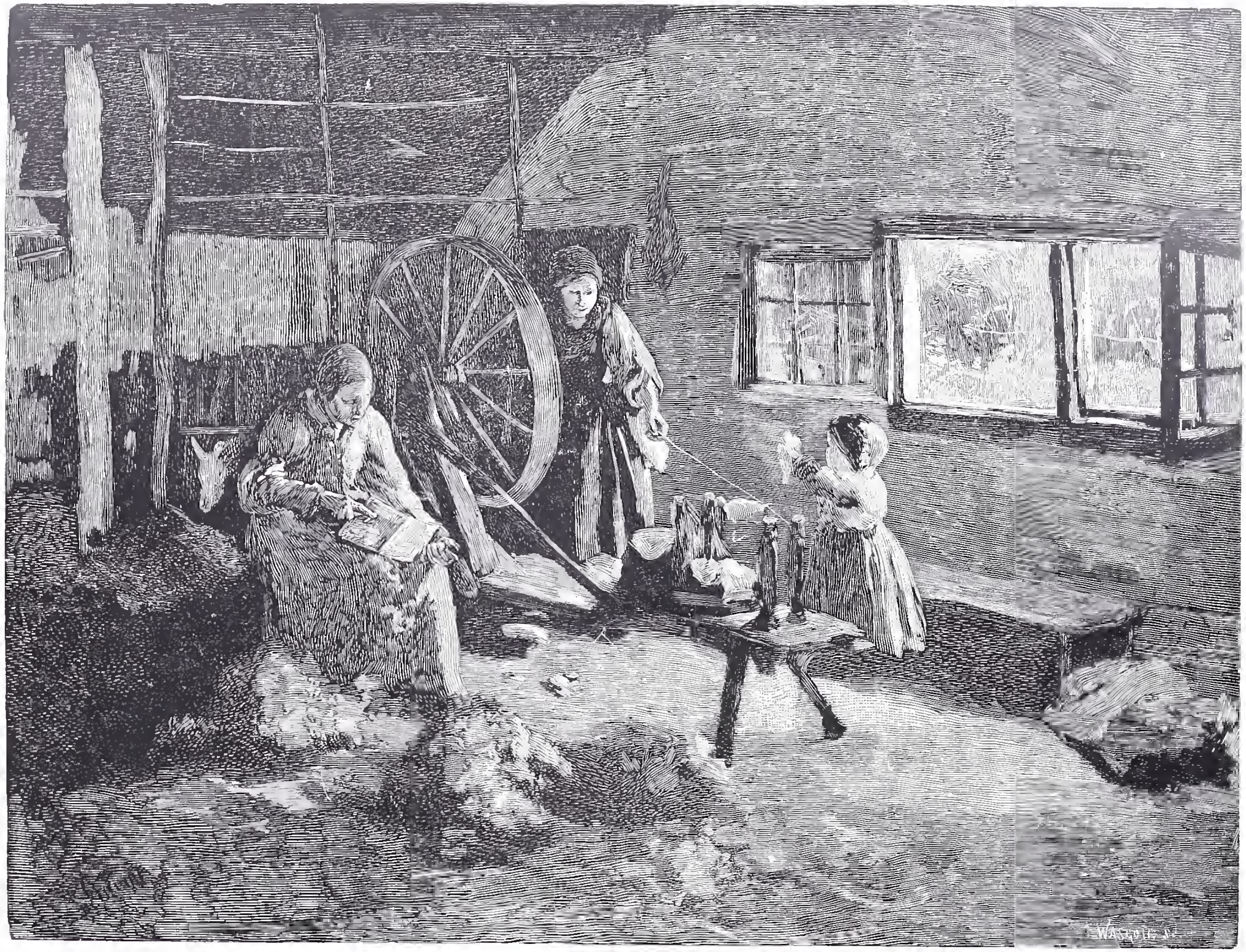
And when Jacob Maris and his works belong to the past, they will always be mentioned in the same breath, with the works of Ruysdael, Van der Meer and their contemporaries.

GHMarius

ALBERT NEUHUYS.

BY

J^{S}. VAN RENNES.



An old spinning wheel, at Laren, from a painting.

ALBERT NEUHUYS.

Albert Neuhuys was born in Utrecht in the year 1844. He was the youngest of eight, the eldest of whom John, (a friend and contemporary of Alma Tadema), was sent to the Academy of Art in Antwerp, in the early fifties.

The long and costly education of the elder brother was unfortunate for little Albert, for when he, like his brother John, expressed a wish to become a painter, the father—whose purse had been drained and who considered "being an artist" a very poor profession—absolutely refused to allow his youngest boy to think of art in any shape or form.

However after much persuasion, old Neuhuys suggested "lithography", to his idea more lucrative than "picture-painting" and with much difficulty a suitable place was found for the lad.

An old Barn, from a sketch in oils.

This did not altogether satisfy Albert, but as "lithography" meant learning to draw, he at last consented. For the space of two years he worked with zeal and energy, when one fine day he came home with the, to him, delightful news—though somewhat of a Job's comforter—that the business had gone smash, and would be closed on the following day.

For a long time Albert did nothing, till at last the father, realizing that idleness was worse than Art, sent the boy to a drawing school. But the fear of his taking to painting induced the father to persuade the drawing-master—the well-known Gys Craeyvanger—to promise not to encourage his son, but only to allow him such studies as would be necessary for his future career, as a litographer.

"Silent adoration," from a drawing in chalks.

Unfortunately—at least for the father—Gys Craeyvanger, although not a celebrated draughtsman, was a true lover of art.

It did not take him long to discover the latent talent in his young pupil, and he began to regret the promise he had made. But he had given his word of honour and conscience forbad him aiding young Neuhuys in any way. Albert would frequently bring to him small drawings or sketches but the master only looked at them silently and sighed, thinking how sad it was that so much talent was being deliberately wasted.

At last Craeyvanger could contain himself no longer, he positively trembled with excitement, and therefore resolved to break his promise, for the lad's benefit. He commenced to give him daily instructions, and he had the satisfaction of seeing him daily improve.

The ice was broken! Master and pupil became fast friends, and both looked hopefully into the future. The older man rejoicing over the, almost certain, success of the younger, and he, in his turn feeling within himself, a well of life springing up. which had been so long checked and restrained.

Mother and child, from a drawing in water-colours.

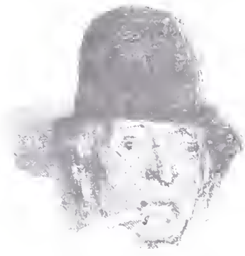
But with all this, Gys Craeyvanger saw nothing, knew nothing.

Albert had, in the mean time, taken his mother into his confidence. This he was obliged to do in order to find funds, as painting is not done for nothing. His mother, proud of her boy's apparent talent, arranged a small room for him in the attic of their house. This gave Albert the chance of painting at home, as well as at the school, unbeknown to his stern father. Many funny models served the young artist in those days. Among others, the old charwoman, who, instead of scrubbing, as was expected of her, sat to the young fellow for hours at a time. But all had to be done on the sly. The youngest son of the house was supposed to be applying himself to the study of lithography, and the sky studio was a profound secret.

And so he worked, and so he studied, heeding not summer heat nor winter frost: when unexpectedly a happy change came over his life. Perseverance is always rewarded in the end.

The morning kiss, from a painting.

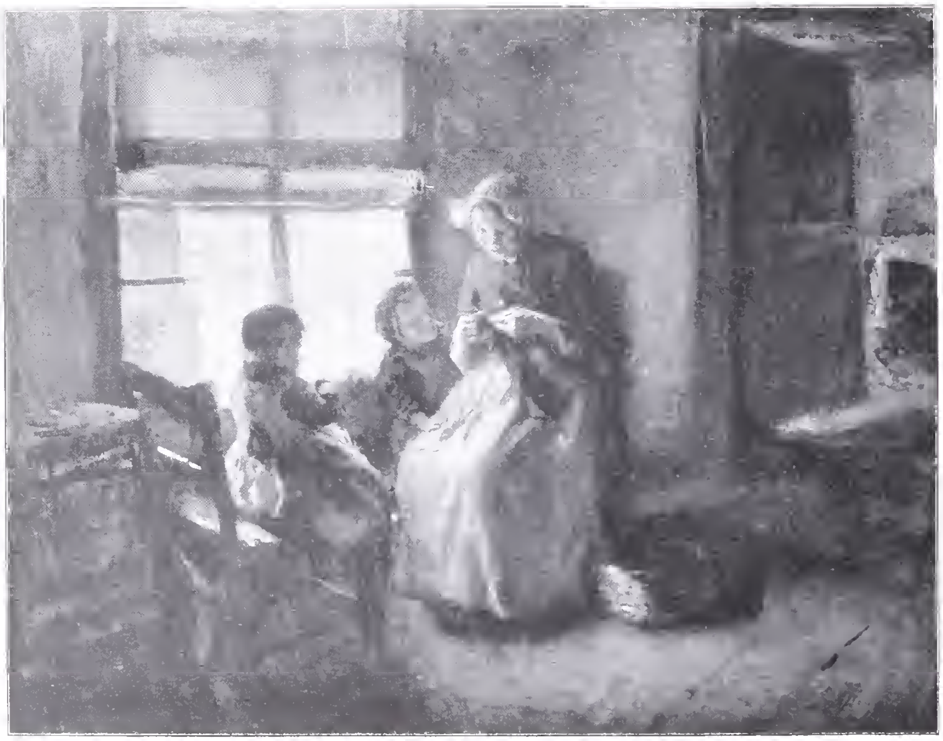
A friend of young Albert begged him to paint a portrait in oils of his absent sister. This was to be done from a photograph. It proved such a success, that the picture dealer—to whom the painting was taken to be framed—went into raptures over the work and begged for the name and address of the artist. This led to Neuhuys getting many orders, of a similar kind, for which he was fairly well paid. But it was all under one condition namely, that the artist's name should not be divulged, he was to remain "the Unknown." Work now flowed in quicker than could be executed in the small garret.



Study.

The dealer, no doubt with an eye to business, wove an interesting and romantic story out of this secrecy. There is always something fascinating about the mysterious. He told his customers that the unknown artist was a Frenchman, very celebrated in his own country, but owing to misfortunes of various kinds—both domestic as well as pecuniary—had come to Holland and was hiding in an attic, very poor and miserable, and only anxious to earn a modest livelihood. He also cleverly added that the pictures he was painting now would no doubt *some day* command a big price. This stimulated the buyers, and orders poured in.

Among the many portraits that Neuhuys painted during that period of mystery, was one of the well known Dutch actress Mrs. Kleine-Gartman.



Afternoon, from a water-colour.

All the paintings, which passed through the hands of the dealer, were first exhibited in his shop window. It amused Neuhuys to go and stand occasionally outside and listen to the remarks of the passers-by. He heard much praise of himself, but also much commiseration. Ladies would express to each other the sadness of the tale, which surrounded the domestic life of the talented French artist; and daily fresh mournful detail would be added.

Well, it happened one day that Gys Craeyvanger passed the shop where

Labourer and his family at dinner, from a water-colour.

Neuhuys' pictures were on view. He stopped to look at them and lo and behold, he recognized the work of his former pupil, by some small touch of the brush, by some peculiarity known only to himself. He rushed in and excitedly said to the dealer: "Are those pictures in your window by *the* "Frenchman'?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," he added, "that Frenchman's name is Albert Neuhuys!" And so the cat was out of the bag.

The orders were however not increased in number by the knowledge that the "mysterious Frenchman" was only a native and a fellow citizen. Truly a prophet has no honour in his own country.

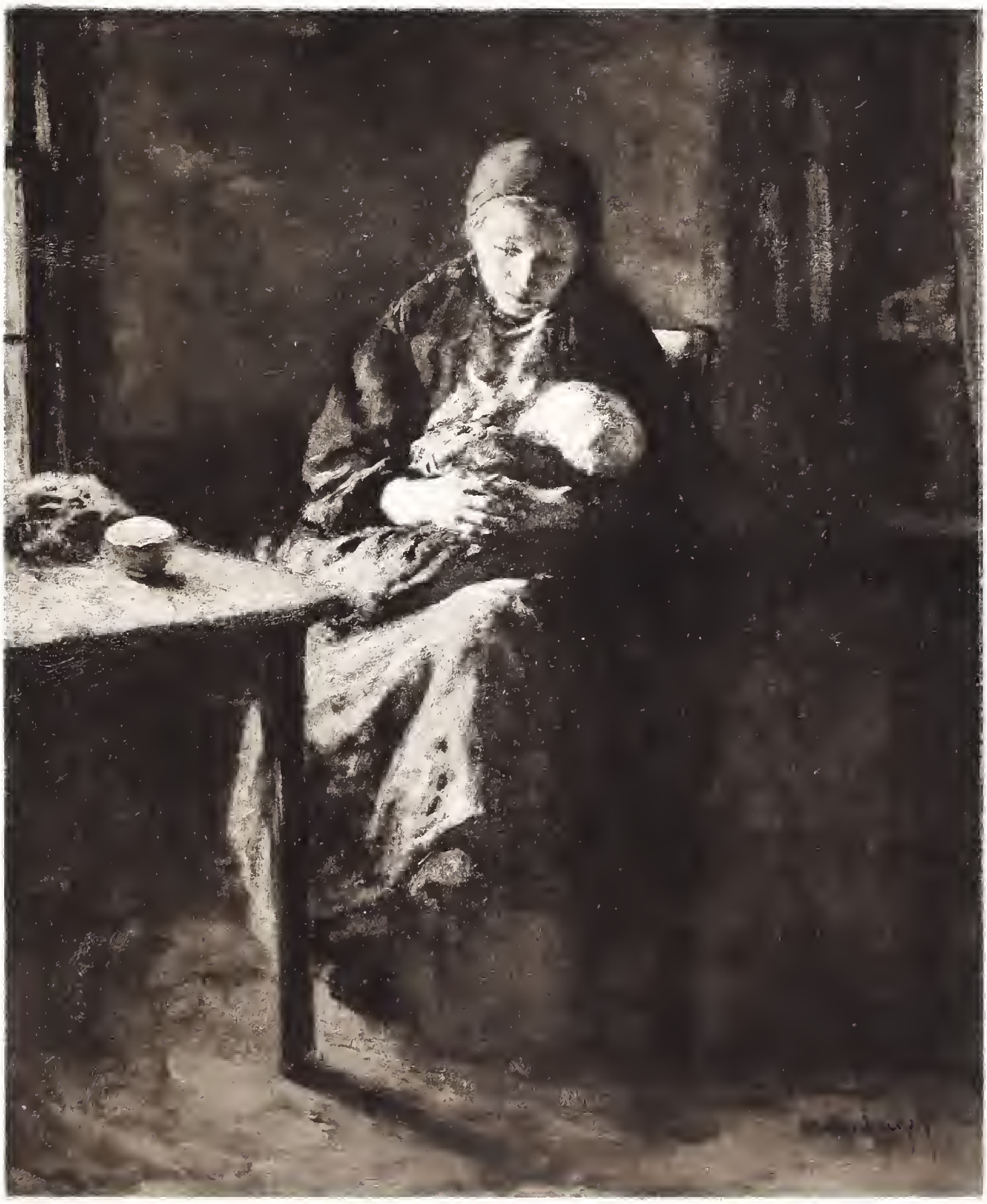
Study.

Shortly after this exposure there came to Utrecht a rich man, from the West Indies, with his family, returning to his native soil after making his "pile" abroad. This rich man, hearing of Neuhuy's success as a portrait painter, gave him an order to paint a life-sized portrait of his wife, and later to paint portraits of both his daughters. Neuhuys gladly undertook these orders, he was growing very ambitious and had a longing to go to Antwerp to study there as his brother had done. But without the necessary means this could not be accomplished, here however loomed the possibility of such

,,*Sorrow*''

FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mr. E. van Essen.



a delight, through the glittering gold of the pompous West Indian. This wholesale portrait producing was to be the means towards the much-desired end.

And so at last our artist found himself in Antwerp, a student at the Academy of Drawing, and his wish fulfilled. He had now reached the age of four-and-twenty.

He remained in Belgium four years, working hard all the time, and by no means "living in the lap of luxury!" The West Indian gold did not hold out for ever. He did not however complain, nor lose heart, he wanted only to paint and become a good artist. Art took the place of bread and butter. He would work "from the rising up of the sun, unto the going down of the same". Necessity as well as ambition kept him diligently at work.

Study.

In order to make his canvases saleable, he stuck chiefly to the subjects which appeared to be the taste of the picture-buying public in Antwerp. These subjects were knights and dames of olden times, dressed in glittering armour and in shining satins. He brought these to great perfection. His satin was indeed satin such as few men can paint.

The last year of his sojourn in Antwerp was made easier and pleasanter by the advantage of the Royal Belgian subsidy. This privilege he enjoyed for more than three years.

After quitting Belgium he took up his residence in Amsterdam where his parents had then settled, they having moved in the meantime from Utrecht, his father no longer objecting to "Art" as a profession.

It was at this time that he made the acquaintance of Mauve and de Marissen. These celebrated painters often visited Amsterdam and they never failed to look in upon Neuhuys, notwithstanding the climb to his studio, which was situated on the top of a house, not unlike the attic in the old home in Utrecht.

If Neuhuys had already felt in Antwerp, that the subjects he was painting were not his *true* style, he felt it now, all the more in Amsterdam. He could not interest himself any longer in the stately yet fantastic Knights and Dames of a past century, they were becoming wearisome to him and he longed to break away from these ancient subjects and paint that which was before his eyes, his immediate surroundings, in fact nature as he saw it daily.

Study.

And notwithstanding the advice of his friends and relations—who thought he was making such a name for himself by "those lovely satins" by those "heroes in armour"—he gave up these subjects and started painting in a completely different style. He began bij going into Gelderland, wandering about in that lovely country for some time, and returning to Amsterdam with a portfolio full of treasures. This was, however, not the first time in his life that the desire had come over him to paint landscapes. I remember once in Utrecht, long long ago, when the yearning to go out into the country was so overpowering, that he could not rest till he had done so. But the "where-with-all" was not forthcoming. At last a happy idea suggested itself to him, he would force someone to buy one of his works He hastily painted a small attractive picture, and armed with this "catch" he sallied forth one fine day determined to turn it into a few guilders. After several fruitless attempts, he fell in with a rich smith, a sort of Maecenas of that period, but he too "would none of it." But Neuhuys was determined to make the old man buy his picture, and part with some of his gold. He persisted and persisted, he talked and talked, until the poor smithy in despair, offered him 25 guilders (about £ 2). With this fortune Neuhuys started off immediately, not willing to lose a moment. He went to a small place called Nunspeet where he lodged with a baker for nearly three weeks, painting nature with his whole soul. He returned home a poor man, but yet how rich! His pockets empty, but his mind and brain full to overflowing.

The son of the kind old smith has the picture still in his possession; the old man died very soon after this episode.

It is now ten years and more since Albert Neuhuys took to painting landscapes and scenes from the life of the poorer farmers and labourers. His subjects are full of tender sympathy and true sentiment, and his tone and colouring are exquisite.

The old saying of "practice makes perfect" may be applied to Albert Neuhuys. He has worked incessantly and diligently. Few people know what labour and what patience is required to bring any thing to a state of perfection. The ordinary and common-place individual knows nothing of the toil and drudgery that falls to the lot of any celebrated man, in whatever profession, or in whatever state of life he aims to fill.

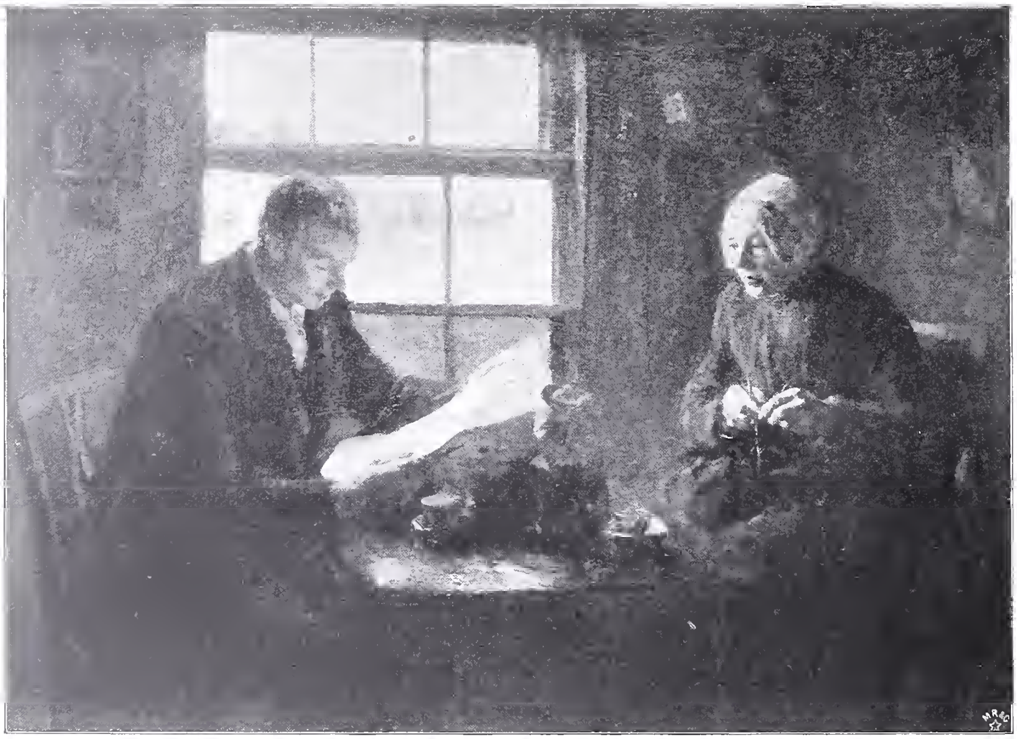
Midday-meal, from a water-colour.

But to my mind there is no profession which requires such persistency and hard work as that of a painter. Art is a hard task-master and demands our whole life, and is not satisfied with half-measures. In Neuhuys' own words: "To become *something* you must give up *everything;* and unless you have love and tenderness in your heart you need not expect to become an artist. Love carries us through much and levels many difficulties."

All this may truly be said of our artist. He has been through many hardships and has had his trials and tribulations like the rest of us. But what is the result? What is his reward? A place among the best and most famous of our modern Dutch painters, and an acknowledged pillar of support to our great and world-renowned School of Art.

Neuhuys' strength lies in his independence, his individuality. No man can be great if he is dependent upon others. He must stand *alone*, then he will stand firm. Neuhuys paints what his own brain creates, not what others suggest: but let me hasten to add that these "brain-creations" are always true to nature.

The works of Albert Neuhuys are known far and wide, in fact, I might say, throughout the whole civilized world. Mr Forbes, the well known English art collector, has several of his beautiful pictures. The Prince Regent of Bavaria is also one of his patrons. The Dutch Royal family possess some of his most choice paintings. Not long ago Queen Emma bought a little gem, an *aquarelle* from a dealer in the Hague. In the various museums in Holland you will find many grand specimens, also some in foreign lands. Many have gone over to America, where they are much prized by rich collectors. In Paris and also in Munich he is well represented, and some of his pictures have even found their way to Scotland.


"Reading the news," from a painting.

The list of honours conferred upon Neuhuys is becoming considerable. The first modest little silver medal—obtained as a lad of fifteen in Utrecht—has already many companions, and no doubt many more will follow. Gold medals from Munich, Vienna, Paris and Chicago, and last, but not least, the honour of Knight of the Bavarian Order of St. Michæl.

Neuhuys resides now at Hilversum, he has a pretty artistically furnished house in that favourite suburb of Amsterdam. The studio is the pet resort for everybody in the house. It is richly furnished with many Turkish divans and Persian rugs, all suggestive of ease and elegance. On the walls hang paintings and drawings by his friends and contemporaries, also by the older men Mauve, Israëls, Maris and others. Amongst all this wealth of art and beauty, hang pictures drawn by the hand of his son—a baby boy of eight years old—who is already following in his father's footsteps. Neuhuys does not object to having his family around him in the studio when he is at work. Nothing disturbs the temper of this amiable and kind-hearted man.

Study.

When you see Neuhuys tramping out, wearing a broad-brimmed business-like hat, and armed with the paraphanalia of his art, or when you see him sitting in the sun, deeply engrossed in his work; or in his studio, painting as if his life depended upon the day's achievement, you would not take him to be the same man who had entertained you on the previous night at some social gathering, or helped you to pass a pleasant evening, with music and song. He is a man who knows how to enjoy leisure as well as work. Of few this can be said. Most men who are deeply engrossed in their daily task, are not able to make themselves agreeable, when working hours are over; they are either too tired or too much absorbed in the morrow.

But Neuhuys is able to do both. He is sincere, honest, and frank, like his work you might say and when asked to give his opinion on the work of others, he never hesitates, but expresses what he really means. He has, however, never been known to judge another brother-brush hastily or severely.

And this judgment falls to his own lot too, for there can be but one opinion and that opinion will go on increasing as time rolls on; he is but 53, and we hope many more years of work lie before him; if his productions grow in beauty and skill, as they have done in recent years, Albert Neuhuys will reach the top of the tree.

J. van Rennes

HENRY WILLIAM MESDAG.

BY

ANNA C. CROISET VAN DER KOP.

The return of the fishing boats, from a painting in oils.

HENRY WILLIAM MESDAG.

"Perhaps a Courbet, never a Messonier!"

These were the terse and concise words of Alma Tadema, more than a quarter of a century ago, when he wished to express the chances and possibilities of Henry William Mesdag's future; a future so uncertain to a man who had—when no longer young—broken away from his old life and started upon an entirely new phase of existence.

A great step it was indeed, many difficulties were placed in his way, and many objections he was obliged to listen to. Courage was undoubtedly required and determination too, ere he could quite make up his mind to give up the more lucrative office desk, for the precarious and uncertain artist 's easel. He knew full well that a thousand thorns beset the road to fame, and especially the path that leads to successful Art.

Born in Groningen, on the 23rd of February 1831, Mesdag was destined to follow in his father's footsteps and enter the family business. At an early age he was taken into the office and made to work very hard, leaving little time for recreation. But with so much inborn talent it is not surprising that he *made* time for his beloved hobby. From a very early age he had evinced signs of great taste in drawing, and as years went by this taste increased, and with it the desire to take up art as a profession. But such a thing was not to be thought of. As a schoolboy he had drawing lessons, and the drawing master seeing the industry of his young pupil allowed him to come to his house occasionally, in the evening, to continue his lessons. This certainly was something but it did not altogether satisfy young Mesdag. He tried to improve himself by every means in his power, and so little by little, step by step, a great foundation was laid. But time was wanting; business had to be attended to, and the many other duties of daily life; so art was neglected, though not forgotten. The patience and determination of young Mesdag may be noticed especially in a series of clever drawings in chalks, done when he was a lad of about fifteen. These drawings are carefully preserved in Groningen. They are copies of English engravings, copied so minutely and so correctly, that it must have taken many an evening, for one so young to accomplish such a gigantic task. As he grew older there was less time to devote to drawing, or to think of anything so artistic or delightful. The hope of ever touching pencil or brush again seemed daily to vanish.

In 1856 Mesdag married. The lady of his choice was a clever and very artistic woman who did not throw cold water over his ideas, as all his other relatives had done, but on the contrary, she stimulated and encouraged him. He now took up drawing and painting again when time permitted, making very successful sketches from nature, both animate and inanimate, in a measure aided by van Egenberger, the President of the Academy of Art in Groningen.

But this did not satisfy Mesdag, this was not what he had intended, not the life he was sighing for. Eventually the desire to make a name in the world of art, to devote his life to it, became so overpowering that he could no longer keep his mind fixed to his busines duties, and he felt the moment had come to decide between *Business* and *Art;* there was no use trying to do both, "no man can serve two masters" and encouraged by his wife and by van Egenberger, he threw down his books, kicked over the traces—or shall I say office-stool—and the die was cast. This important step was taken in 1866. The picture loving world may rejoice over such a wise decision.

"It is the very height of folly", said one; "It is a great pity" said another,

Ship in distress, from a painting.

and even Joseph Israëls—our great painter—said: "How can the fellow be such a fool to think that at the age of 35 he can *begin* such a career, the most difficult of all professions to succeed in". Little did he think that these words would reach the ears of him for whom they were meant, and sound like alarm-bells, inducing him to strain every nerve with a firm determination to succeed in this self-inflicted struggle.

Mesdag took brush and palette in hand—that is professionally—at an age when most artists are well on the road to fame, if fame is intending to cast her bright beams upon them. Many a Dutch painter has become well-known and celebrated before the age of 35. Look at Paul Potter; a delicate consumptive fellow, who died at the age of 29, and yet to what celebrity he reached, and that before he was even thirty years old; why should not Mesdag, a sturdy healthy north-country man, with talent and perseverance make as good a name for himself before the age of fifty.

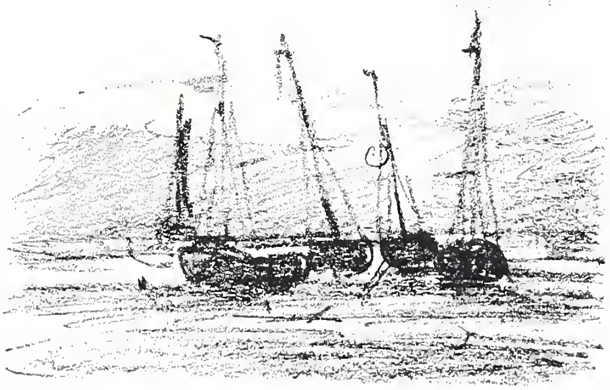
Mesdag applied to Alma Tadema for advice as to teachers, study, etc., etc. Landscape-painting was considered in those days the easiest of all subjects to depict on canvas. and so "landscapes" were advised. The correspondence between Tadema and Mesdag is carefully preserved in the Villa at St. John's Wood, amongst the many treasures to be found there.

William Roelofs was recommended by Tadema as the most suitable artist for Mesdag to consult, but as he (Roelofs) was unfortunately travelling at the time Mesdag went in the meantime to Oosterbeek, a favourite resort for Dutch landscape-painters. There he commenced work seriously, but without help. Every morning he would start off early and did not sometimes return till dark, painting all day, making endless studies and sketches, in fact familiarizing himself with nature in all her various moods; and should the weather be unfavourable, for out-of-door work, he would draw something within sight of his window. He made many pleasant acquaintances that summer. Many artists were painting in and around Oosterbeek, among others van Trigt, Hulk, Meinders, Taanman, and Heijl, all men who have since made their mark in the Art world. But the chief friend he had at Oosterbeek was Johannes Warnardus Bilders. He gave our artist many an encouraging nod or word of advice. It was he who fought so hard against the conventional, it was he who set the example of painting things as they were in nature, and cried out against imitation or fanciful rendering; it was he who taught Mesdag to stand by himself and see the world—with all its beauties—through his *own* eyes, and not through the eyes of teacher or friend; originality and truth was his proverb and above all things a fresh, broad independent touch. It was he who warned Mesdag not to become a "little Roelofs," not to take any particular artist as his model, however great that artist might be, but to depend upon himself, alone, his own judgment, his own eyes and his own hand, and be *himself* and not a poor copy of another.

With this excellent advice Mesdag started work in Brussels in September 1866.

He took a small modest apartment in the Rue de Rogier. There he intended to show his friends that work was the one object of his life and that having put his hand to the plough he did not intend to look back. He made many good resolutions and plans, laying out his time as profitably as possible. His fixed idea was to work all day long, a victory over our poor human nature, which only those blessed with an iron will, perseverance, determination *and* sound health, can gain.

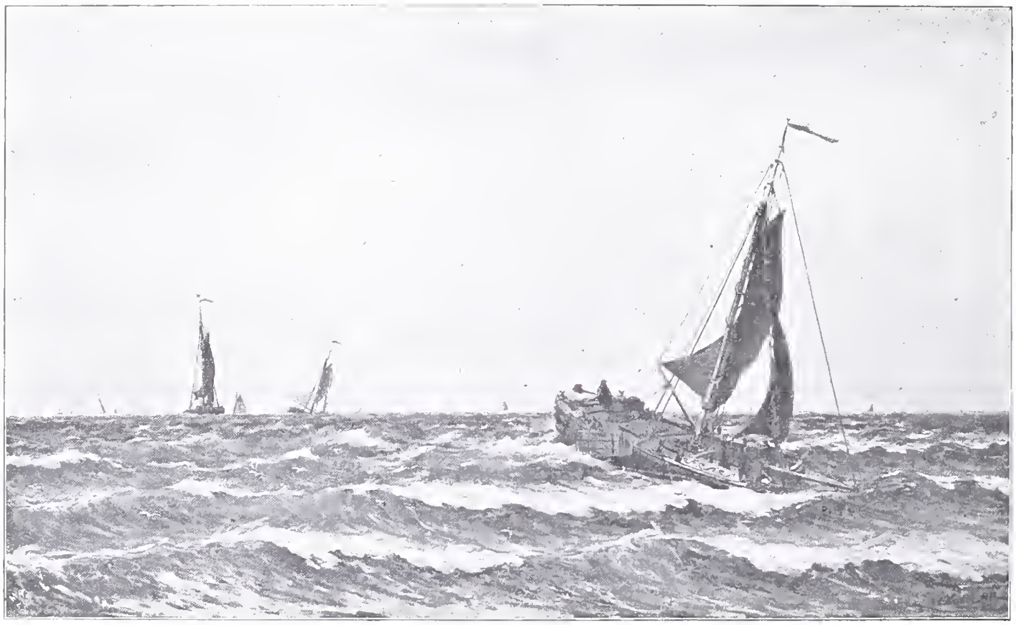
Roelofs visited now and then the *new* artist in the Rue de Rogier mark the difference not "young" but "new". Occasionally Mesdag was tempted to copy some of the beautiful works of his friend and adviser, (Roelofs) but he saw the force of Bilder's words: "*Do not copy, but be yourself.*" He therefore studied everything in nature with his own brain, things great and small, things important and unimportant, properties of light and shade, tone and colouring, all was reproduced on paper or canvas and carefully remembered. He was very industrious and minutely examined the foliage and growth of trees: I have seen him studying a cherry tree, and almost counting its leaves; then again gardens, with their wealth of flowers and varied tints of brilliant colour, would have their turn of attention; or an old wall, of which every brick and stone was examined and truthfully depicted; then light and shade shining through glass, upon flowers and plants, so difficult to render; creepers climbing up some verandah, or over an arbour, tedious and intricate, requiring the patience of Job, all these subjects were drawn and painted over and over again to familiarize his hand with nature; and above all things great care was taken with the perspective so important a matter, and where so many artists fail through want of knowledge, which can only be obtained by observation and much practise. After a while he took to drawing figures, pressing the gardener or errand boy into his service, and particularly handy was the old *Concierge*, who seemed to have nothing else to do but sit and read his *Etoile Belge*.



But I should say that above all—in those early days—the streets were his chief study and consideration; painstaking and perseverance may faithfully be added, for of all difficult subjects streets are perhaps the most perplexing. They cannot be examined and studied in a quiet corner or from some sheltered spot, but in order to depict them as they are, with their everlasting bustle and come-and-go, you require to be in the midst of this bustle and exposed to all weathers. Mesdag made a good many sketches of wet streets, in which the reflection of light shining on muddy stones and dripping door steps was very cleverly done.

These sketches and studies are carefully preserved and are the undying proofs of the patience and perseverance of our artist and they show plainly moreover his determination to understand nature and all her laws, and to see the force of relying upon her instead of following the fanciful dictates of imagination.

Alma Tadema, who at that time was living in Brussels, took a very great interest in the "new" artist. A very friendly intercourse sprang up between the two (indeed I believe they are distantly connected), and there is no doubt that this friendship was a great help to the "new" man. He had the "run" of Tadema's house and studio, of which privilege he often availed himself; and the refined and artistic taste to be found not only in Tadema himself, but in his family and surroundings, greatly influenced Mesdag's career.



On the Dutch coast, from a painting, in the Museum of Modern Art at the Hague.

After a while Mesdag's own studio became the centre of attraction. Many Dutch artists were residing at that time in Brussels—indeed there are always many there—and it did not take long for them to become acquainted with the "beginner." Subjects of art were warmly discussed and listened to attentively, not only by Mesdag himself, but by his wife, who had taken up painting too, and was never separated from her husband; and these interesting subjects and opinions were thoroughly thrashed out between them after the departure of their guests, those men who were near the top of the ladder and whose

„Herring boats returning“.

FROM A PAINTING.

HWMesdag

Fishing smacks returning, from a painting.

experiences—many sad and trying ones no doubt—were now happily cast behind them. Among these men were Verwee, Verhas. Gabriël and De Haas.

When Mesdag had made a sufficient number of sketches of streets, he abandoned the Rue Rogier and took another apartment outside the town, where he commenced a course of peculiarly original study. He painted on the windows just what his eye saw through the panes. This he traced on thin transparent paper, after which the subject was enlarged upon the canvas. Many a beautiful landscape came into being on this wise. Two pictures, which may be said to have first brought him into notice, were creations through the medium of the window pane. Although they were both taken from exactly the same spot they were handled so differently that they became two distinct landscapes. Fields in the foreground, downs on the horizon, and small red-roofed houses in the distance. These two canvases, along with one of his "Street Views" were exhibited in the Passage (in Brussels) through the influence of the "Artists' Liberal Club."

These same pictures when exhibited in his own country were received with a shrug of the shoulders, but in Belgium they not only excited admiration, but also a certain amount of curiosity, owing to the peculiar and uncommon way by which they were produced.

Praise is often a great help and encouragement, especially to artists, and yet Mesdag was not satisfied with himself, he felt he had not found his level. It was not right, there was something wanting. But what? The discovery of this missing—not link—requisite dawned upon him in the summer of '68, when he was taking a well earned holiday at Norderney. It was the sight of the sea; it awakened in him feelings of power and possibility. Here was his vocation, he knew it and he was right.

Now study commenced, if possible, more seriously than ever. Weeks together he watched the sea, that turbulent, restless, unlimitable sea, that powerful mysterious element, that cannot be brought within bounds, and yet here it was caught, as it were, in its own majestic grandeur. True, sea-painters of a former century had painted the sea, but only as a back-ground to their colossal Spanish galleys or English three-deckers. But here was the Sea, the Sea itself, tossing and pitching, blue, green, black, white all the colours of the rainbow. When Mesdag returned to his studio in Brussels, armed with all these treasures, his friends exclaimed with one accord: "He is a marine painter!"

"Perhaps a Courbet . . . !" They had all mistaken his vocation, they had all taken his efforts as amateurish, they had all doubted his talent, but *now* they received him with acclamations of praise, lauded and magnified him, pretending that they had foreseen it all along; though Tadema *had* said "Perhaps a Courbet . . . !"

Little did Tadema think at the time that his words would carry such weight.

The efforts of the French School were far from being understood in 1830; her style and rendering were not bowed down to and worshipped. Far above her stood the old Academical traditions, and woe betide those who dared to wander from those traditions.

Historical pictures were at that time the general taste of the public. In Literature it was historical romance, historical novels; in Art it was historical subjects that carried off the palm. Simon Gorter—in his article upon the Exhibition in Amsterdam of 1869—reproached the exhibiting artists for their lack of historical subjects, and Van Egenberger's one picture, of an historical nature, was a feather in his cap. This picture was not particularly well painted, in fact it had many palpable faults, but because it represented some historical subject, Gorter blew Egenberger's trumpet in his account of the Exhibition.

Twenty years earlier when Potgieter wrote "National Museums" it was the same question. "If we get a new Museum," wrote Potgieter, "and let us sincerely hope we may, the entrance hall should be decorated with a fine historical picture," and then he goes on to suggest the subject, *and* an artist able to carry it out. The Belgian historical painter Gallait was, at that time, in the public eye, and probably a friend of Potgieter, for he recommended him as suited to the work.

"Not a Meissonier but *perhaps* a Courbet . . . " These words rang in Mesdag's ears morning, noon and night. He was determined to prove to the

A summer's evening, from a painting in oils.

world that he *could* paint something worth looking at. With redoubled energy he set to work upon the many sketches and studies done at Norderney, aided by his recollection of that majestic element the sea; but no satisfactory picture could he produce. Painting from memory and from rough sketches, is not the same as from the original. Now followed days of disappointment. Many canvases were commenced and cast aside, many were rubbed out. "It is not the thing!" were his own words, and although his friends tried to help him, suggesting this or that, the pictures were "shipwrecks". Mesdag knew that the sea was not as he had portrayed it, and although encouraged and praised by some of his artist friends Mesdag knew better than they how these great surging billows, this omnipotent vastness, and marvellous creation should look if true to nature. He could not bring that truthfulness within the dimensions of a picture. No, he must see it again, and produce his interpretation of that glorious sea from itself, and not from memory. Some of his friends said that they thought his horizons too distant, his space between water and sky too immense; others again maintained that in this peculiarity lay the charm of his pictures. These numerous remarks confused Mesdag, and he began to doubt whether he had studied correctly, whether his judgment was right. After many struggles between himself and his brush, he gave it up and said "I must go and live near the sea, gaze upon it daily, not only for weeks but for months and years; watch and study its every movement, this ever changing element, this amazing, stupendous work of the Almighty"!

In the spring of '69, Mesdag left Brussels—to the great regret of his many friends—and established himself at the Hague. This was a step nearer the sea, for he could go to Scheveningen every day (though not with the same facility as at present). His house at the Hague was situated in the Anna Paulowna Street, next door to Mr. S. Van Houten, member of the "Second Chamber". Once settled Mesdag spent his time on the sea-shore, applying himself—if possible—even more to the study of art, and to the sea in particular. The shadows falling upon the water from the clouds above; the various tints of greens and blues; the movement of the great waves, and the rippling of the smaller ones, as they rolled over the pebbles, these and a thousand other features were minutely studied and reproduced. Those who paint from nature have much to contend with, surely no one will dispute the fact that the rendering of the sea is far and away the most difficult. To bring this boundless space within the limits of a few inches of canvas, and yet to retain the idea of immensity, is only a result to be achieved by a gifted brush. Those who do not see wherein the difficulty lies, let *them* try to make us feel the cool breeze, see the movement of the water; comprehend at a glance whether it is a warm fine day, or a cold windy one, whether it is early morning, or a sunset, let them, I say, do this with the stroke of a brush, perhaps then they will realize that such an achievement is only to be satisfactorily accomplished by a genius.

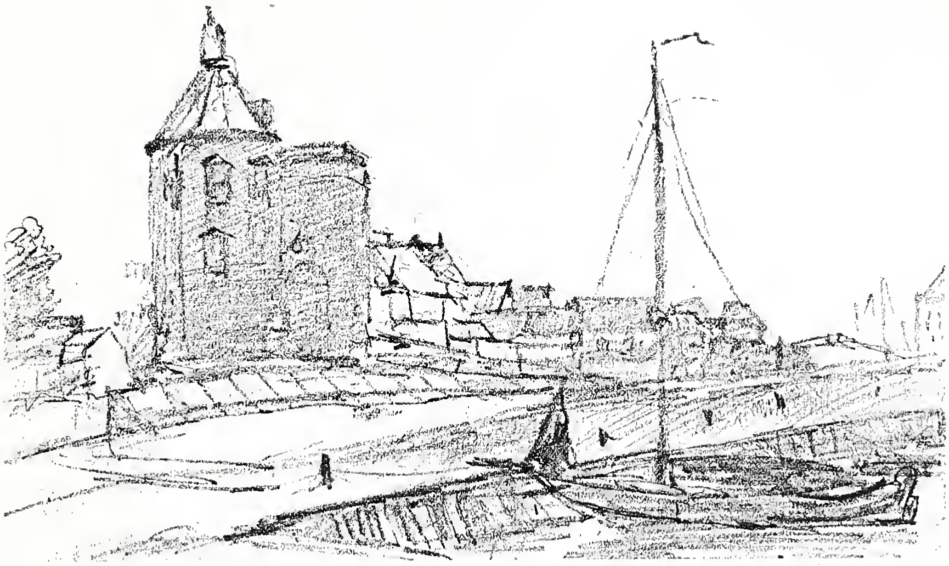
Sunday morning, from a painting.

Mesdag loved the sea and believed in his own power. These two qualities did much towards his eventual success. But this success was not obtained without endless toil and labour. It has been said of Rembrandt that he tried for years to portray a smile, and that only at the end of a lifetime he was satisfied, so it may be said of Mesdag. Years did he work ere he too was satisfied and had caught the smile of smooth water, or the scowl of an angry sea. All this has not been accomplished in haste, nor at once; but step by step, precept upon precept, line upon line, till his brush carried out the dictates of his eye, and the turbulent waters of the deep were reproduced for mankind to gaze upon within the walls of his own dwelling.

In 1870 Mesdag exhibited two pictures in Paris at the Salon. One of these represented the sea-shore at Scheveningen, the other—by far the most beautiful—was an immense expanse of sea, the sea and nothing but the sea. This marvellous conception attracted universal attention; the light striking the water; the reflection of the sky; the exquisite colouring, and above all the look of reality, made it a delight merely to stand and gaze at it.

Of course Mesdag went to Paris to see his pictures hung. By a curious coincidence Courbet exhibited that year, two Marine pictures. One represented waves dashing up against rocks and a small vessel coming into view. The other picture called "*La Vague*" was simply one great wave. This canvas has now the proud position of having found a home at the Luxembourg. All the artistic world went into raptures over this marine piece of Courbet, and Mesdag too bowed his head in acknowledgement of the painter's extraordinary talent and splendid painting, but to him it was not the sea, not *his* sea, as *he* knew it, as *he* had so carefully studied it, in all its multifarious movements. This picture to him was not a view but a poem of the sea; lyric not epic.

There were others besides Mesdag who thought the same. The two pictures (those of Courbet and Mesdag), were placed near each other, and undoubtedly the work of our artist was the finest, the freshest, the truest to nature. His canvas called "*Brisants de la Mer du Nord*" (Breakers in the North Sea), received the gold medal, to the astonishment of Dutchmen, but not to the surprise of Mesdag's foreign friends and admirers. To show you how little Holland was *à la hauteur* at that time of foreign exhibitions and in fact of true art, a well known daily paper announcing the fact in its pages added: "he was crowned for original work."



Mesdag received many letters of congratulation and especially to be noticed are those from three celebrated French painters: van Ziem, Chaplin and the immortal Jean François Millet. These letters hang on the walls of Mesdag's studio in conspicuous places of honour. The letter from Millet is valued above all other treasures, such words of praise and congratulation from such a man must indeed have been an incentive to Mesdag to continue to strive after perfection, if indeed perfection can be attained in art, or in any mortal thing.

Mesdag's fame was now established in the world of art, in fact he had made a name for himself by his "North Sea Breakers", 1) and he was now a person of importance. The well-known Dutch Art collector Mr Jacobson of the Hague, (since dead), paid Mesdag a visit at his *atelier*, anxious to make the acquaintance of the man who had brought the sea into the midlands. Mr Jacobson had many celebrated works of Art in his collection, among others a very fine picture by Schotel 2). This canvas was his particular delight, it

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1) This picture was bought by the artist Chaplin.

2) The word Schotel when translated is dish.

was the favourite in his collection, but when later he owned a Mesdag he said: "Mesdag has spoilt my Schotel."

This success and public praise was a great satisfaction of course to Mesdag, who threw himself with renewed spirit and animation into his work. About this time he built himself a house, with a better studio, on the outskirts of the Hague, and also set up a small *atelier* in Scheveningen. In the autumn of '70 he moved into his new house and enjoyed the comforts of more space for his many canvases. He also engaged a small room at the Hotel Rauch, at Scheveningen, an hotel situated on the downs—to be able to observe the sea in all weathers, never to waste a moment, never to lose an opportunity. For hours together he would watch the "*pinken*", tossing about on the waves, playfully calling them "the toys of the deep."

The first picture he exhibited in Rotterdam was in 1871. The subject was one of the Scheveningen *pinken* 1), drawn up on the shore, freshly painted and newly rigged out. The picture was called "The Princess Sophie" which was the name of the craft.

After a time Mesdag took to painting scenes from the lives of our fisher-folk: shrimpers, walking through the sea, knee-deep in water, and trailing heavy nets over the sand; or men hauling in an ancher; or carting away fishing tackle. Then the village of Scheveningen might get a turn at being immortalized, that picturesque quaint little village, with its queer looking fishermen and women. Subjects now increased in variety, yet the sea always played the chief rôle. (Can one get away from the sea in Holland?)

In 1875 we find Mesdag again in Groningen painting landscapes. He took this oppontunity to paint a life-sized portrait of his father, with undoubted success.

Mesdag now ranked among the foremost of our modern Dutch painters, and his name was established throughout the whole civilized word of Art.

It may be said that good luck always followed Mesdag; his pictures were keenly sought after from all corners of the globe, and every exhibition of importance had his name down on the catalogue. He was appreciated by all nations, of this there was not the slightest doubt. Honours and medals poured in; letters of congratulation even from unknown people, and what gave him most pleasure were letters from crowned heads, always expressing a wish to possess one of his beautiful works. They say that money greases the wheels, but so does praise when it is deserved, as it undoubtedly was in this case.

Strange to say the country that gave him his first order of merit, was the home of his forefathers. His ancestors, on account of religious principles, had been obliged to flee from Belgium in the 16th century—and had taken refuge in Holland, where the Mesdags have lived ever since.

France has decorated Mesdag more than once. Two of his pictures were bought by the French Government in 1888 and '89, and one of these hangs

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1) Fishing smacks peculiar to the Dutch coast.

From a water-colour.

in the Luxembourg, an honour desired by many an artist. This picture represents the sea with the sun setting on the horizon. The water is dyed with a brilliant glow of red and purple; a thousand colours permeate the sky, and a wealth of tints is cast over the sea; great waves are swaying in their majestic grace, and we can almost see them turning over and rolling in towards the shore.

The other picture—which was exhibited in the Paris Salon of the Champs de Mars in 1890—represents the sea before a storm "*Avant l'orage*". It is quite as fine a canvas as the one in the Luxembourg. Here we see a great expanse of sea, calm yet not peaceful, for there is a storm brewing, and the waters appear to feel the influence of the approaching gale and tremble. Great masses of cloud are gathering in the sky foretelling a thunderstorm with a probable deluge of rain. Notwithstanding the threatening look the sun is still visible and casts his watery rays upon the troubled sea and over the waters of the deep. A magnificent subject masterly portrayed.

Since 1869 Mesdag has never missed being represented in the yearly Paris Salons, by at least two large canvases. In 1890 the French artists, owing to some artistic dispute split into two companies. One stuck to Bouguereau, the other followed Messonier. The former remained faithful to the old, well-known Salon in the Champs Elysées, the latter—starting a new society of painters known under the name of "*Société Nationale des Beaux Arts*"—exhibited their works yearly in the Salon du Champ de Mars 1). Every year two large canvases are placed upon their easels, worked up carefully by Mesdag, for the annual Spring exhibition held in the French capital, to which all the artistic world and lovers of pictures, flock to see the newest creations of modern Art.

The versatility of our artist is alone apparent by the variety of his rendering of the sea. Every canvas gives us a different time of the day, and different atmospheric effects. Sometimes he represents the sea at dawn; sometimes at sunset; sometimes a bright mid-day sun is shedding its warm rays on the grateful looking water. Then again we are made to see mist and fog and general dreariness overhanging the shore, or a delightful summer's evening when we long to be in the exact spot that he depicts.

There is perhaps no coast that gives an artist such variety as our Dutch coast. The North Sea is boisterous, and the Inland Sea (Zuyder Zee) at times so calm. Then again winter in Holland is generally very severe. Ice and snow piled up sometimes so high, that they look like ruined castles along the beach. The memorable winter of '90-'91 gave sufficient proof of this. The sight was wonderful, and will never be forgotten. Much damage was done, but much scope was given to an artistic brush to immortalize. This disastrous convulsion of the elements of nature was marvellously brought within the limits of a canvas by our clever artist, and was hung the following year in the Champ

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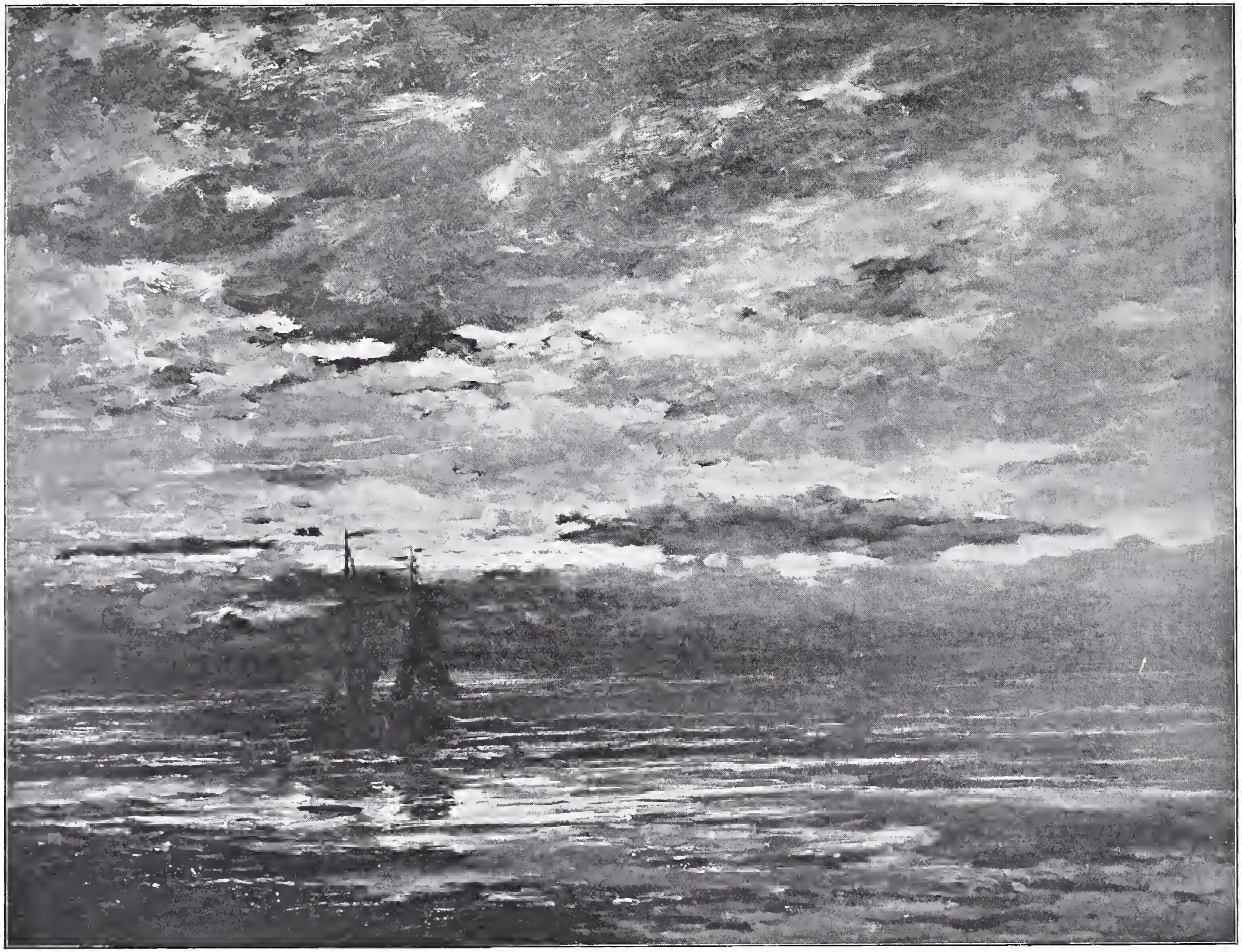
1) The Champ de Mars is where the great World's Fair was held.



Twilight, from a painting in oils.

Fishing boat returning, from a painting.

de Mars 1). Such was the storm that fish died by the thousands, and were washed ashore. Gulls, and other sea-birds flew over the face of the waters screaming, flocking in upon the cold frost-bound land, to die by hundreds. The poor "*pinken*" were tossed about hopelessly and many of course were wrecked and many lives lost. Those more fortunate, and able to reach the coast were hauled up as high as possible, getting under the lee of the downs. Some were caught within the iron grip of the floating blocks of ice, not one out of the entire fleet went undamaged. Out of all this disaster and suffering Mesdag produced a glorious painting, which many people consider his best. Notwithstanding what I have said about the Dutch being slow to recognize Mesdag's talent, they of course in time appreciated his work. The Museum at the Hague has bought a fine specimen. Boyman's Museum in Rotterdam has two beautiful canvases: "Summer Evening" and "Waves"; and the Amsterdam collection of Modern Pictures can boast of three lovely masterpieces. The well-known "Pulchri Studio" in Amsterdam, of which so much has been said in the Ist vol, of this work, is always honoured by an *aquarelle* at their yearly exhibition, and he *gives* a water-colour drawing annually to the exhibition of the "Society in Water Colours", which he—aided by Mauve and William Maris—founded in 1876.

Mesdag is a realist, an exponent of nature as she is, giving us only truth and realities. His style, his essentially individual qualities, the manner in which he treats his subjects—to say nothing of the beauty of every stroke of the brush, broad and powerful, yet careful and painstaking—have been the secret

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1) The illustrated catalogue had a very good reproduction in chalks of this painting.

of his triumph and success. He may be called the pioneer of the bold rendering of the sea, and though many have tried to follow in his footsteps, they have strayed into by-paths. His work is clean, fresh, never lacking in spirit and character, so with his many studies and sketches, the fruit of former hard work, he can portray, almost from memory, within his studio walls magnificent pictures of that restless ever-changing sea which gladdens the heart of man.

The largest canvas that Mesdag ever produced—in fact few have ever completed a larger one I think—was the Panorama, which at present is exhibited in the Zeestraat at the Hague. A Society of Belgian Artists gave him the order to paint this colossus. When the request was made to him he thought at once of his beloved sea, and what scope this would give him to depict it on this enormous scale. After some consideration he accepted the offer and started this gigantic work at Scheveningen. He established a sort of workshop on the top of one of the highest downs, where stood the remains of a signpost and a shed. From this vantage-ground he gained an extensive view from all sides of the compass, it was a splendid site for an artist's studio. At last—after much planning—the work was commenced and the method he employed was that which he had previously tried with so much success in Brussels. A large glass-case or tube was constructed, which could be moved *à volonté*, and by this means subjects were "taken", enlarged, and reproduced on the enormous canvas, the size of which was $^{1}/_{000}$.

It was a gigantic undertaking which took five months of uninterrupted application to complete. Mrs. Mesdag and two other artists—de Bock and Breitner—aided the great master in this superhuman piece of work. The view taken from the top of this elevation was marvellous. In one direction the sea, that grandest of all the features on our planet. On the other side we behold the land: the village of Scheveningen in the front, with its funny old fashioned red roofed houses; in the distance the Hague; and on the horizon villages and hamlets all made conspicuous by their high steepled churches, so characteristic of Dutch scenery. On the beach, in the foreground all is bustle and activity, fishermen and women too, hauling about nets and heavy baskets of fish, caring not for appearance nor for wet feet and damp clothes, but walking in the surf and through the breakers as if it was a carpeted floor. In the distance are many "*pinken*", tossing about on the sea, with their brown and yellow sails filled by the breeze. Some of them are just coming in, and you can almost hear the loud shouting from the men on the vessels to those on land, and the general commotion attendant upon these occasions; it is all so real. In another direction you see a battery of artillery galloping over the downs, towards the beach, exercising their horses and giving them a whiff of sea-air to strengthen lung and limb. To the left are trees representing the woods near the Hague, familiar no doubt to all those who have ever visited Holland, and mercifully spared in this age of brick and mortar.

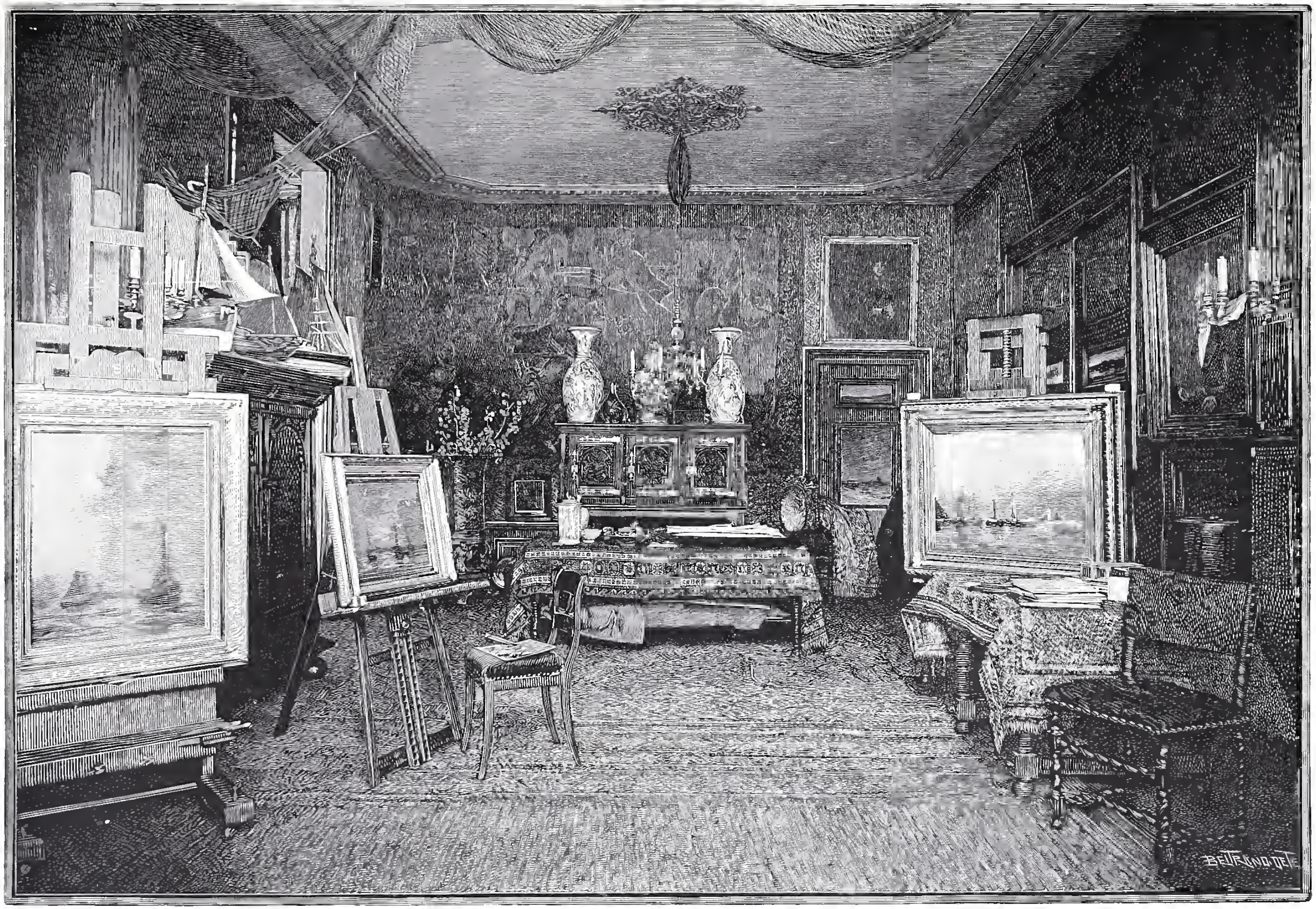
Over the whole panorama there is a soft blue sky, a warm summer atmos-

On the Scheveningen shore, from a painting in oils.

phere; yet there are clouds too, clouds very realistic and natural looking. The painting does not show that it has been done by more than one hand, so cleverly have Mesdag's helpers aided him. It was not a case of too many cooks spoil the broth. In a letter from Mauve—after he had seen the panorama—he writes. "It is truly grand, the sky is superb and the whole thing worthy of the brush of an artist."

And truly this huge canvas is a triumph of skill, a monument to the hand that accomplished it. The perspective is remarkable; we seem to look miles and miles away and yet the objects near, are within our reach. As a manifestation of Mesdag's power in the treatment of an extended view it stands unrivalled. The unity of the sky and landscape imparts to it a homogeneity of effect that is particularly impressive. The whole arrangement of chiaroscuro may be said to depend upon the presence of a great cloud which is seen afar off and threatens to overcast the brighter firmament, unless in its onward course it is broken up. Admirable in atmospheric feeling, triumphantly illusive in its suggestion of space; sunshine and shadow intermingling and roving over the immense cauvas, following along the trend of the seashore until the prospect is closed by the veil of clouds and vapour that drape the far distance. On the 1st of August 1881 the Panorama was opened to the public, and on the 6th the joint workers and creators of this prodigious work received an ovation from their friends and fellow artists. The many laurel wreaths presented to Mesdag upon this occasion, hang in his studio and are looked upon as treasures. They remind him of the greatest triumph of his life, the execution of this gigantic technical task, yet so artistically carried out.

Mesdag can look back with satisfaction upon the path of his career. Although he has had his ups and downs, his trials and sorrows, yet fortune has invariably smiled upon him, and his labour has not been unappreciated. Of Rubens it has been said that his power and talent were renewed and doubled in proportion to the luxury by which he was able to surround himself, for prosperity followed in the wake of industry. The same can be said of Mesdag. His studio is the home of luxury and comfort, it is his sanctum, and it is here that most of his life is now spent. He rises early and works throughout all the hours of daylight; he knows that work is healthy and good for a man, and how much more contented and happy is he who has a daily task to fulfil. This studio of our artist is large and almost square. One side is taken up entirely by an immense window, which looks out upon a pretty garden. Several big pictures stand upon easels, waiting for their finishing touches. A mirror in one corner reflects some of the paintings and throws a brightness upon others. The light which pours in from the window, is toned down by the dark brown ceiling, from a centre cross-beam of which hang old fishing nets, like an ornamental drapery. The walls are decorated with old embossed leather and tapestry; the woodwork is of a warm dark browny tint, and the doors have decorative panels, painted by Mesdag's friends: Jacob Maris and his



Mesdag's studio, wood engraving from a photograph.

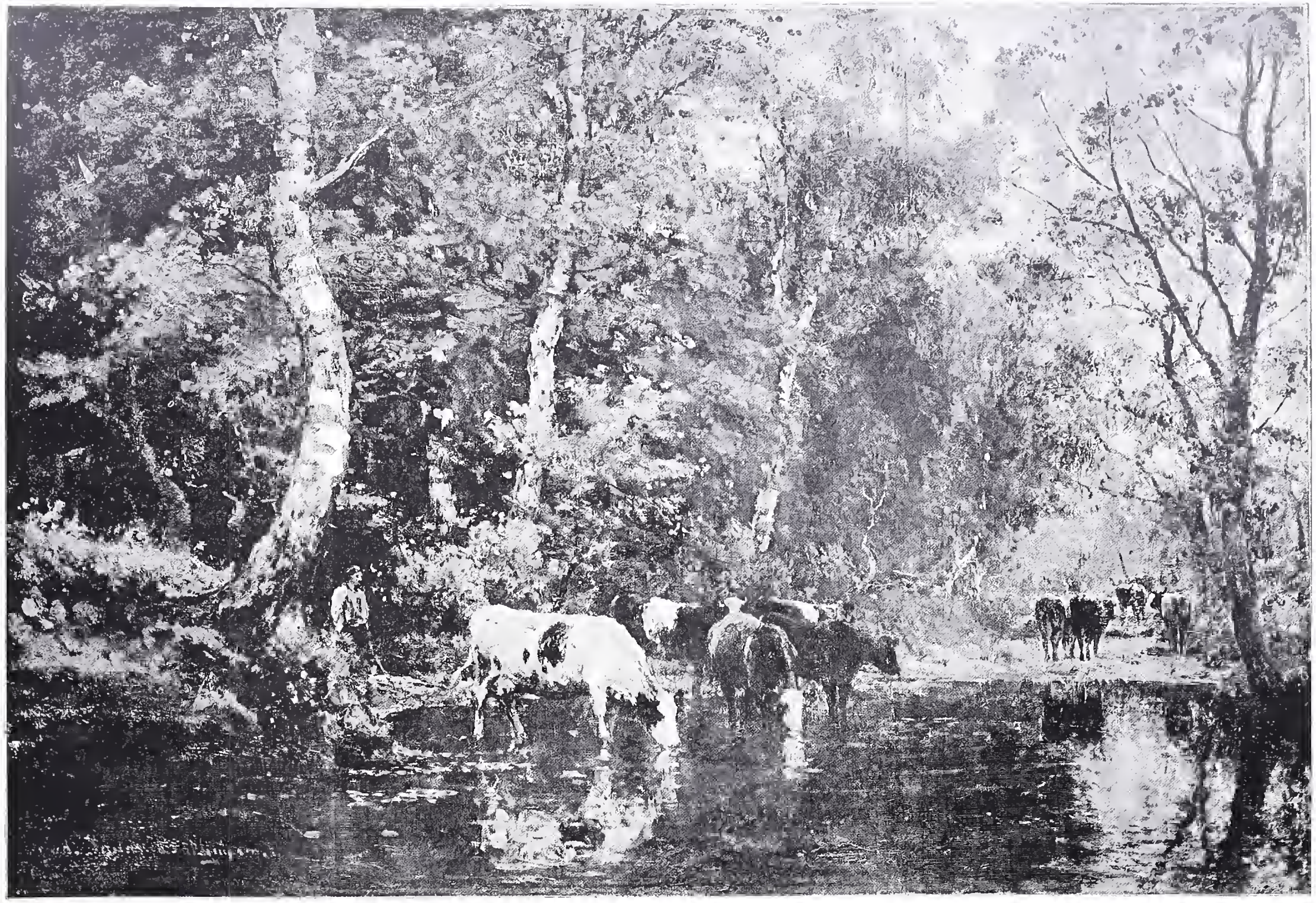
brother William, Henkes, Blommers, Sadee, Mauve, Nakken and Van den Berg, and one or two have been done by our artist himself. Immediately opposite to the window stands a very handsome, richly carved, old oak cabinet, containing many fine specimens of old china and antiquites. On the top are placed some good models of ships and craft, standing out distinctly against the dark walls. Wherever the eye rests there is some object worthy of observation, some harmony of colour to revel in. Peace reigns over everything in this sacred spot, where a great artist spends his time and produces by means of his powerful brain and skilful hand, pictures which bring joy and pleasure to many, and we bow our heads in acknowledgement that he accomplished what he promised to do.

A. C. Croiset v. d. Kop.

JULIUS JACOBUS VAN DE SANDE BAKHUYZEN.

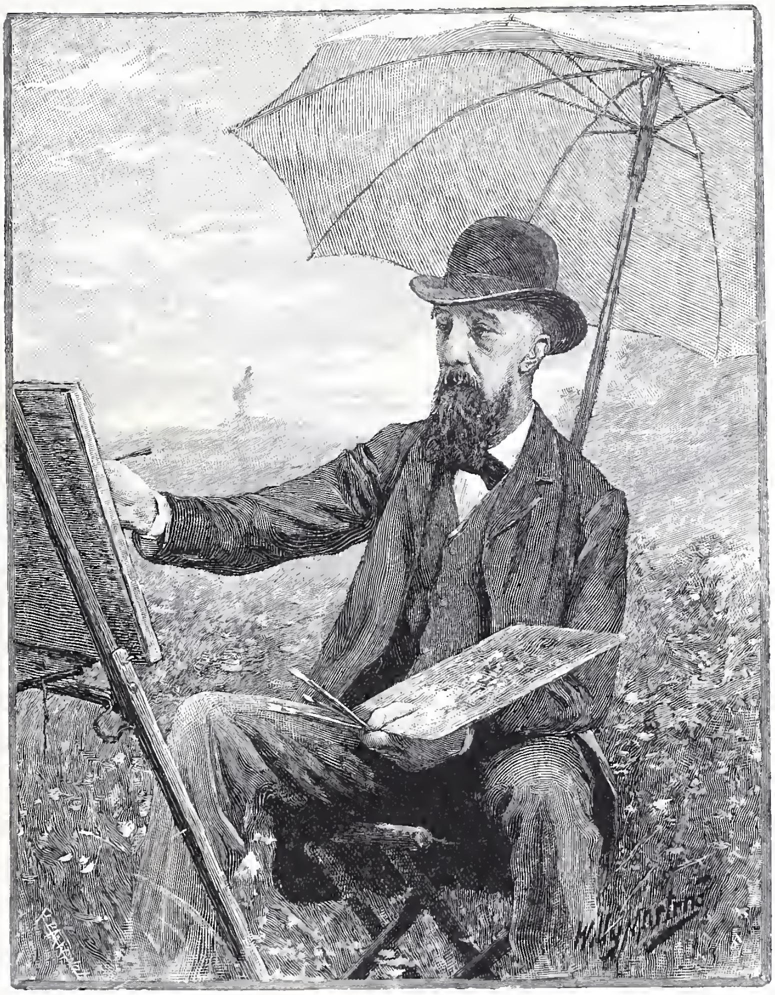
BY

LEWIS MULDER.



A landscape, (Drenthe,) from a painting in the possession of Mr. David Evans.

JULIUS JACOBUS VAN DE SANDE BAKHUYZEN.



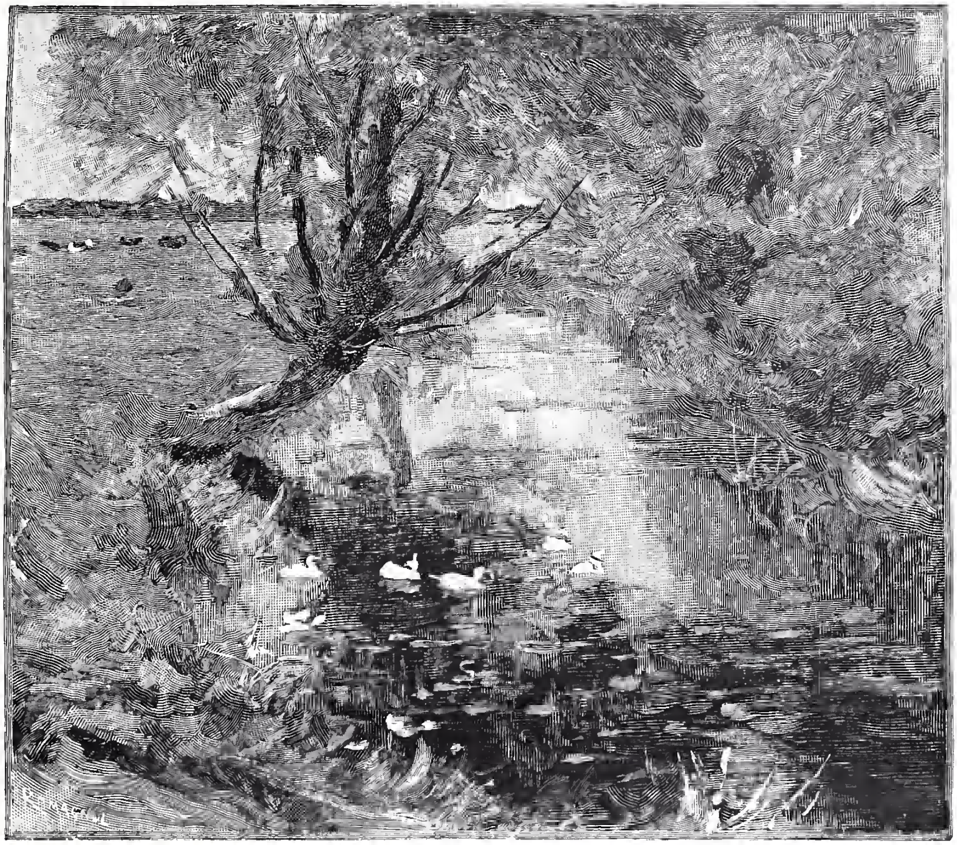
The biographer of Rubens is to be envied. Not alone because Rubens was such a marvellous painter, but because he had lived a life of great variety, such as few men, and certainly few painters, have experienced. As a boy he was page in waiting to the Countess of Lalaing; as a youth he was appointed special painter to the Duke of Mantua; as a man he became a diplomat and confidential friend of his Country's Ambassador at the Court of St. James, where he was partly instrumental in bringing about peace between Philip IV and Charles I; at the age of 52 he married a beautiful young girl, and ten years later he was carried to his grave with great pomp. Yet between all this worldly excitement and these miscellaneous occurances, he found time to paint 1500 pictures of which many are of colossal dimensions.

In describing such a life, what an inexhaustable source for a biographer to draw from. He can picture such a narrative, full of luxury and variety, painted from a palette with even brighter colours, than this prince of painters used himself. To begin with, there was the much disputed question of the place of his birth. What a burning contest this was between Antwerp and Siegen, ending in the defeat of the great mercantile city in favour of the smaller Westphalian town, which was finally proved to be the spot where this great artist first saw the light of day. And further more, what triumphs and victories to recount, what marks of royal and princely honours to enlarge upon, what a list of followers and admirers to describe, in fact an endless amount of interesting material wherewith to make such an account amusing and entertaining. And the whole viewed from a distance of two and a half centuries, which adds to the romance and glory of the tale.

Noorden, from a water-colour.

All these thoughts crowd into my mind as I sit down to write these lines about Julius Jacobus van de Sande Bakhuyzen, which I have been asked to do. Can any one imagine such a difference as there is between the lives of these two artists. The one gone from our midst, the other, thank God, still with us. Such a difference makes me smile as I take up my pen to begin. The life of the great painter, of whom I have just been speaking, was all movement, excitement stir and worldly glitter, whereas the life of my friend van de Sande Bakhuyzen has been most singularly quiet and uneventful. I can only compare the one to a rushing waterfall, and the other to a quiet dutch brook.

When, about fifty years ago, Scheltema—the famous and well-known keeper of the archives in Amsterdam—stood up, one evening at Arti, to deliver a lecture upon Bartolomeus van der Helst, he began thus: "Dear friends, I have gathered you here around me with the promise to entertain you with an account of the life of Bartolomeus van der Helst. What am I to say about this worthy man? I have gone through all my archives, carefully, and find nothing." I feel that this is just my case, only I have not had archives to examine into, but I have the right to claim friendship, the friendship of years with Bakhuyzen; to have passed many hours in his company; to know his works and to hear his praises sounded by every man, woman, or child, who has ever been in touch with him. All these living archives appeal to me more than the musty old dead ones.



River near Wassenaar, from a study.

The life of Bakhuyzen has been the very opposite to what one might call exciting. Unlike most artists he has never had the inclination to roam but is still living in the same house in which he was born, on the 18th of June 1835, at the Hague, and unless some very unexpected or unforseen occurrence takes place, Julius is likely to make his last stroke with his brush, in this selfsame house (142 on the New-Haven) and from thence be carried to his final resting place. It would indeed be a pity if he moved from the old home with its many happy associations. It was here that his father worked so successfully as landscape painter and brought up his four sons and two daughters, all aiding him to keep up the name of van de Sande Bakhuyzen with dignity before the public. Julius' eldest brother is the highly respected rector of the Utrecht grammar school. The two others are astronomers working at the observatory in Leyden, authorities upon the art of "stargazing." The elder sister, Gerardina Jacoba, was a celebrated flower painter and worked with her brother Julius in his studio up to the time of her death 1).

Not only is the old home on the New-haven full of associations of Julius' family, and proud of being the birth place of men and woman, who have all had an honorable and successful career, but many celebrities—both in the art as well as literary world—have crossed its threshold and become associated with the name of Bakhuyzen. Immerzell, Huib van Hove, the two Deventers, Roelofs, van Raden, Heppener, van der Maaten, ter Meulen and others were pupils, who began their painters life in the old studio at 142, and all were successful in their artistic profession, commenced under the painstaking hand of old Bakhuyzen, who continued to take in pupils until shortly before his death in 1860.

This old family residence is a quaint old-fashioned house irresistably reminding one of a past century. On entering, you are at once impressed by the antiquity of the place. The wood panelling and carvings in the hall are not disfigured by paint and whitewash so dear to Hollanders, and especially to the good "house-wives" with their inborn love of cleanliness. To the left are two large sitting-rooms, opening into each other, the back one overlooking a small court yard, which runs down the centre of the house, and gives light to the inner rooms. At the back of this yard are more rooms. Along the side of all these various doors, open spaces etc., runs a long narrow passage ending in a door which opens into a garden; in fact a typical dutch house, all depth and no breadth. To visit our artist in his studio we must first climb a steep staircase and, knocking at the door, a friendly voice from within calls out: "Come in." As you enter you are greeted with a jolly: "Well and how are you?" In the twinkling of an eye, palette and brushes are swept away, on floor, or table, on chair or wherever there happens to be sufficient room. Then you are cordially pressed to be seated—this however is rather a puzzler, as every thing that can be called a seat, is occupied. If you express a regret at having disturbed your host, he cheerfully exclaims, without a moment's hesitation: "I was just going to stop and have a smoke."

Bakhuyzen is a most cordial and jovial man, good company, full of fun and with a keen sense of the humourous. Having been thrown much with farmers and country folk, in his many sketching expeditions, he is well stocked with anecdotes about them. He is a clever mimic and can take off these country people so well that his stories are both laughable and amusing. Especially

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1) The life of Gerardine Jacoba van de Sande Bakhuyzen is given in Vol. 1.

From a painting in the National Museum in Amsterdam.

funny are his discriptions of his frequent conversations with the stolid farmer, upon the prospect of the weather. Not one, he says, is ever satisfied with the existing state of affairs, if the sun shines he prays for rain and vice versa. Put Bakhuyzen into a comfortable arm-chair, give him a pipe, seat yourself opposite to him with an other and he will spin you yarns by the hour. His stock is never exhausted for the supply seems unfathomable. Bakhuyzen is one of those lucky artists, who is able to dispose of his works, as soon as they are completed.

Occasionally you will find a few unfinished canvases, standing on easels waiting for their last touches, but this is not often. On the walls of his studio hang many drawings and sketches, also engravings and photographs—is there a spot in the world where there is not a photograph—but the chief feature is a picture by his father, the copy of a landscape sold to a Philadelphian quaker. The subject is taken from the neighbourhood of Oosterbeek— that paintable little nook of creation. In the foreground stands a brown horse of the ordinary breed, to be found every where. This picture so took the fancy of the Philadelphians, that the painter received at least ten orders to paint similar pictures, always, to be understood *with* the Oosterbeek horse, as if it was some particular species. On the ground of the studio many sketches and studies are scattered about, in readiness should their creator have need of them for the arranging of some fresh subject. An antique cup-board stands against the wall, and up in one corner a comfortable old-fashioned sofa. In front of the sofa is a small table, with an open chess-board, the men of which are patiently waiting for Bakhuyzen to solve some difficult problem. He is a great lover of this scientific game. As well as all this, there is a large round table in the centre of the room, ladened with a great variety of periodicals, books, circulars, calendars, almanacs, catalogues of exhibitions past and future, in fact a world of paper and pamphlets, conspicuously amongst which stands a jar of tobacco, and a forlorn looking inkstand, accompanied by a few worn out pens, wandering hopelessly about, seeking a resting place, but like Noah's dove, can find no rest for the sole of her foot.

All this will give you some idea of the house where our artist was born, of the studio where he works, and last, but not least, of the man himself, who although not a Rubens, has enough quiet drollery and talent—artistic as well as literary—to supply the pen of a biographer.

Julius Bakhuyzen is as unpretentious in his work as he has been all throughout his private life. Truth and simplicity may sum up the total of both. He has never flashed like a blinding meteor through the sky of notoriety; he has never made the temple of fame re-echo with his praise nor shake with excitement till her stones were loosed; he has never painted pictures which were lauded by some and dragged through the mire by others. But then again he has never painted anything that is not true to nature and pure in art. His pictures show what they are, and can be appreciated in all ages and by all classes of society, for it is impossible to mistake the meaning of his subjects. He carries you right into the beauties of the country, and it is a joy for those unhappy mortals, who have to spend their lives between brick and mortar, to gaze upon his canvases. To his works cannot be applied the discription given by Punch of some picture hanging, one year, in the Royal Academy: "Is it a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, or is it a waterfall by moonlight?"

Lake near Uelzen in Hanover, from a water-colour.

On the contrary his art is like that of the old Dutch Masters, who were naturalists as well as impressionists—in the artistic sense of the words—they were not inspired to present vague uncertain colouring and outline, but followed the beauties of nature, which they had carefully contemplated and were so competent to render. Bakhuyzen knows what he wishes to represent and with his long experience and marvellous talent, is able to produce exactly what is in his mind's eye. Honest and true he is in his work as in his life. His no is no; his yes is yes; his oak is an oak, and his cows have four legs.

These words of Milton: "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day," are applicable to Bakhuyzen, for at an early age he evinced a great taste for drawing. As a boy he would lie for hours under a tree gazing up into the foliage, or sit on some fence contemplating nature. Especially did he delight in the setting sun and the twilight moments. He has told me that one evening, when quite a lad, he was so entranced by the beauty of the scene, and the shifting lights of the dying day, that he exclaimed aloud: "O, would that I could paint such a picture!" And his wish has been fulfilled.

Reproduced from a water-colour.

At the age of fifteen—having made up his mind what his life's career should be—he was taken into his father's studio, to commence work with his pupils, many of whom have since become celebrated. Julius' father was a conscientious man and a first rate teacher, as well as a good landscape painter, finding time to attend to both, without neglecting either. A good foundation in drawing was his wise method of teaching. His motto was "*le dessin est la probité de l'art*" words spoken by the great French painter Ingres. He made his young artists draw from nature for a long time, before he would allow them to handle a brush or think of paints. The first attempt was in water-colours, and he did not allow them to indulge in imaginations of their own, nor in any fanciful arrangement of subject; they were taught to depict exactly what they saw before them. Later Julius studied under professor van den

Berg at the Academy of Drawing at the Hague. It was here he learned to draw figures with great facility and with proper judgement. This was an immense help to him in after life. His figures, when inserted into a landscape, look as if they belonged to it—not such an easy job as most people think. Many artists fail in this respect, and spoil their rural scenes by figures that do not seem altogether to belong to the picture—for in most cases the figures are brought in after the landscape is complete, that is to say, if they are not large or important. Few are able to do this more sucessfully than Bakhuyzen, unless perhaps the immortal Bosboom, who was one among a thousand.

Wind-mill, from a study in oils.

Bakhuyzen's figures, be they man or woman, horse or cow, sheep or dog, belong to his picture and are part and parcel of the whole. They are placed in the exact spot where we would expect to find them.

Certain it is that the father influenced the son in the early days of his career. Pupils as a rule take after their teachers when beginning life, but individuality will show itself in time, if there is individual talent—as there undoubtedly was in this case. Although Bakhuyzen junior painted after the style of Bakhuyzen senior, he was by no means a mere copyist, in fact father and son had many disputes and held many diversities of opinion upon the subject of art. After a while Julius took to studying the French School, which, just then was trying to change many things, in fact to revolutionize art. The French were the pioneers of what might be called an entire new system in painting. In 1860 Julius lost his father. No longer a lad, but a man of twenty five, with common sense and good judgment, he now struck out a line of his own.

The prevailing taste, at that time, was the teaching of Koekkoek and Calame; two great painters, who gave the lead in tone and colouring, in delicacy of outline and minutia of detail; certainly great draughtsmen in their way and many followed them blindly. But—there is always a but—their trees were woodeny and lifeless, soul and spirit was wanting and above all sincerity. It was not nature herself, every thing was too carefully arranged, too precise; every leaf in its right place; every tree grown as it should without thought of the possibility of storm or the natural consequences of decay. As might have been expected people got tired of these neat looking pictures, these accurately placed leaves and evenly arranged foliage, and the result was a reaction set in. Artists now went into the other extreme—as is always the case—and the poor trees fell into discredit, until Julius James van de Sande Bakhuyzen arose and reinstated them.

The ideas and conceptions of our modern Dutch landscape painters, are so diverse and varied, that we cannot bring them within one rubric. Their impressions of nature and their sentiment in art differ so widely, even when depicting the same subjects; some love sun-shine and blue sky; while others delight in cloudland; some are fond of looking upon the world at sun-rise; others again revel in sun-sets. Some remain faithful to the rich meadows, with the sleek well-fed cattle grazing or lying lazily beneath the shadow of a silver birch, dreaming away the warmest hours of the day; while others prefer the swampy, low lying districts—which abound in our country—ditches and ponds covered with duckweed and stumpy willows growing by the water's edge. But where shall we place Bakhuyzen? It would be difficult to decide. His brush can roam over woodland scenes as well as watery-marshes, over nature in all her variety of moods; but in whatever mood or humour, the idea given to the spectator is always fresh and pleasant. His vegetation is healthy, his foliage fragant. Country towns, canals and havens have also, at times, come as fish to his net, yet on the whole he gives the preference to quiet country peeps, in which a group of trees often forms the chief feature. From this however, must not be inferred, that he takes more pains in depicting these trees, to the neglect of the rest no, they become part of the picture, at the same time we know a beech from an oak, a fir from a pine. Every stroke of the brush is in submission and there is nothing wanting or out of place.

Bakhuyzen's pictures are not only pleasing but bright and cheerful. He does not rake up sentimental subjects, nor does he go out of his way to find curiosities. He paints nature with the quiet simplicity of his own mind and with a genuine touch of true feeling. "*L'art c'est la nature, vue à travers un*

Katwijk.

tempérament," these are Zola's words and are thoroughly applicable to our artist, he sees the beauties of nature through his kindly disposition, through his sincere and honest character, and we benefit by this integrity, in the enjoyment of his agreeable productions. But should however some unexpected emotion seize him, his receptive nature is such, that he is able to grasp and record any fleeting fancy or unusual mood. One of his master pieces is the result of a momentary mental excitement.

Standing by the calm lake, in the Hague Wood, on a certain fine evening in the autumn of 1870, Bakhuyzen was struck by the peaceful serenity of the quiet scene around him, in comparison to the horrors of the Franco-German war, which was then casting a gloom over all Europe. He gazed with rapture upon the unruffled waters of the tranquil lake; upon the stately trees dressed in their autumnal foliage. The solemnity of the dying hours; the gathering twilight and the soft atmospheric haze, rising over the lake, so impressed him, that he fell into a trance. A thankfulness came over him as he thought of the difference between his own happy circumstances, the peace of his country, and the suffering humanity engaged in the horrors of war and bloodshed. This thankfulness so affected him, the beauties of the scene so inspired him, the repose of his surroundings took such possession of him, that the result was he painted a picture of such pre-eminent greatness that it gained for him the gold medal and Diploma from the King. This picture was called. "Lake in the Hague woods." It was well hung at the Exibition of 1875 and was purchased by Mr. Coninck Westenberg to add to his famous collection of pictures, of which this canvas is undoubtedly the finest

On the Maas near Andel, from a study in chalks.

Bakhuyzen is not satisfied with a successful sketch—as so many artists appear to be—he likes his canvases to be complete pictures, even to the last finishing

„Lake"

FROM A PAINTING

in the Museum at the Hague.

touch. Sketches and pictures are two entirely different things, and yet there are many who do not know how to distinguish the one from the other.

Although Bakhuyzen cannot perhaps be classed with Corot, Daubigny, Dupré, Rousseau, yet he is undoubtedly a great painter. There is room in the world for all and especially for those who strive to do their utmost and succeed. Genius opens out new vistas and Talent guides her into the path that leads to success.

Few of Bakhuyzen's pictures have found homes in foreign lands, the majority remain in his own country where they are greatly appreciated. This comes partly no doubt, from the fact of his having travelled so little. He spent a few mounths in Dusseldorf in 1886, yet strange to say the pictures, painted at that time, were made from Dutch sketches. A view taken in Gelderland, which he worked up so successfuly in Dusseldorf, was crowned with the gold medal when exhibited at the Hague at one of the yearly exhibitions. It is however undoubtedly true that Bakhuyzen pleased the Germans, for when he was painting in Dusseldorf, Oscar Achenbach—one of the best known art teachers—advised his pupils to visit the studio of the young Dutch artist and copy some of his clever sketches. They all saw in him the promise of a successful career.

In 1879 Bakhuyzen was the guest of the Prince of Wied, at Neuwied on the Rhine. This german Prince had, as a youngster, taken lessons from our artist during a visit paid to the Dutch Court.

A visit to Norway, and a tour through Normandy, complete the travels of my friend Julius. Of course many sketches and studies were made but few have ever been immortalized. I can only remember seeing two of his pictures representing foreign lands. He is Dutch to the backbone. Dutch scenery comes natural to his brush, facile at all times, yet more effective when portraying the "*Vaderland*." I have heard him remark, jokingly, that although he may dish up a foreign study, it cannot be completed without "*Sauce Hollandaise*."

It would appear, perhaps, from this account that Bakhuyzen painted little out of doors, but that he worked chiefly in his studio on the New-Haven; this however I must hasten to correct, for he spent much of his time in the country, but be it understood Dutch country. He and other artists, made up parties to go off sketching together—sociability is so characteristic of the Dutch—when our artist was a young man he derived much benefit and enjoyment from these tours. Roelofs, Stortenbeker and Weissenbruch were his chief companions, and the celebrated little village of Noorden 1) was their happy hunting ground. In later years Bakhuyzen made many trips through Drenthe 2).

It has been said that Drenthe is the most paintable spot in all Europe and artists maintain that the spirit of Ruysdael and the ghost of Hobbema may

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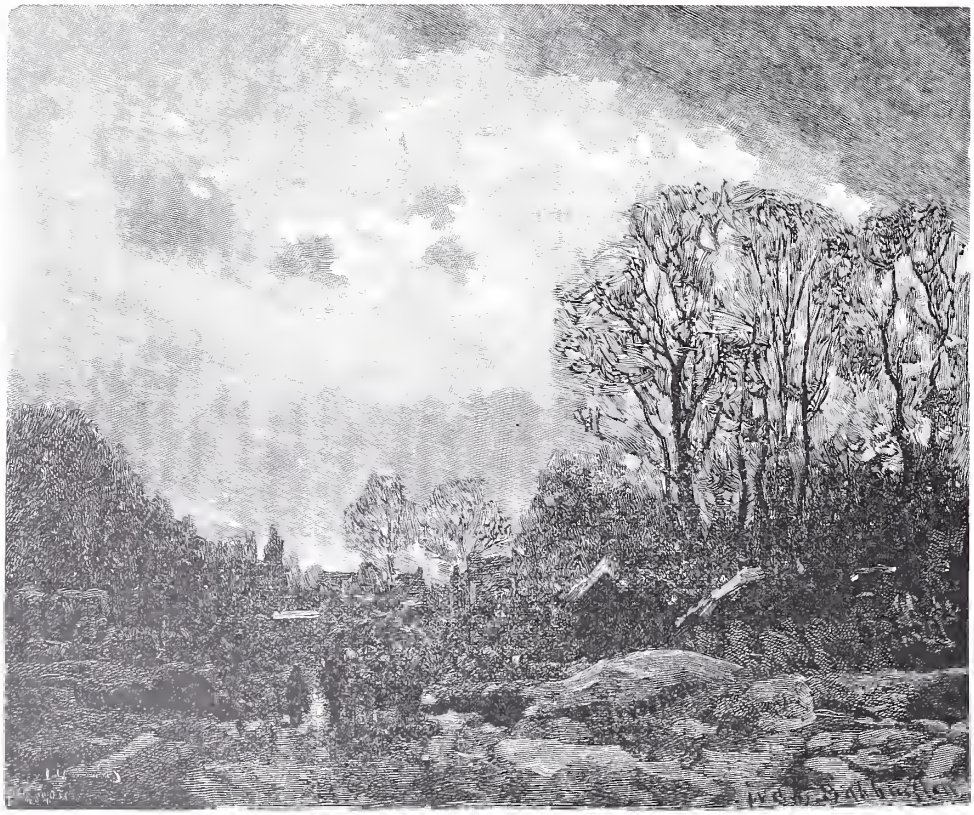
1) An account of Noorden will be found in Vol. 1.

2) A Province of North Holland.

yet be found wandering about amongst those ancient oaks, those giants of the forest, that have stood there for centuries. Not only have these trees attracted the lover of art but the general scenery, and quaintness of Drenthe, have inspired many a brush. Villages and hamlets, with their red roofed houses, seem to play at hide and seek amongst the downs. Stretches of heath extend as far as the eye can reach, and the atmosphere is all that an artist can desire, soft and misty making objects and detail blend together; casting over the whole a gauzy veil. Then again the quaintness of the country folk, with their strange costumes and old world manners, all these attractions are not to be despised by a landscape painter.



Sketch for the painting now in the Boyman's Museum in Rotterdam.

In that bewitching part of Holland Bakhuyzen spends some weeks every summer, always bringing home a world of treasures for winter studio work. It happens sometimes too, that he flits off to see Drenthe in her autumn attire, in the gold and brown of October leaf. It is too cold then to paint, but he drinks in the beauties of the fall—so dear to most artists—and carries back to the Hague, after those few days of rest and enjoyment, renewed strength and a well stocked memory. I have had the proud privilege of accompanying him upon some of these excursions, and I count them amongst the pleasantest days of my life..

In many of the villages, of this primitive part of Holland, Bakhuyzen is well known and beloved by the labourer and his family. Whenever I visit those parts with him I hear nothing but his praises sung, and his kindness extolled. Children run to meet him and beg to be "put" into his next picture and whenever such an honour is granted, the proud mother looks at the sketch exclaiming: "And is that my Johnnie or my Kittie," as the case may be "But you should have let me first wash their faces, and slip them into their Sunday clothes." I over heard a conversation one day between a group of school children, which was most amusing. "Yes," said one, "and when they are put into a big gold frame, they are worth twenty five guilders (£2.0.0). Only think twenty five guilders." "What rich people there must be in the world to pay five and twenty guilders for a picture to hang up on the wall, you can't eat it, you can 't wear it, all that money only to look at;" said an other. "If he would only paint the Burgemaster's house, which is so pretty and new, and such nice lace curtains in the windows, it might be worth twenty five guilders, but such a lot of money just to look at our poor cottages. I call it waste," said a third.

These North country folk are truly delightful in their innocence. How sad it is to think that education and civilization are destroying this simplicity, that it is only a question of time, when these same boys and girls, will no longer consider five and twenty guilders a fortune.

Some of Bakhuyzen's finest productions have been created in Drenthe. In the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1883 a splendid canvas was exhibited called "Landscape in Drenthe." In the early days of his career he painted principally in water-colours, being well aware of the wisdom of this plan. Many an exquisite *aquarelle* was exhibited between 1860—70.

It is not my intention to enumerate all Bakhuyzen's works in this short account, besides I think it would be out of place. This is only a brief sketch of his life, with a few chatty words about the man himself. If you read Vosmaer's "Our painters of to-day" you will get a very good idea of our artist's principle works. Vosmaer, with his able pen, has given a very full description of them. The various Museums in Holland have some fine specimens. Two are in the Modern Museum in Amsterdam, two are at the Hague, several at Boyman's in Rotterdam, one in Haarlem and many have found their way into private collections. Of course a few have wandered beyond the borders of his own country.

As well as oil paintings you will find many charming *aquarelles* in Museums and art collections; especially in the "Dutch Society of Drawings" which he helped to found in 1876, and in "Pulchri Studio," 1) that well known Artists' Club, has always one or two in its annual Exhibition of water-colours. Bakhuyzen has identified himself, all his life, with this particular club and during the space

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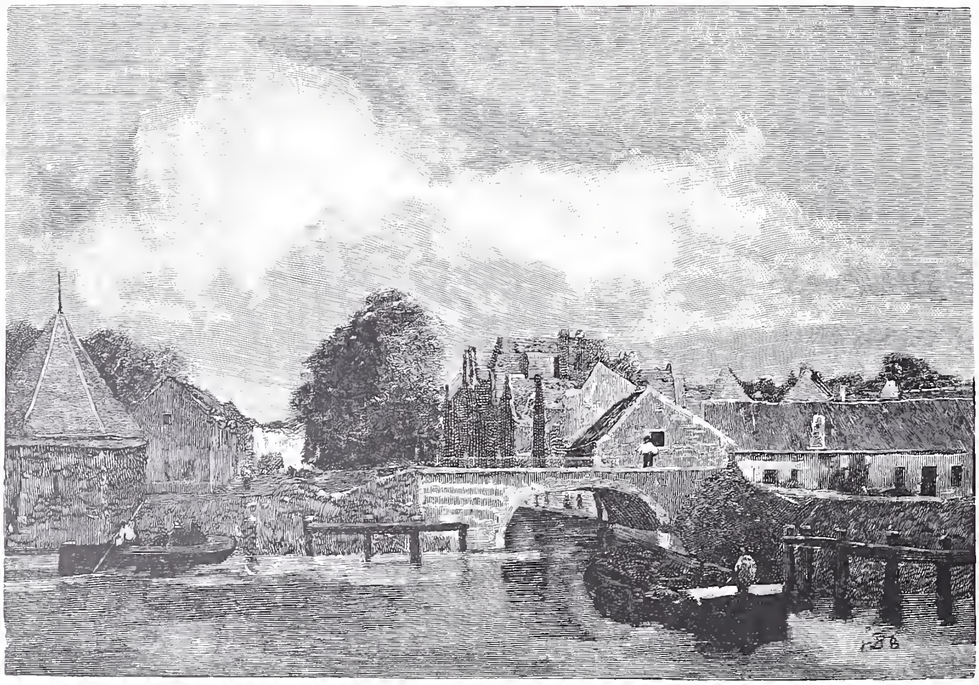
1) Pulchri Studio has been discribed in Vol. I.

of fourteen years was its treasurer, a post which he filled with great satisfaction to all concerned. It is a great boon to any society or club to have some thoroughly level-headed individual to take charge of the money-box. Like many societies it got occasionally into debt, therefore a trustworthy man to hold the purse strings was invaluable. Bakhuyzen always managed to pull the club through its difficulties, the money was always forthcoming to settle affairs, and a remedy found for every emergency.

In 1886 a serious difficulty arose, the locality where the club was held, had been sold over its head. The Society must move elsewhere or die. The idea of having to quit the old place, known as the "*Hofje van Nieuwkoop*" was a trial to all. Every member had many pleasant associations attached to the quaint old building, a new modern home would spoil it all. It had been the scene of so much joviality and mirth so many amusing events had taken place within its walls, it had infact, so to speak, become historical, that to leave it—and probably see it pulled down to make room for the modern brick dwelling house—was a sad incident in the life of "Pulchri."


Leyden, from a study in oils.

Where to pitch their tent was now the question. The one universal cry was. "Let us build a dwelling after our own minds, let us be possessors of the land, and not merely sojourners, let us think of our children yet unborn and the generations yet to come."

Plans were made, meetings held, and wonders expected from the unhappy treasurer, who had to create a big thing out of a small one, in fact cut his coat without reckoning his cloth.

On the 19th of October 1886 a general meeting of members was held. After a hot discussion of ways and means, a labyrinth of projects, disputes about loans and mortgages, contributions voluntary and compulsory, a suggestion was made to buy a certain well-known house, to add club-room and studio, the cost estimated to be about 40.000 guilders 1). The treasurer's word was to weigh the scale down in one or other direction. The important question was put to Bakhuyzen "Can it be done?" Imagine the astonishment of all when he announced the fact, that he had a balance, of 5000 guilders, in the banking account of Pulchri.

A lake near Roede.

To make a long story short, the desired end was attained and Pulchri became the proud possessor of its own home and Bakhuyzen was triumphant.

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1) A guilder is 1/8.

But of course this big undertaking was not carried out without assistance from others. He formed committees and sub-committees and also received much spontaneous help. The architects employed proved clever men and grasped the artistic ideas of the club members. I think Bakhuyzen possessed some of the family scientific capability, which had manifested itself so conspicuously in his brothers. In fact they were all clever men, and parents who have brought such a family into the world, may indeed feel proud and hold their heads high.

The successful move of the Pulchri Studio, was to Julius perhaps a greater feat, to have accomplished, than the discovery of a new planet might be to his brother the astronomer. This may sound paradoxical but let me explain what I mean. A friend of mine told me an amusing story of a visit he paid to a certain celebrated astronomer, Luther by name. He wished to compliment him upon the discovery of a planet—if I remember right it was called Hecuba —and after sayng many flattering things and praising the ability of his learned friend he said: “My dear fellow, it isn't such a wonderful trick to fish out a new planet; I have already discovered seventeen. I will discover an other one, with pleasure, for a glass of beer. “Therefore may we not justly remark that poor Julius had the harder task of the two to accomplish.

I am coming to the end of my sketch. Let me sum up the total in a few words, Julius Jacobus van de Sande Bakhuyzen is a good man and a great painter. What more can I say, does not the little word *good* mean much. He is respected by all who come in contact with him and esteemed by every brother-brush.

I hope I have made myself understood and given my readers some idea of the man. All I have stated is correct. For my part I think I have not written enough in praise of so eminent an artist, but when I submitted the article to Bakhuyzen himself—to correct any mistakes in dates—he smilingly said:— handing me back my M. S.—“Look here old fellow, you have praised me too highly, you have . . . .” and I took the paper out of his hand for I knew that the dates were correct.

L. Mulder

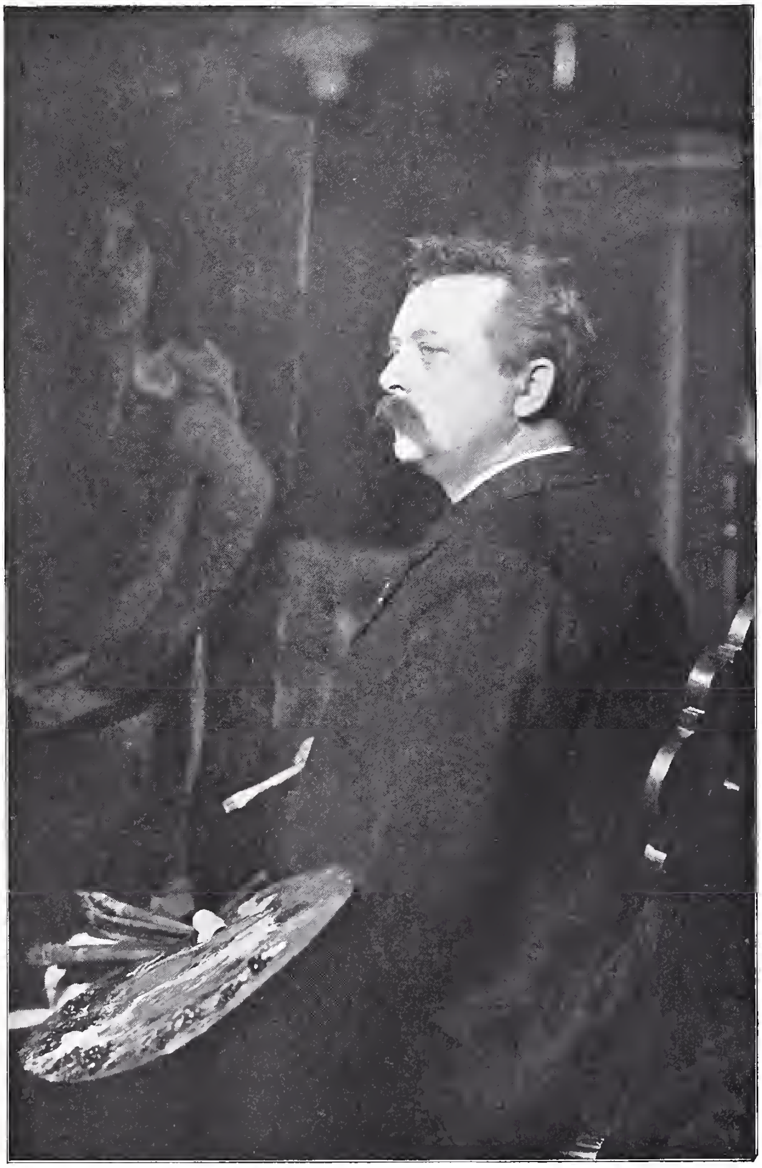
N. VAN DER WAAY.

BY

A. G. C. VAN DUYL.

The etching class, from a water-colour.

N. VAN DER WAAY.



Some years ago when I had occasion to visit that part of Amsterdam, where the good burghers seek for bargains and cheap articles, I came upon a shop where, although frames and mirrors appeared to be the chief item of merchandise, yet a little trade was done in the way of "pictures." The brilliant coloured canvases, displayed in the window, made me stop and consider: "Who could be found to buy such things?" I exclaimed aloud, then stepping inside—to inquire the price of these "works of art"—I found to my amazement, a considerable number more for sale. The marketable value of these paintings was assessed according to size. Beginning at five guilders 1) they increased by steps till the largest reached the enormous sum of fifty. Most of them were hideous daubs, out of drawing and crude in colouring. But amongst them however I noticed a few that gave the promise of a future, although remote; yet even these were full of crying faults, and again I asked myself who could or would buy such trash? Then I fell into thinking about the artists themselves, these poor devils, how did they gain a livelihood and were they buoyed up with the hope of eventual success.

Ponte Vecchio Florence, from a pen and ink drawing.

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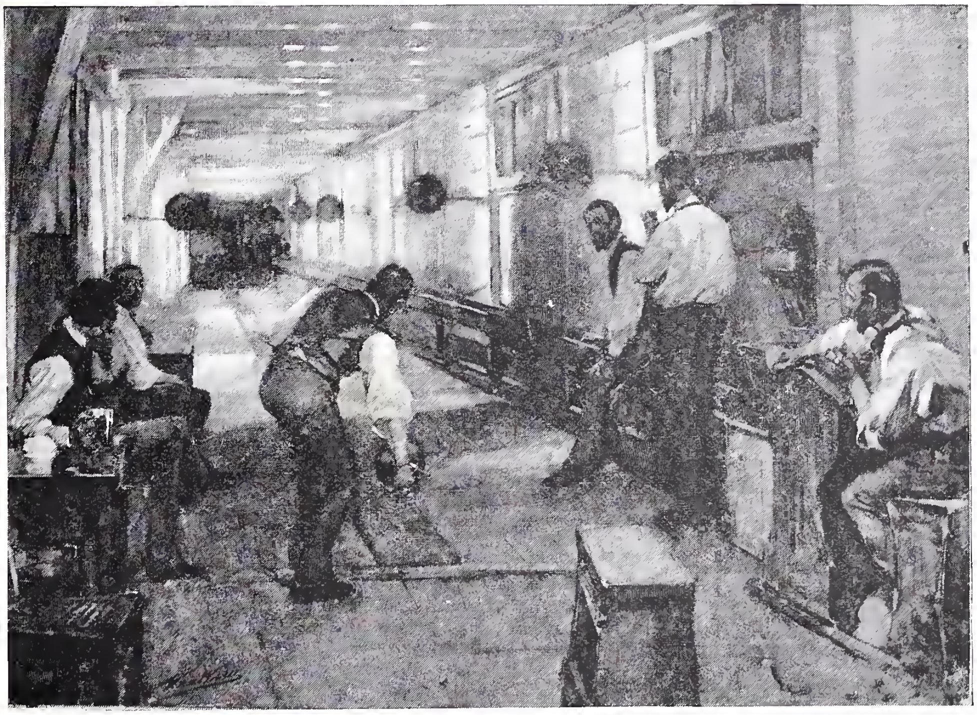
1) A guilder is 1/8.

This "exhibition" so impressed me that I made up my mind to ask my friend van der Waay if he knew the fate of such pictures. Chancing to meet him one evening, a few days later, I put the question to him at once. He appeared to know all about them "Yes" he said "are they not cautions." Yet there are plenty of customers for that class of goods; they are bought as wall decorations and will you believe it, when I was a boy, I thought those kind of paintings beautiful and I often stood before that very same window, gazing in admiration, and praying that some day I might be able to do as well. Whereupon he became quite excited; the subject had stirred up in him old associations, and brought back to his mind the days of his youth. His eye sparkled and the colour rose to his cheek. He was thinking of the time when he put his foot on the first rung of the ladder and had all the climbing before him. That ladder of fame, so difficult for all to climb, and especially difficult for those who aspire to art. Have we not all put our foot on the first step, but how few have even reached the second. We all start in earnest and with plenty of good-will, but we soon find how steep the hill is, and what perseverance and determination is required to reach even half way. Those who have succeeded in gaining the top, what a relief to them it must be to think that the struggle is over and that now there will be a period of "plain sailing" Yet they must shudder, when they look back at all the disappoint-



The bowling Alley, from a water-colour.

ments and worries they went through. I am sure that many are amazed at themselves at what they endured, and suffered mentally, and how they had the courage to push on and the audacity to hope. How little we know, when starting in life, what lies before us and I think that in most cases things turn out completely different to what we expect, or our friends predict for us. Yes undoubtly, when van der Waay answered my question, all these thoughts were rushing through his mind and, as I have already stated, he became quite excited. He knew as well as most famous men, that the ladder cannot be taken at a flying leap, but must be climbed step by step, and often years must pass between each step. Slow but sure, yet not always sure to every climber. Then again friends and chance acquaintances, how they influence our lives, often turning their course into quite a new channel, either for better or for worse. Van der Waay was thinking of the people he had met in his early days, and how some of them had been useful to him in his career, and others kind and helpful; while many had remained staunch friends and pleasant companions.

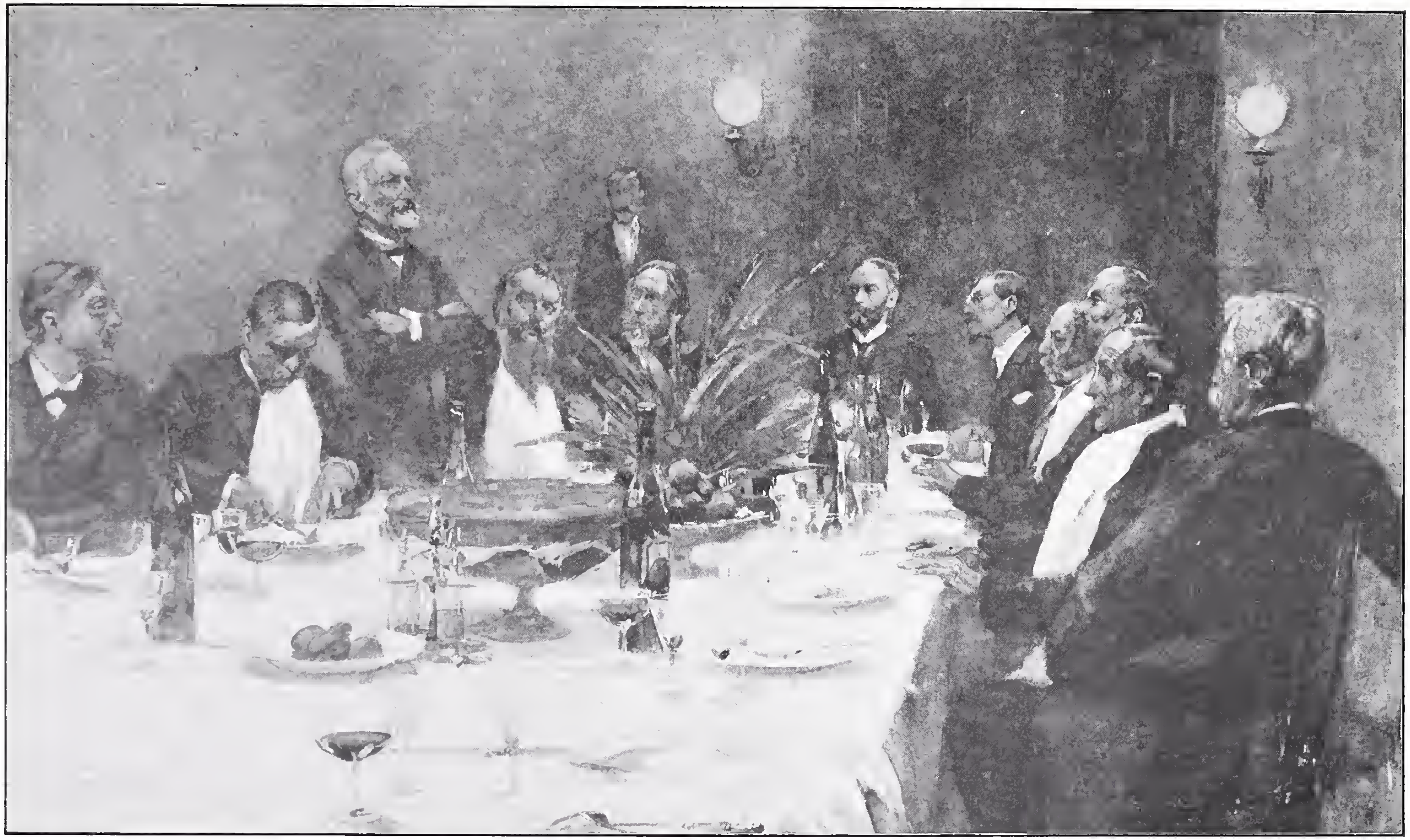
As a schoolboy van der Waay accidently came under the notice of Dr. C. E. Heynsius, who was the first to discover the artistic talent in the lad. He remained a most useful friend to him until he died, always giving him good sound advice and help.

As a youth he was sent to the Academy of Plastic Arts, the President, Dr. Allebé, marked him at once as a pupil of great promise. The President's son—*then* a pupil *now* in his father's place—became his companion, and the two have grown up together as fast friends.

But of all his friends and acquaintances not one has been as useful to him as Louis J. A. Koopman, the well known portrait painter. He was the drawing master at the first school to which van der Waay was sent. Many of his school companions, have since become celebrated men. Some schools are in luck's way, they accidentally get a group of boys who turn out satisfactorily. Not only did Koopman lay in a good artistic foundation, by his careful teaching, but he inspired him with a future talent for "loving" as in later years, his charming and pretty little daughter, became Mrs. van der Waay. Without persistant hard work, perseverance and study van der Waay—with all his inborn talent—might not have reached the top of the ladder. He puts it all down to the luck of his friendships, and to the guidance of those who knew what they were teaching; yet undoubtedly his success is entirely owing to his determination, and to the unceasing toil of his youth.

Was it then surprising that van der Waay should "warm up" when the subject of his childhood was broached and brought back to his mind those days when he had gone into raptures over just such pictures as I had gazed upon, with repugnance, but a few days previously.

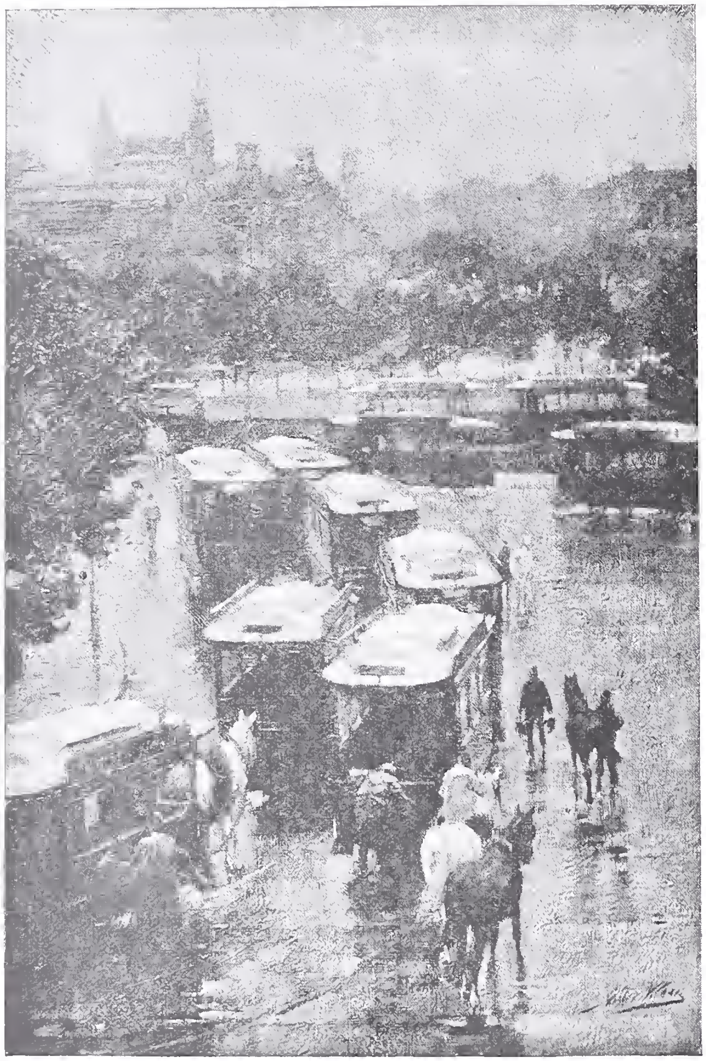
The Academy of Plastic Arts was not, in the early days of van der Waay, what it is now. Its young and able »head" August Allebé—son of the former



An artists' dinner, from a water-colour.

President Dr. Allebé—has brought about a great change for the better. If a young man shows any signs of talent, he is singled out and pushed on, but in the days of van der Waay's youth little help was given to clever pupils, beyond what the others received; though it is undoubtly true that van der Waay was "discovered" and encouraged by Allebé Senior.

In the year 1876 we find van der Waay— after years of hard work—setting up a studio with a friend (John Wysmuller).


"Washing and preparing the tram-cars for their day's work."

There is no doubt but that many cares, troubles and disappointments crowded into the life of these young students in their first attempt at self reliance. There must have been moments too when they despaired and wondered where the "necessary" was to come from for hire of studio, for food and other daily wants. As soon as one becomes the proud possessor of a roof of one's own, the responsibilities of citizenship follow. Rate and tax gatherers darken the doors and butchers and bakers do not leave their wares for nothing. All this is inartistic but alas necessary. Besides these „puzzlers" there were others, still more puzzling. Were they doing their work properly? Was the ladder safely fixed against the wall? Were they in any danger of falling? Ambition too, flooded their minds, and threatened to drown common sense, urging them to take two steps at once, instead of cautiously feeling their way.

Such student days how pleasant to look back upon as long as they have not to be lived over again. As however happy our lives may have been, there are, not many who would care to repeat them, unless with corrections of their own making.

It was about this time that van der Waay took occasional trips, not only through his own picturesque country, but wandered also into foreign parts; always however with a very light purse and many deprivations to contend with, yet cheerful and above all things hopeful. He went to Paris, Brussels, London and Cassel, not only to make sketches but to visit their exhibitions and splendid art collections.

At that period van der Waay belonged to an Artists' club, where the artistic souls of Amsterdam met together to discuss art, and gather useful information from each other. Most of these painters were of a musical turn of mind—how often these muses go hand in hand—and the result was that they spent many pleasant evenings together. I believe this society still exists, but as men grow older and have their own home circle, they do not feel the need of these clubs. I have hinted once or twice at the possibility of becoming a member, but no ordinary mortal, like myself, is allowed within its precincts. There is a great fraternity among students and especially among young painters. They learn to known each other in the early days of their career, and such friendships are very lasting. Older people never make such friendships, unless thrown together in their youth; theirs never goes beyond acquaintanceship.

Pen and ink sketch.

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Van der Waay's first important canvas was painted in 1880. For this work he obtained the prize, given yearly from the legacy left by a certain Willink van Coolen, for the purpose of encouraging young painters. The subject is a group of artists, criticising a picture, which stands on an easel. It is extremely well painted and the drawing is wonderful; the figures in natural and easy postures; the subject cleverly handled; the expression on the men's faces showing what their criticism would be were they allowed to speak. Van der Waay introduces himself as a model sometimes, though how he does it I don't know.

An other interesting picture is the "Bowling Alley" a reproduction of which will be found on page 83. The perspective is marvellous and the easy natural attitude of the players true to life. The light shining through the windows is cleverly done. "The artists' dinner" is also a famous picture. This will be seen on page 85. It is a water-colour. All the artists sitting round the table are painted from life. The gas light, thrown upon their faces and upon the white table cloth, is excellent.

We might call van der Waay an illustrater and caricaturist did it not seem, by so doing, to deprecate his reputation as an artist. He has cleverly illustrated many works and his caricatures have found their way before the public. He is never without pencil and paper in his pocket, and these are produced at a moment's notice, should any thing artistic or amusing catch his eye. He is particularly good at rendering busy scenes and groups of people in movement. If you look at his picture "Washing and preparing the tram-cars, for their day's work" (reproduced on page 86) you will see a singular painting. These unpicturesque subjects are made beautiful by his clever brush. The sketch for this picture was originally taken from the window of his lodgings. Every morning he watched the careful toilet of these bulky carriages till at last he decided to make a picture of the scene. It had evidently been a rainy night, as the streets are very wet

A heavy shower, from a painting.

Van der Waay is fond of depicting rainy days the reflection on the wet

„*An Exhibition*"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR

in the possession of the artist

A decorative panel.

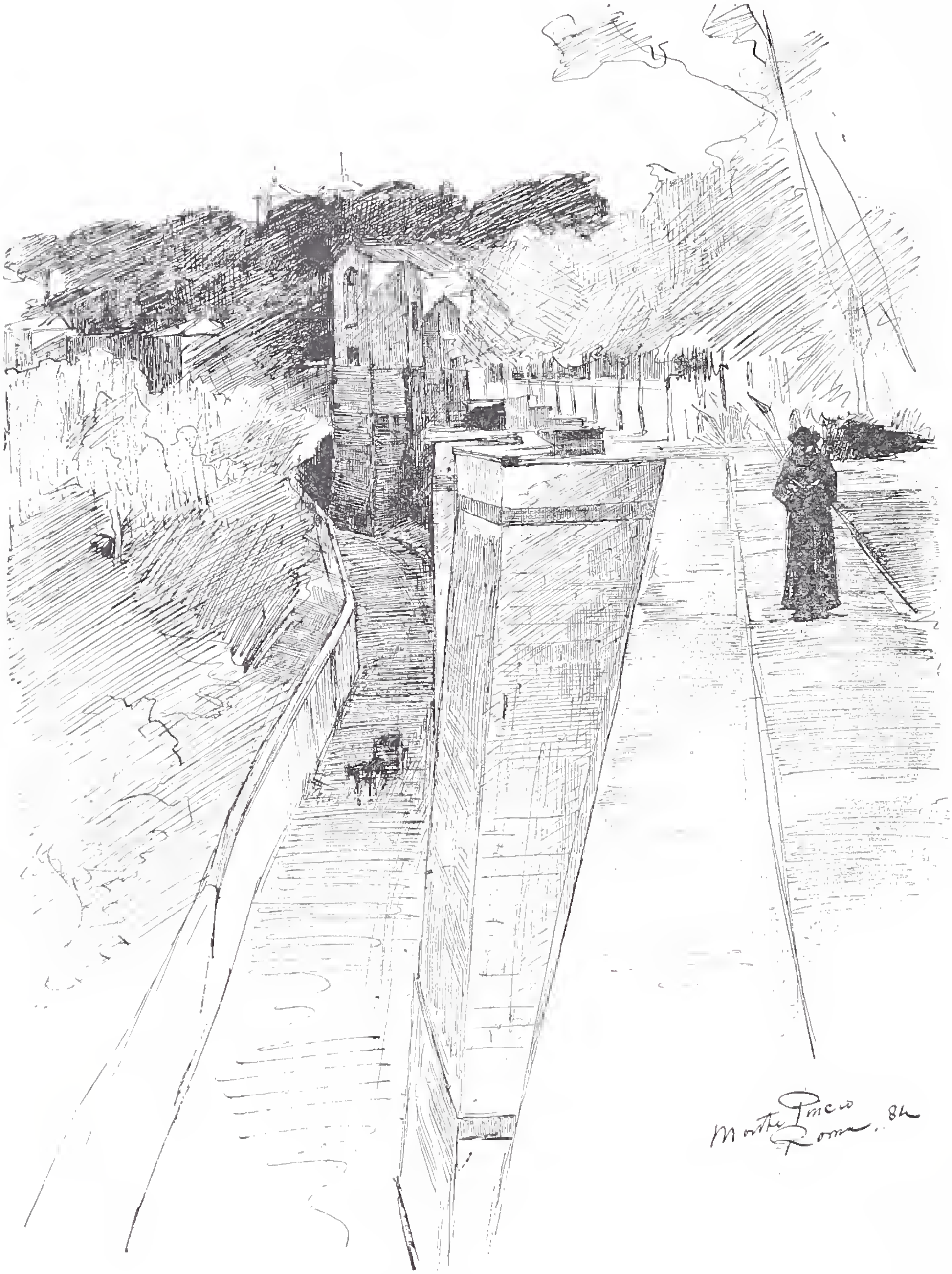
stones and the dripping objects are one of his clever characteristics. This will be seen on page 88. It was undoubtedly stormy weather, when this picture was painted, which shows his enthusiasm to have braved the elements on such a day.

When van der Waay obtained the Willink van Coolen prize (of which I have already spoken) he was busy with decorative art. An other artist, E. S. Witkamp, was assisting him, in the decorations of the house of Baron van Steyn. Splendid ceilings and panels were being introduced. He also—aided by Witkamp—decorated the handsome house of Baron Rosenthal, and later the palatial residence of the well-known Dr. Metzger. An order was given to him for the redecoration of the Courts of Justice, but this was never carried out.

In 1882 van der Waay entered his name for the "Prix de Rome" but as he unfortunately was the only competitor, there could be no competition and the thing fell through. This was a grievous disappointment to him. By way of consolation and in order to complete his studies, the government offered him a sum of money to enable him to visit Italy. All that the government asked, in return, was a copy of some well-known Italian master-piece.

Van der Waay started upon this trip on the 12th of March 1884, full of pleasant anticipations. He was not restricted as to the places he might or might not visit, the entire arrangement was left to him, only stipulating that the greater portion of his time should be spent in Rome. As he had an invalid friend spending the winter at Davos, he made up his mind to go there first. From there he sent many clever little sketches and amusing accounts, to his Amsterdam friends, of his sledging adventures in the snow.

From Switzerland he went to Milan. Can we not imagine him standing in adoration before "The Last Supper" by Leonardi da Vinci and Raphael's "Marriage of Joseph and Mary." He visited all the various art collections and thoroughly enjoyed these magnificent paintings.



Monte Pincio (Rome) from a pen and ink drawing.

Rome at last! The day dream of his life realized! He could scarcely believe that it was true, he thought it was some halucination, an illusion of the mind. He made many good resolutions and laid out methodical plans for serious work, but nothing was possible for him to do until he had taken his fill of all the wonders of Italian art. At last however he set to work, determined to make the most of his time and seize every advantage. But he had many difficulties to contend with. The climate was trying for a Dutchman accustomed to his cold north country. The spring of that year was very changeable and the summer that followed unusually hot. Yet, through it all, van der Waay worked indefatigably. He took a little holiday in mid-summer and turned his footsteps to Naples. But it was not much of a holiday, for he worked there as much as in Rome, though not studio work; out-door sketching and hasty studies, with which he stocked his portfolios for home "picture producing."

"In a bad humour" from a painting.

Towards the latter part of the month of April, van der Waay, assisted at the artists' spring festival at the Grotto of Cervara, (old Roman caves near the Tor di Saprenza, an hour out of Rome). In former years this festival was chiefly celebrated by German art students. They formed processions, arraying themselves grotesquely, and the celebration ended in the drinking of Italian wine, which appeared to form one of the principal attractions of the fête.

Owing to the troubles and disturbances of 1849, this festival fell into disuse; it was however resumed after some years and is now one of the spring amusements of the artistic world of Rome. In the present day all nationalities take part in it, and they have brought spirit and zest into the gathering, giving it renewed vitality. All Rome flocks out to see the fun and join in the merriment. The year that van der Waay assisted, the chief feature of the day was the storming of a castle, by a company of ridiculously rigged up soldiers, (students of course). The robbers, in possession of the castle, were equally absurd, and they defended the place in a most original manner. A great concourse of people met together and when this crowd returned to Rome—in the dark—there was not quite the order observed as might have been noticed in the early hours of the day. Many of the streets of Rome are illuminated in honour of this fête. Van der Waay wrote amusing accounts of these dressed up students, to his Amsterdam friends, and many sketches of the populace found their way into his portfolios of treasures.

A Neapolitan fruit seller, from a water-colour.

Fortunately for van der Waay he was in Naples, at the time when the grand yearly entertainments at Pompei were going on. Gladiatorial combats were taking place in the excavated Amphitheatre, every thing carried out in the charater of the period even the Emperor and his senators were represented, and every minute detail of costume was carefully reproduced, taking us back to the time of the old Romans. Here was a world of interesting matter and subject, for the able brush of our artist.

In and around Naples van der Waay took many successful sketches, which were afterwards developed into pictures. He made copies of some of the paintings at the Museum Borbonïco, and studied art from every possible point of view, never idle and never allowing a moment to be wasted.

Among the antiquities, found in Pompei, van der Waay was chiefly interested in the old bronzes, figures and vases. Every page of his pocket book is filled with drawings of these obsolete ornaments and underneath each one there is a discription. It has been suggested to van der Waay to write a small book upon all his studies in Italy, and especially to give an account of his impressions of Pompeï.

Van der Waay's stay came to an end towards the latter part of August. He then moved to Florence where he remained about a month, seeing all there was to be seen and enjoying himself thoroughly. After Florence he visited Pisa and Siena, both places overflowing with interest for an artist, and containing so many remnants of the old Italian School. Such places are almost inexhaustable, but time was getting short and Venice remained yet to be visited. In this land of gondolas he made a stay of a about three weeks. What enjoyable weeks these must have been, and can we not imagine that a great number of useful and pleasing sketches were added to his collection.

Alas these pleasant roamings were coming to an end, time was up and money getting short. On the 26th of October he returned home, back to the land of windmills and cows, and thoroughly sorry that his trip was over, yet glad to be amongst his own people once more.

Sketch for a decorative panel.

The benefit, derived from such a trip, is an open and much discussed question. Many maintain that a young artist is better left to study in one place where he cannot be disturbed by seeing so much variety, and where he can work with some fixed intention of his own and not likely to be imbued with the ideas of others. At home—wherever that home may be—he is more or less undisturbed by undue excitement in the way of art. Let him plod along the road of industry, until he has formed a style of his own, and having made up his mind what branch of art he will take up and discovered the bent of his talent, then the time to wander comes and in other lands to educate and strengthen his particular style. Others again think that it is desirable for a young art student to travel early in life and have his eyes opened, his ideas enlarged, before he starts upon any serious work, thus aiding him to discover in what especial line his inclination and ability lead him. Be this as it may, van der Waay derived enormous benefit from his visit to Italy and the Dutch government, in sending him, had no reason to regret their liberality.

Michel Angelo, Titian, Raphæl and a host of others cannot be thoroughly studied out of Italy, for their great power and beauty lie, in a measure, in their magnificent frescos and there is something inseparable to their works in the sunny clime of Italy. Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Verrocchio and their contemporaries cannot either be so well appreciated unless seen in their own architectural surroundings. These grand churches and old palaces seem like framings to the treasures which they contain.

Sketch for a decorative panel.

Van der Waay returned to Holland undoubtly a greater artist and a better painter. The study of the old Italian masters had enlarged his mind and strengthened his brush. He had not only used his eyes, but had studiously employed every moment. This was observable in the number of sketches, pictures and copies he brought back with him. These were exhibited in Amsterdam shortly after his return. Two pen and ink sketches, done abroad, are reproduced in these pages. Monte Pincio in Rome, and Ponte Vecchio in Florence. His most successful copies were; a fragment from "The last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel in Rome; Rembrandt's "Rabbi"; Titian's "Hippolite de Medici" and the "Piano player" by Giorgione in Florence; also "Santa Barbara" by Palma Vecchio in Venice.

A rainy day, from a sketch in chalks.

Van der Waay now started a larger studio and began life in earnest, working with renewed ardour after his successful foreign tour. He took to portrait painting, for a time, for which he always had an inclination and which he still takes up from time to time. He has painted many well-known Amsterdamers, amongst whom are van Heemstra, de Beaufort, Luden van Stoutenburg, Westerwoudt, Heynsius and many others.

His beautiful water-colour "The etching class" (page 81) was exhibited in Dresden in 1886. It gained for him a medal of the 1st class and a diploma of merit. It was eventually bought for the Modern Museum in Dresden 1). The figure of the man sitting at his easel, in the foreground of the picture, is marvellously

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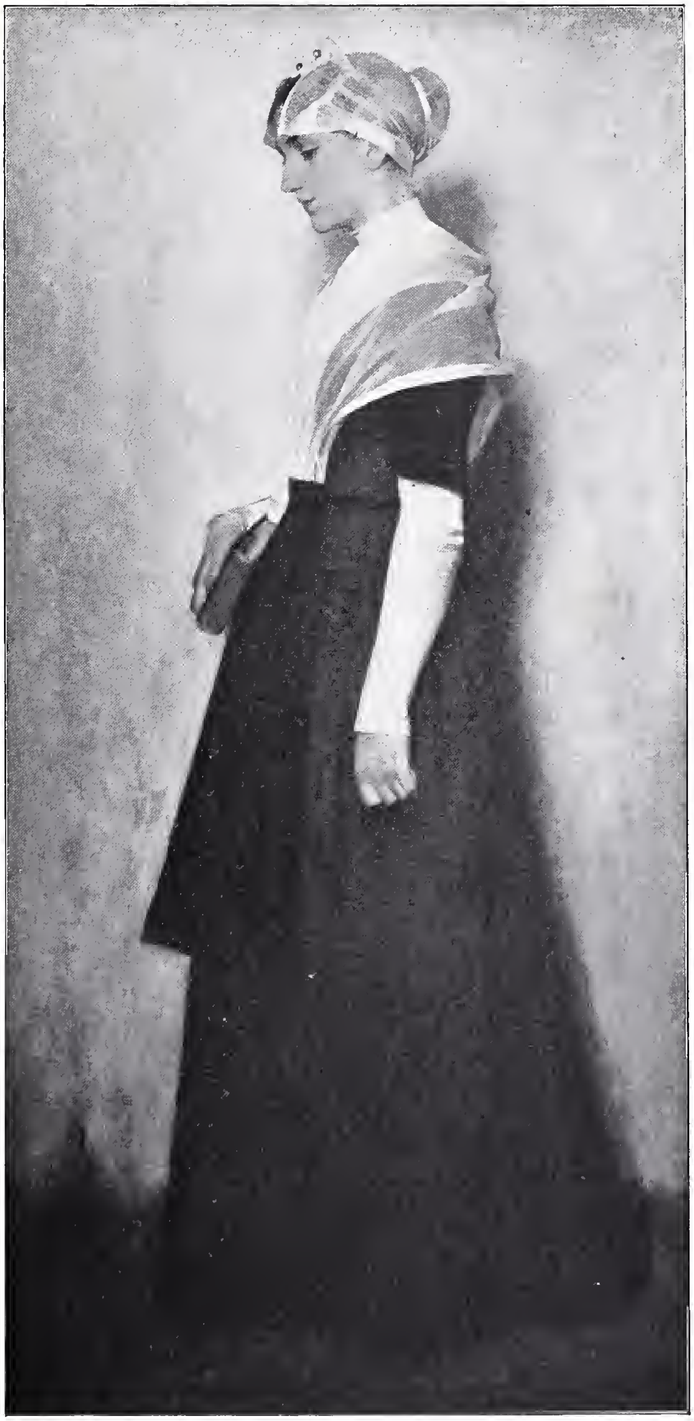
1) An other water-colour of Van der Waay was exhibited in Dresden in 92, and was likewise bought for the Museum.

well drawn. We can see how intent he is upon his work, although he is sitting with his back to us.

In 1890 van der Waay married, and in 91 he was elected professor of the Academy of Plastic Arts. But my praise is not required he is too well known by this time, and too much honoured and admired to require the praise of any one, and especially not from my humble pen. There was general rejoicings over this appointment, his colleagues, as well as his friends, were satisfied; he was unanimously declared to be the right man in the right place.

“Making her toilet” from a sketch in chalks.

As I have already stated the works of van der Waay are fresh and true



An Amsterdam orphan.

to nature, they produce an impression of satisfaction and pleasure. He shows taste as well as talent (these do not always go together) and by constant observation and diligent study he has brought his art to its present state of perfection. He sees the comic side of nature as well as the pathetic, and can portray both with equal cleverness; he is never sordid, never vulgar. In the most common place occurrences of daily life, he can find an amusing or touching incident suitable for a picture. He is always on the look out for subjects, which not only appeal to him, but lend themselves harmoniously to his art.

He is still young and we may almost add at the beginning of his career. May he be spared, not alone to give us many more of his delightful productions, but to assist in maintaining the position of the Dutch School in the world of Art.

"But'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

And with these lines from Shakespeare I bring my story to a close.

A. G. C. van Duyl

WILLIAM MARIS.

BY

G. H. MARIUS.

Under the willow trees, from a painting.

WILLIAM MARIS.

There is no better proof of William Maris's power as a painter, than the magnificent landscape in the National Museum in Amsterdam.

The whole painting sparkles and tingles with life. The rays of the sun have just cleared away the early mist and dew, leaving but small blueish-grey spots, hanging still between the leaves of the trees which, in their turn will soon disappear. At the edge of the water, in the foreground stands a white cow, her position is remarkably natural and true to nature. Under the trees stand two more cows, the one red the other black. The entire right side of the canvas is cast into shade by a thick bank of willows, showing a greater brightness on the left, which is in a flood of light.

The sun, although brilliant, is soft and caressing. It sends a bright beam down upon the head of the white cow, leaving her hind-quarters in the deepest shade; it throws a luminous glow over the rich meadows, casting a radiant look upon the wild flowers and bringing out in a rich transparant green, the duckweed on the water; in fact the light penetrates every corner of the picture—where no shade is cast—and we follow its rays up to the edge of the canvas, and even then, not satisfied, it makes itself felt beyond the boundary of the frame. All this is glorious and none but a genius could paint such a picture.

The foliage of the willows is semi-transparent as penetrated by the searching rays of the sun. By virtue of this lustrous effect the picture may take precedence of all Maris's other paintings. The depth of the shadowed portions is everywhere reduced, owing to the reflected light.

On the river, from a charcoal drawing.

The whole is a masterpiece, a stately yet loveable composition, broad and yet with a tender sympathetic touch. King Sol reigns supreme, yet he is not blinding, not unpleasantly dazzling and certainly not scorching. Let us compare this luminosity to the sunshine in Rembrandt's pictures, brilliant yet subdued.

This powerful and grand masterpiece was bought by the Society for promoting Modern Art, and presented to the Museum.

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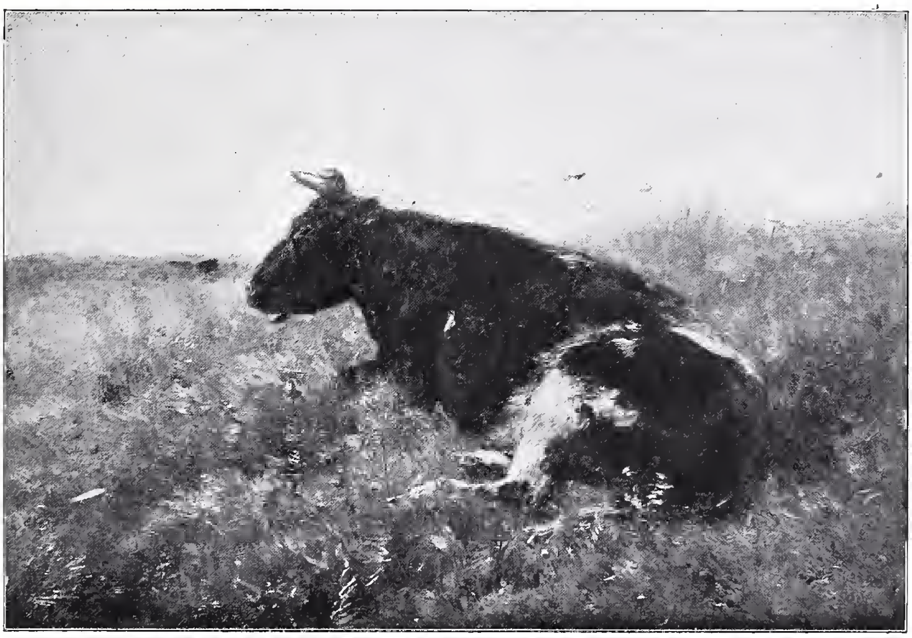
William Maris was born in 1844. At a very early age he showed a great talent for drawing, promising much for the future. He comes of an artistic family, two of his brothers being distinguished painters.

William had his first instructions from his brother Jacob, indeed little else had he in the way of teaching. As a young fellow he joined his brothers in their studio and much satisfactory work was done by all three. With almost religious zeal William Maris worked at his "profession". He was most painstaking and seriously applied himself to the teaching given to him by his brothers, taking their advice until he had formed a method and style of his own. His copies were minutely executed and when painting from nature, he was careful to be true to what was before him. Hence no doubt his well deserved reputation, in later life, of being one of our best naturalistic painters. As early as 1868 he sold a picture, which found its way to the Museum at the Hague. The subject was a green field bathed in sunshine, with cattle grazing under the shadow of a clump of trees, showing already, at that early period, his aptitude for portraying the warm rays of the sun and pleasant rustic scenery. This picture, although beautiful, is nothing in comparison to his pictures of the present day. Yet we can see distinctly that the talent was there, and that only the power lay dormant. All things have a beginning but all things do not show if the end will be satisfactory.


"Chewing the cud."

We may say that sunshine is his letter of recommendation in the present, and his passport in the future.

Gerard Bilders, the landscape painter, wrote to a friend of his in 1863 *à propos* of the Exhibition of paintings at the Hague, "I hear of some noble efforts in my *genre*, by a young painter called William Marits, or some such name. I am told there are three brothers, all youngsters of brilliant promise and . . . ." At that time William was not yet twenty years old and by no means known beyond his own town. Only a vision of his name had reached Amsterdam.

Maris studied domestic animals for a long time giving however the preference to cows—undoubtly the chief feature of our Dutch landscape. He studied these docile animals with a carefulness which brought its reward. With a firm touch he drew their outline in pencil, allowing no indistinct lines to be hidden by grass or foliage to conceal their imperfections, these studies he did over and over again, until he knew every movement of these meek, but cumbersome creatures, and every attitude that they might assume.

One would scarcely expect to find so much beauty and sympathy combined with this marvellous accuracy in drawing. We may compare him to Holbein, who was so careful in the outlining of his figures.

It is a pity that so few of these pencil drawings are known. I had the pleasure of seeing one which belongs to Mr. Philip Zilcken. Those who assert that William Maris is not an efficient draughtsman, would change their opinion could they see these pencil studies. What might appear to some the neglecting of outline is the necessary sacrifice of detail, towards a complete and perfect whole.

Sometimes he is irrisistibly drawn towards some pretty peep of nature, be it pasture land with cows grazing, or a lake with wild-fowl. He drinks in the scene, as it lies stretched out before him, and never allows any one individual thing to predominate, each object, whether animate or inanimate, must be subordinate to the whole. Should however any point or object in the landscape be unnecessary, for the harmony of the picture, Maris does not hesitate to leave it out, and any detail which may confuse or take from its character, is not allowed to appear. They are not left out—as some maintain—because he cannot draw them correctly, but because he knows so well what is necessary and what is unnecessary. Maris is fully convinced that there exists but one way of drawing and that is by hard and decided outline.

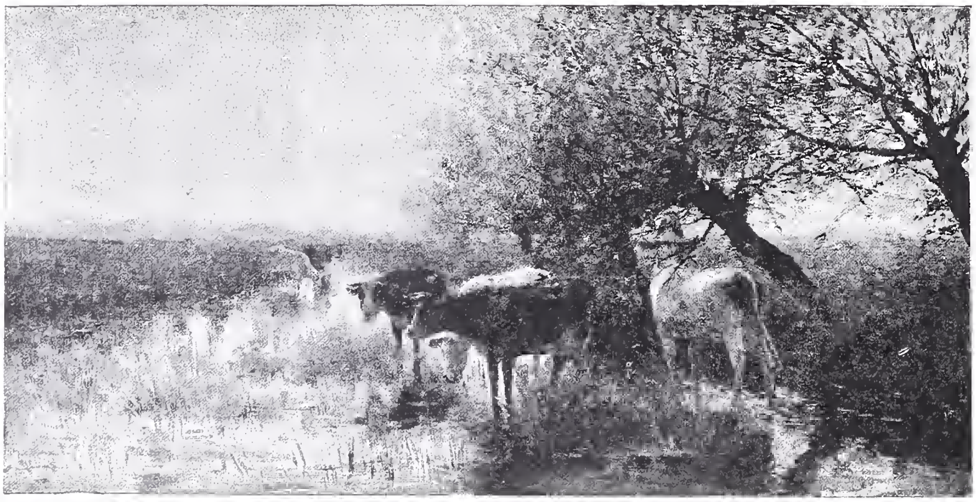
William Maris knows so well how the atmosphere rules the whole, how each object, its colour and form, can only be decided by its relation to other objects, how a figure consists of a series of tones of light and shade, limited

Milking time.

again by other tones in their vicinity and he knows too how impossible it is to make objects and figures visible, only by hard outlines, and not by the blending of colours. He feels that nothing must predominate, and that one thing must not eclipse the other.

In Italy where the sky is always blue, and the atmosphere generally bright and clear, objects stand out silhouetted, it is therefore necessary and essential to be careful in outlining; but in this low lying damp country, where the mist hangs about at all seasons of the year, objects seem to dissolve themselves into the surrounding atmosphere and the same rule therefore, as regards distinct outline, cannot be followed.

Every thing in this world must be considered relatively. Supposing every one saw every thing in exactly a like manner, and individual taste and ideas were put altogether out of the question; even then the most critical opinionist would not dare to assert that a painter, however patient and conscientious, could copy every leaf on a tree, every blade of grass in the field, every little wave that ripples on the water.



Under the willows, from a painting.

What is painting but producing by the action of the hand, what the eye has carried to the brain, and by the medium of pencil and brush bringing this into a formula. This formula Maris is for ever seeking. His eye wanders over the fields, redolent of the sweet scent of wild flowers; or over the meadows where the patient cow is grazing in rich pastures, but always seeking moments when the land is bathed in the brightest sunshine. When these "searchings" are brought within the limit of a picture, we can almost hear his cows lowing; we feel refreshed by the shade of his trees; we smell the scent of his flowers, it is all so real and true to nature and we live and move and have our being in the exact spot, which he has brought within this formula.

„*Landscape with cattle*"

FROM A DRAWING

in the possession of Mr. Spaan.

Willem Maris

Take an early morning walk, through some of those rich meadow lands abounding in Holland, you will see the grass of a brilliant green studded over with golden buttercups, pink cuckoo flowers, white faced daisies, and many others of which I know not the name. Hanging over the whole scene is a soft misty atmosphere, and a blue haze rising from the many ditches, which cross and recross the land, then, I say, you will know and feel how true to life are Maris' pictures, and you will appreciate as he does, these glorious beauties of nature, created by the hand of God.

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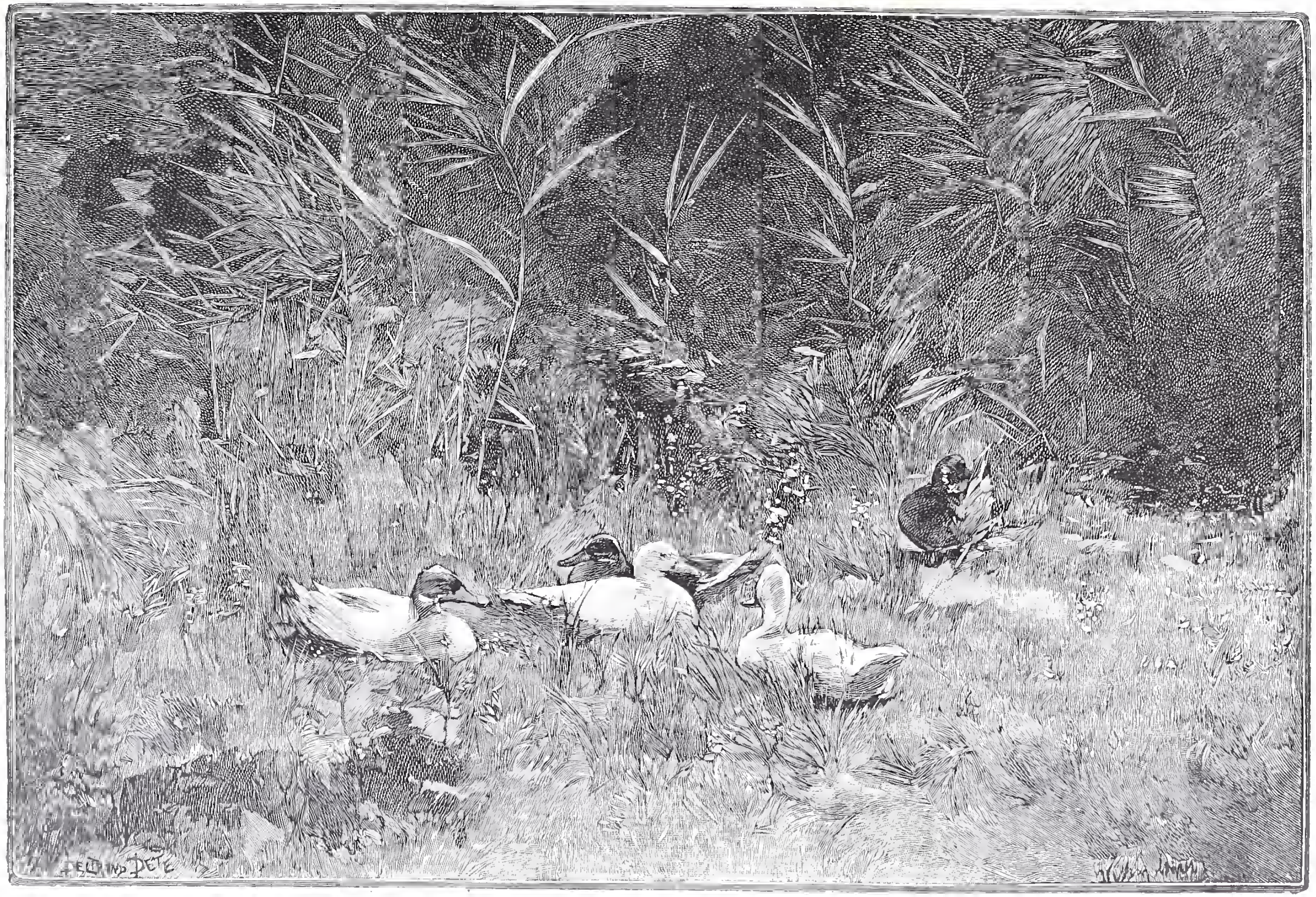
A few years ago at one of the annual Exhibition of Paintings, in Utrecht, Maris was well represented by a small landscape entitled "On the plas" (lake). It is exquisite, not only as regards the painting but the composition and colouring are remarkable. He places in the centre of the picture the principle subject—three cows—and over the whole streams a flood of sunshine. It represents a warm summer's day, the sky as blue as in Italy. A white cow is standing amongst the reeds and rushes by the water's edge; her two companions, one red and the other black, stand out conspicuously against the clear atmosphere, their dark outlines making a strong contrast to the pale blue sky. Small white clouds are floating about in the azure firmament, looking just like the scattered petals of a delicate tea rose. The whole is splendidly painted and well conceived. It is one of those delicious little paintings, that although not so grand and broad as a larger canvas, is more loveable and pleasing.

Ducks among the reeds.

The chief subjects of William Maris's pictures, are cows in meadow lands; but although the objects may be the same the rendering is always varied.



From a water-colour, in the possession of Mr. H. G. Tersteeg.

Sometimes these patient creatures are being milked, standing near an open gate, at the end of a large field. Women and maidens, in their picturesque costumes, hard at work milking; polished brass cans and blue wooden pails are scattered about. Can anything be more beautiful than all this, seen against a green background of endless meadow land. Sometimes he shows us cattle lying lazily under the trees, dreaming away the warmest hours of the day or chewing the cud, happy and contented; or perhaps they are standing by one of the plassen (lakes) so numerous in North Holland—casting shadows on the clear water. Always some variety, some new phase in the time worn subject, showing profound sympathy and endowing these dumb animals with nobility, and though idealized, yet true to nature.

The two brothers Maris (Jacob and William) treat their skies in an exactly opposite manner. The one depicts clouds, threatening storm and changeable weather, whereas the younger brother gives us only sunshine and a sky of turquoise blue, if however clouds are introduced, they are like small white feathers or—as I have already remarked—like the petals of a white rose. Each in their own way true to nature, and beautiful to gaze upon, yet methinks that we must give the preference to the one who gives us, that greatest of all blessings, sunshine.

A very favorite aspect of his is a cloudless sky, the brightest of suns and part of the canvas thrown into deep shade, producing a wonderful contrast. Another bewitching feature, so truly Dutch, in Maris' landscapes, is the rising mist after the heat of the day. It rises from the meadows at sun-set, and covers the land like a cloak, especially after a hot day, when the ground has been baked.

Water-fowl are also favorite subjects with our artist. On page 101 you will find a charming little peep of a family of ducks. The pride of the parent birds, is so plainly told, it is a little story that needs no explaining. The light falls upon the white ducks leaving the smaller ones—not yet in their plumage—in the shade. The trees are exquisite, and the whole picture is a gem. Sometimes Maris paints cattle or water-fowl by themselves, making the cows or ducks the only feature, throwing in perhaps a tree or a small stretch of water, simply to form a background.

William Maris has studied so industriously and worked out the problem of light and shade, in all its various aspects, so comprehensively that we may say he thoroughly understands the "grammar" of painting. What he does he does with knowledge, and for every stroke he can give a reason, for every line he has a fixed purpose.

And with it all he is so sympathetic in his touch, so pleasing in his subjects. He gladdens the heart of those whose lot is cast amongst the bricks and mortar of a town, and are deprived of the joys and pleasures of rural life and woodland scenery.

On a "plas" (lake) from a water-colour.

William Maris is also a water-colourist of no small reputation. In these he likewise revels in sunshine and gives us pleasing glimpses of nature. But whatever choice of materials, whatever medium he employs, the result is always the same, always forcible yet tender, always brilliant yet subdued.

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Not unfrequently does Maris retouch his canvases, after they have left his studio. He seeks them out to alter something which has occured to him after the painting has left his hands. Either at Goupil's or in some exhibition, when he will, during the hours when the public are not admitted, dexterously, with a stroke of the brush, make some—to him—improvement. We however think there is no room for improvement. But with all these "retouchings" he never spoils the freshness and "cleanness" of his pictures and certainly never reduces their brightness.

Above all things Maris is a colourist and one who has an extreme facility for appreciating and grasping diversity of effect. He treats his subjects in a manner peculiarly his own, and yet there is no eccentricity in his work. It is *William Maris* and it is nature, as created by God, no attempt at improvement by the hand of man.

He knows so well how to compose his subjects and never is the balance of any picture disturbed. He aims at simplicity and in this he well succeeds.

Fair weather rules in most of his works, and arouses agreeable associations. Stormy and grey effects have beauties of their own, which may be fully appreciated on canvas, though in actual experience they are often attended by personal discomfort that banishes all thought of delights.

Maris's sun has always the glow of freshness, is never hard or metallic, although it may be the sun at noonday heat.

His cattle are always in natural groupings. Sometimes halting at a pool, still and unruffled, or it may be that their entering into the water, stirs it so, that it gleams with many tints.

His sky has a smiling radiancy, full of tender tones and soft like a maiden's blush. The shade of his trees affords solace, not only to the rustic, resting at midday from his labours, but also the patient cow knows how to find her way beneath the great boughs, and repose from her labours, which can be summed up in one word *grazing*.

Maris works without the sense of labour, painting to him is no toil, but a gift of nature. His mind and hand work in unison, the poetic subtilty of the one combined with the skilful touch of the other, makes a harmonious whole, not always found, even in the best of painters.

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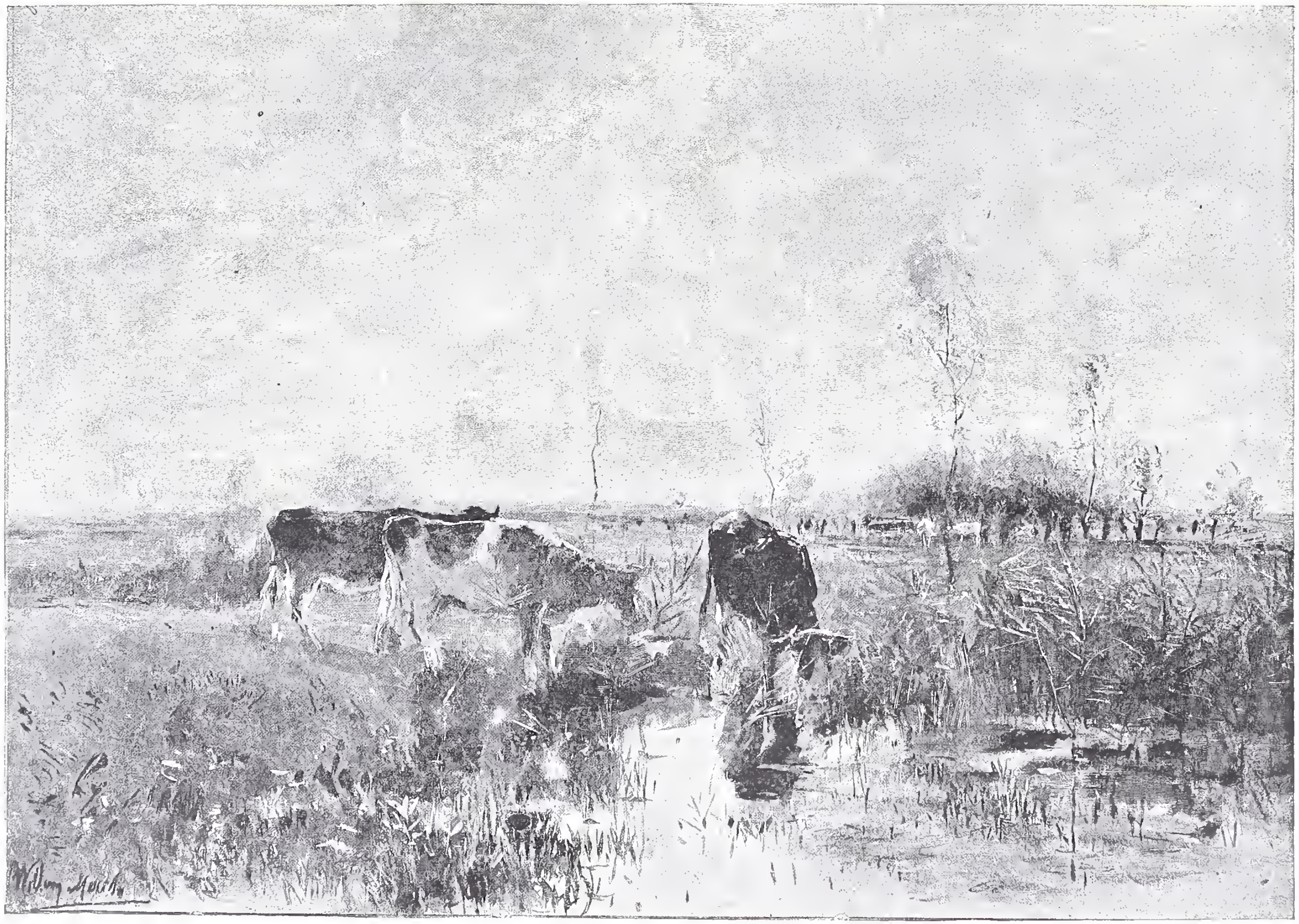

“In the meadows,” from a water-colour, in the possession of Mr. H. G. Tersteeg.

William Maris is still in the prime of life and beguiles us daily with fresh examples of his power. Numberless young artists have to thank him for his instructions and help; to say nothing of good sound advice.

He is living at present on the outskirts of the Hague, surrounded by his sunny meadows and near his friends the cows and ducks. He wastes no time, he spares no trouble, devoting all his life's energy to his beloved art, living and breathing in an atmosphere of sunshine within and without.

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Maris works quietly and faithfully, no haste, no half finished work sent out into the world, and above all no "potboilers" leave his studio. All is accomplished in a dignified way, piling up slowly, one by one, and day by day, the stones of his reputation until they have reached their summit. He is not only master of his time, but of himself, his power and his work.

GHMarius

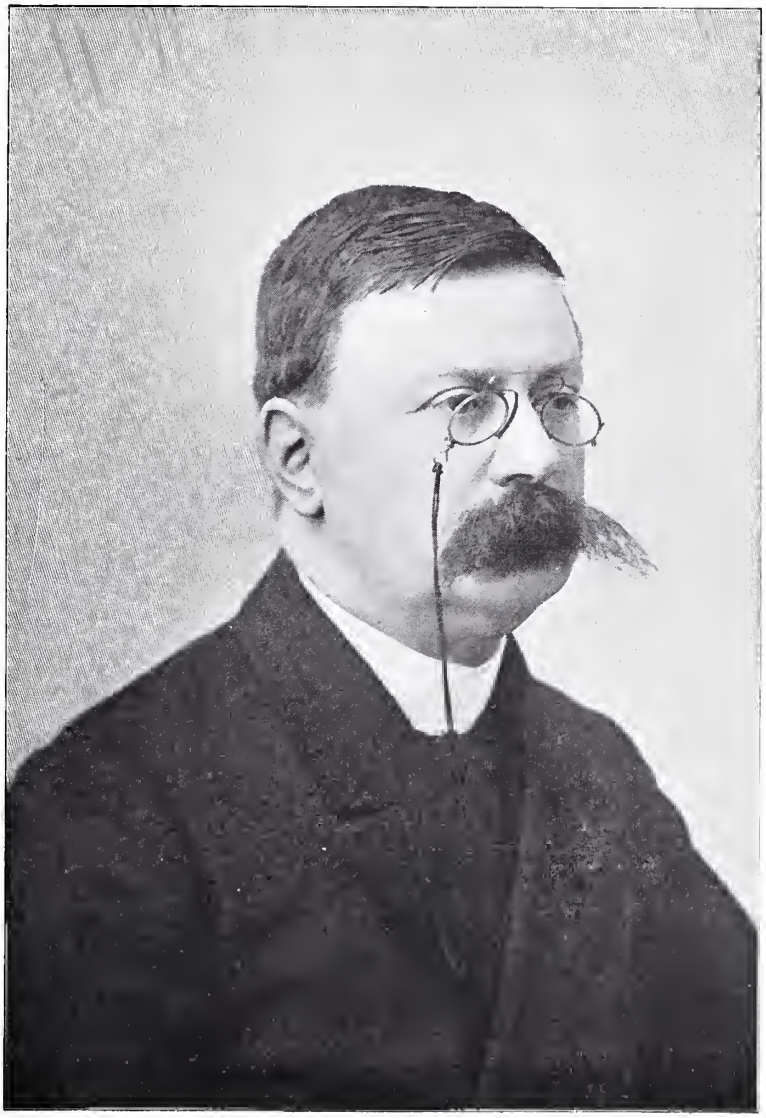
JOHANNES CHRISTIAAN KAREL KLINKENBERG.

BY

JOHAN GRAM.

Alkmaar, from a painting.

JOHANNES CHRISTIAAN KAREL KLINKENBERG.



The limited number of great artists in Holland and the small circle in which they "revolve" puts me unwittingly in mind of our yearly pantomime, with its ever recurring harlequinade. Here we have Pierrot and Pierrette, Harlequin and his Columbine, Pantaloon and the Clown, always the same and we need not look at our programmes to recognize their characters. Even so it is with our popular painters, we require no catalogue to attach a name to the familiar canvases. As we enter an exhibition of pictures, we know our friends at the first glance; we see Israëls' sad and decrepit old women; we see a town view by Jacob Maris and close by a sunny peep by his brother William; we see a lake by Roelofs and cows by Weissenbruch; the interior of some stately old church by Bosboom, and a grand stretch of sea by Mesdag; rain by van der Waay and sunshine by Bakhuyzen.

We at once feel ourselves at home, we nod, in a friendly way, to all the old acquaintances hanging on the walls, in their ever renewed splendour, and they smile back at us from out of their golden cages.

Art, in a small country, is like human beings in a small town; everybody knows about everybody else, and if anyone dares to go beyond the recognized groove of decorum, woe betide those adventurers, their doom is sealed.

The siege of Leyden, from a painting in the National Museum.

Statistics are dry and tiresome to deal with, but nevertheless it would be interesting to know how many poor old women and sad-eyed maidens had left the studio of Joseph Israëls; how many hot summer days had passed out of the hand of William Maris; how many boats and smacks had sailed out of Mesdag's harbour; how many cows had been driven out of Weissenbruch's *atelier;* how many clouds had floated away from Jacob Maris's sanctum. All this, though "dry", would be highly interesting.

They all harp upon one string, they all dance to one tune, but let them do so, we should be unhappy were it otherwise, we should miss the faces of our old friends and do not desire to find strangers in their place. We do not ask for a reform, we want the same, over and over again, for every "again" is different and better than the last. We never weary of a sweet tune, even so we never weary of a picture, if the picture is pleasing to our eye as the tune is melodious to our ear.

Gysbrecht van Amstel. A sketch.

John Christian Charles Klinkenberg has one theme, like those I have been mentioning. He is our modern Dutch painter of towns, cities and hamlets. Artists, as a rule, take a long time, perhaps years, to discover the exact bent of their talent and, so to speak, find their level. When Klinkenberg exhibited his first great picture of a street in 1878, all the world and his wife, nodded approvingly and the die was cast. Klinkenberg was a recognized painter of town views.

No country, perhaps, furnishes more interesting matter for "street pictures" than does our little Holland. The houses, in the old towns, are most picturesque. They are low with wonderfully ornate gables, many have carved designs in conspicuous places and considering the peculiar colour of their red bricks, and the introduction of much white sandstone, the effect is charming. The streets are planted with rows of trees, very stiff and erect, like those in a child's Noah's Ark. Klinkenberg felt that all this was the right food for his brush, he felt he had found his vocation and he has stuck to it religiously.

Klinkenberg is our Dutch Canaletto and has he not a rich field of suitable material to choose from. This little land abounds with picturesque old towns, where an enthusiastic artist might well regret that he was born with only one pair of hands, and that the day had but twelve hours.

Henri Havard when he wrote "La Hollande" was ably assisted by Lalanne, who made many delightful sketches, giving a very good idea of the quaintness of our towns, with their straight streets and prim lines of trees, looking as if they had been planted with a rule measure, and yet the houses are so different, they seem to change like the colours of a kaleidoscope.

Klinkenberg has wandered all over our small country and culled the sweets from every desirable point of view. He either depicts some portion of a small town, or a street in one of our larger cities. Always just as they are, without embellishment, but he cheers them with a bright sunshine, giving the glory to God. Sunshine gives scope for deep shadows and distinct outlines. If you make a telescope of your hands and look through it at one of Klinkenberg's pictures, you will understand better, how cleverly he arranges his lights and shades. His views are as true as a camera obscura. When he represents summer, we can almost feel the heat and long to sit in one of his shady corners. If it is winter we feel the cold, yet the sun is there, making it all look happy and bright.

Jacob Maris gives us, in his fine impressions, only the idea of some town, and even if he christens it Dordt or Schiedam, it conveys nothing to our mind, it might be any place for we fail to recognize that particular spot. Klinkenberg, on the other hand, gives us a "portrait." We know every house, every gable, every cornice, every porch.

There are few parts of Holland that have not been ransacked by our artist and immortalized. It would be quite impossible to enumerate them all. The old water gate at Sneek; the town hall at Zutphen; the chancellory at Leeuwarden; the market at Nijmegen; the old town gate at Hoorn; all these, and many, many more, have been brought within the dimensions of his canvas and he has gladdened all these edifices and picturesque antiquities with rays of the warmest sunshine in which they rejoice.

Occasionally he has fallen into an error by trying to produce the look of

Amsterdam. From a drawing.

The old city gates at Haarlem. From a study.

sparkling sunshine within the limits of too small a picture. It then has a tendency to become conventional, reminding one of electric light; houses, bridges etc., looking as if they were made of cast iron or bronze. But these are the exceptions, moments of passing weakness, which are forgotten as we gaze upon his masterpieces; those wonderful creations, which make us uncertain whether we are standing in the street or in front of a picture.

Klinkenberg has much to thank his master for. He studied with Bisschop, who was also a sun-worshipper. There is a strong family resemblance between the works of master and pupil.

After having applied himself industriously, for a time, at the Academy of Drawing at the Hague, Klinkenberg became a pupil of Louis Meyer, who was then a renowned marine painter, enjoying a celebrity equal to that of Mesdag at the present day. This is only twenty-five years ago and yet now, when Louis Meyer's name is mentioned, the younger generation do not know to whom we allude. Really I feel inclined to put my friend Klinkenberg to one side and unburden my heart, in these remaining pages, let off steam over the perishableness of fame and the forgetfulness of youth. Twenty-five years hence will the celebrated men of the present day be forgotten, will their names sound strange to the young people of that period? When we look round at the pressure and haste, the striving after notoriety and reputation, the desire to crowd our neighbour out, knock him off his pedestal and place

The old church yard at Warmond. From a study.

ourselves there, then I feel inclined to say with the preacher: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

That which satisfied lovers of Art in 1860 and pictures that were considered masterpieces, are now viewed askance, with a shrug of the shoulders. What shall we worship in the next century? Shall we be satiated with that which we now look upon as beautiful? Will it be necessary to have an altogether different interpretation of Art, wherewith to whet our appetites?

But to return to our subject. Klinkenberg's parents were opposed to his taking up Art as a profession, and many struggles and warm discussions took place between father and son. At last the young fellow got the best of the arguments and his parents wisely gave in. He was first sent to the studio of Louis Meyer where he worked till the latter died; he then studied under Bisschop, imbibing from him the love of sunshine. Here Klinkenberg studied with heart and soul, paying great attention to the good sound teaching of his master, but by no means tied to his apron strings. At an early age he already showed the desire to follow the dictates of his own imagination. He studied Nature carefully as she is, and not as he wished her to be, allowing no fancies to run away with him. He tried his hand at every style and even produced some historical pictures.

The Weesperzy at Amsterdam. From a picture.

Reading Motley's "The United Netherlands" and "The Dutch Republic"

Old part of Amsterdam. From a drawing.

he became fired with the desire to depict some of the noble historical deeds of his countrymen. A picture entitled "The Siege of Leyden" (on page 118) was the outcome of this hero worship. This picture depicts the lion-hearted and determined Burgomaster, Van der Werff, addressing the people, at the time of the siege, from the walls of the city, imploring them to take courage and bare bravely the terrors of famine for help was sure to come.

It was so beautifully painted that it was bought by the Society for Promoting Modern Art, and presented to the National Museum in Amsterdam.

Then again Vondels's "Gysbrecht van Amstel" stirred up his patriotic feelings and he painted a most telling picture of that touching moment, when the affectionate wife refuses to be separated from her lord, the brave knight. This picture never got beyond the "sketch state," yet it gives an idea of the clever brush of the young artist and what great things he might produce in the future. If he had stuck to historical subjects he might have been classed with Charles Rochussen.

His love of books and literature is great. His studio may almost be compared to a library so full it is of interesting volumes. Next to the works of Motley we see Vondel, well and fully represented, Molière, Hooft, Bor and many others. Most of these books are in old and valuable editions. They are his friends, his companions with whom he spends many an agreeable hour, always *making* time for literature in the midst of his beloved Art.

After a trip into North Brabant, where he had not only made many sketches of that picturesque country but had also devoted much of his time to figure painting, Klinkenberg was suddenly seized with the desire to paint streets and houses. One of his early pictures, in this style, was a quaint old churchyard standing within the circle of some equally old houses. This picture met with the approval of the public so he felt that his special vocation was in this line. He now set to work with more industry than ever and devoted his time entirely to views taken from our towns and cities. His first remarkable picture—although not a street view, in the exact sense of the word—was the entrance to the Amsterdam Orphan Asylum. We look through the outer gate to the court within; three orphans are standing in the foreground. It is a picture of great beauty and belongs now to the celebrated Mesdag collection; another painting which may be said to have been the originator of Klinkenberg's name is the "*Vijverberg* at the Hague". This picture is at the Boyman's Museum in Rotterdam.

Both these paintings are reproduced in these pages.

As a rule Klinkenberg puts but few figures into his street views. The street must speak for itself and not even require the aid of much traffic. Unlike our painters of the 17th century, who always introduced many figures into their pictures of streets, bringing in also horses and carts, showing clearly that they

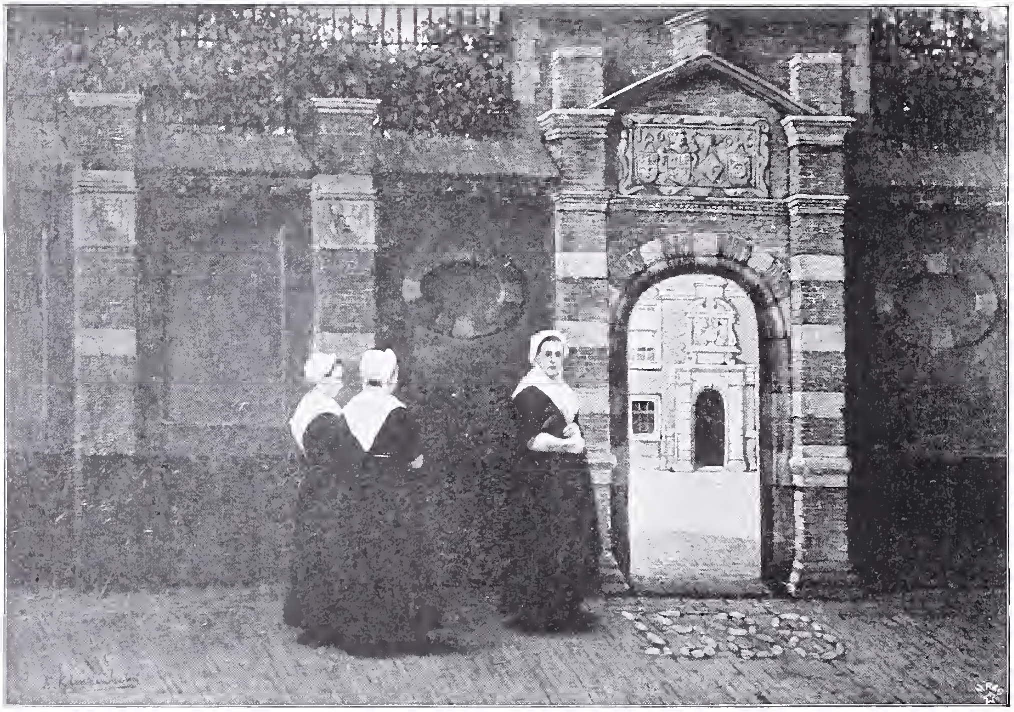
The Vyverberg, at the Hague. From a drawing. In the collection of Mrs. Tersteeg.

thought it was necessary to introduce movement and variety in order to make their paintings attractive and pleasing. Klinkenberg is not so liberal; to my mind his pictures are far more agreeable. A confused picture is fatiguing to the eye and wearisome to the mind. We long to suggest to these street promenaders that it is time to go home.

Klinkenberg is not unlike Weissenbruch in this respect. His pictures are likewise never confused, nor do we see his canvases crowded,

> ". . . . for Weis has oft vowed
> He'd paint but few figures, and never a crowd,
> A man with a rod, a man with a gun,
> Or carrying a faggot, or else he'd have none."

Springer, on the contrary, gives us much traffic and animation in his street scenes.



Orphan Asylum in Amsterdam. From a painting in the collection of Mr. H. W. Mesdag.

When Klinkenberg introduces a figure, it is generally small and somewhat in the distance, but although life may be wanting, sunshine never is. It is always there to gladden the heart of man. Even winter scenes, when houses and trees are covered with snow, even *then* the sun is there making the aspect bright and cheerful.

In the early days of Klinkenberg's career he was rather inclined to paint historical subjects, as I have already stated, but strange to say he broke away from street views for a time and drifted back to his historical craze, but only

„*Groeneburgwal*“

FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mr. C. Noordendorp.

for a short period. The best known picture of this particular epoch is the heroic deed of the famous blacksmith of Naarden, during the sack and massacre of that unfortunate little town in 1572.

Although Klinkenberg has wandered beyond the borders of his own country, he has never been tempted to immortalize any land but his own. He visited Bruges and marvelled at her old world air and the touch of the Middle Ages which still hung round her, even at the end of the 19th century, yet he was not tempted to linger and paint.

Then again he wandered to Neurenburg and bowed his head in acknowledgment of the beauties of all those picturesque old houses, the old-time look of that quaint city, but he still passed on and with joy returned to the land of his birth, more satisfied than ever that the attractions at home were best suited to his brush. He did not understand those foreign towns, they were not his old friends, and he felt it would be impossible to do them justice, after such a short acquaintance; the old Dutch houses with their ornamental gables and artistic porches had been an attraction to him even from his earliest boyhood.

A portion of the Vyverberg at the Hague. From a sketch.

The old Dutch saying is that you must eat a bag of salt with a man before it is considered that you know him, and so it was with Klinkenberg and the foreign towns he visited. He had not eaten a bag of salt with them, they were strangers, mere passing acquaintances and he wisely said to himself

"I will go home and give to the world pictures of old *Dutch* towns, *Dutch* monuments, *Dutch* streets, painted by a *Dutch* hand", and so he went back from whence he came and the results are not only known in *Dutch* land, but throughout the whole civilized world.

Klinkenberg was born at the Hague on the 14th January 1852. Proud and fond of his birthplace, he has immortalized her over and over again, in water-colours as well as in oils. I have heard him say many a time—after his return to the Hague, from some trip to North Holland, or elsewhere,—"What can be compared to the *Residentie*, 1) can there be a better spot upon earth for an artist, who wants richer material for his brush, than her old monuments, her handsome edifices and structures, with their quaint gables of a past century."

Hoorn (North Holland).

Fromentin in his "*Nos maîtres d'autrefois*" extols the Hague, praises her above all other cities and Klinkenberg's brush is the echo of his words. He admires her quiet calmness, her cleanliness which we are told, comes next to Godliness, though neither is the latter virtue wanting. Yet with all this quiet dignity there is no sleepiness, no dullness, it is not behind the age and above all he admires her ancient dwellings and historical buildings.

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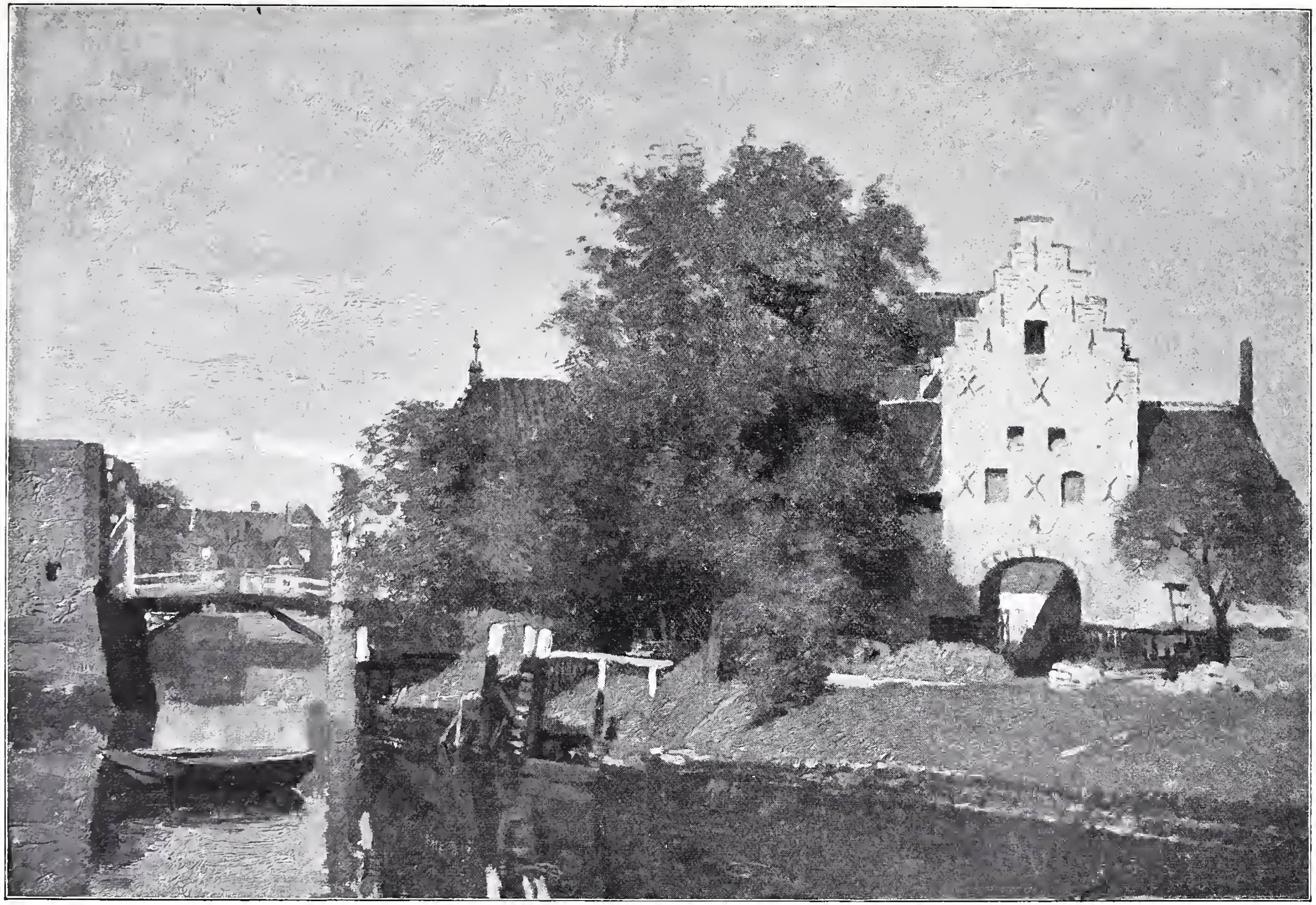
1) The Hague.



Zierikzee.

Dordt.

But I must add that Klinkenberg is not narrow-minded, for with all his love for the Hague he can see beauty elsewhere. He spent some time in our Venice of the North (Amsterdam) where he made many studies. He was attracted by the quaintness of the *grachten* 1), where the fine old family residences stand, all belonging to a former century. "The Jew quarter" was also attractive from an artistic point of view, but not agreeable to reside in, unless belonging to it by race and birth. Many beautiful pictures were the result of this visit to the city of wealth and commerce.

Klinkenberg has a great love for the antique. His house is furnished in a manner which tells at once its tale. Old furniture, old china, beautiful carvings and embroideries, in fact a collection of *objets de vertu.* In his studio he may be ticketed as the only modern article in the place. Here he is surrounded by his best friends, who are quietly reposing on bookshelves, as he is a "book worm" and loves these friends first and foremost. Let us compare him to Thomas à Kempis who was happiest:

"In a nook
With a book."

Or perhaps happier still with his palette and brush. May he be spared for many years to give us some more of his beautiful pictures, as lovely as their predecessors.

John Gram.

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1) Streets that have small canals running down the centre, and a row of trees along each side.

LODEWIJK FRANCISCUS HENDRIK APOL.

BY

JOHN GRAM.

The mill stream in the woods. A painting from nature.

LODEWIJK FRANCISCUS HENDRIK APOL.

There are a few lucky mortals who are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, can we not equally say that there are a few favoured artists, who are born with a palette and brush in their hands. To the latter belongs Lodewijk Franciscus Hendrik Apol. No drudgery, no toil, no dispairing was his lot, and no unbelieving friends to convince. Art was born in him and with him.

"An artist is born, not made" these words apply to the man of whom I am about to write this short biography.

At the age of fifteen Apol was already at work; he began his studies under the guidance of the lively, good natured Hoppenbrouwer, in that well-known studio, in the Kazernestraat, at the Hague. It was here that "Hop" as he was universally called, produced his "winters" his beautiful snow and ice, with the light-hearted laugh of his happy-go-lucky disposition, paying but little heed to his young pupil, who however plied his brush indefatigably, working with a will, and was not slow to grasp such teaching as he might receive, technical as well as artistic. It was here that he was lucky enough to meet the celebrated Charles Rochussen, who would occasionally paint one of his fine canvases under the eye of his ex-master, and watching such pictures, being brought into being, was of the greatest assistance to young Apol, for he was able to pick up many valuable hints, which proved of the greatest use to him in after life.

A heavy shower, from a painting.

Apol remained with Hoppenbrouwer until the latter's death when he removed to the studio of Peter Stortenbeker.

Stortenbeker was a good master, very painstaking but a severe criticiser, condoning no faults, overlooking no mistakes.

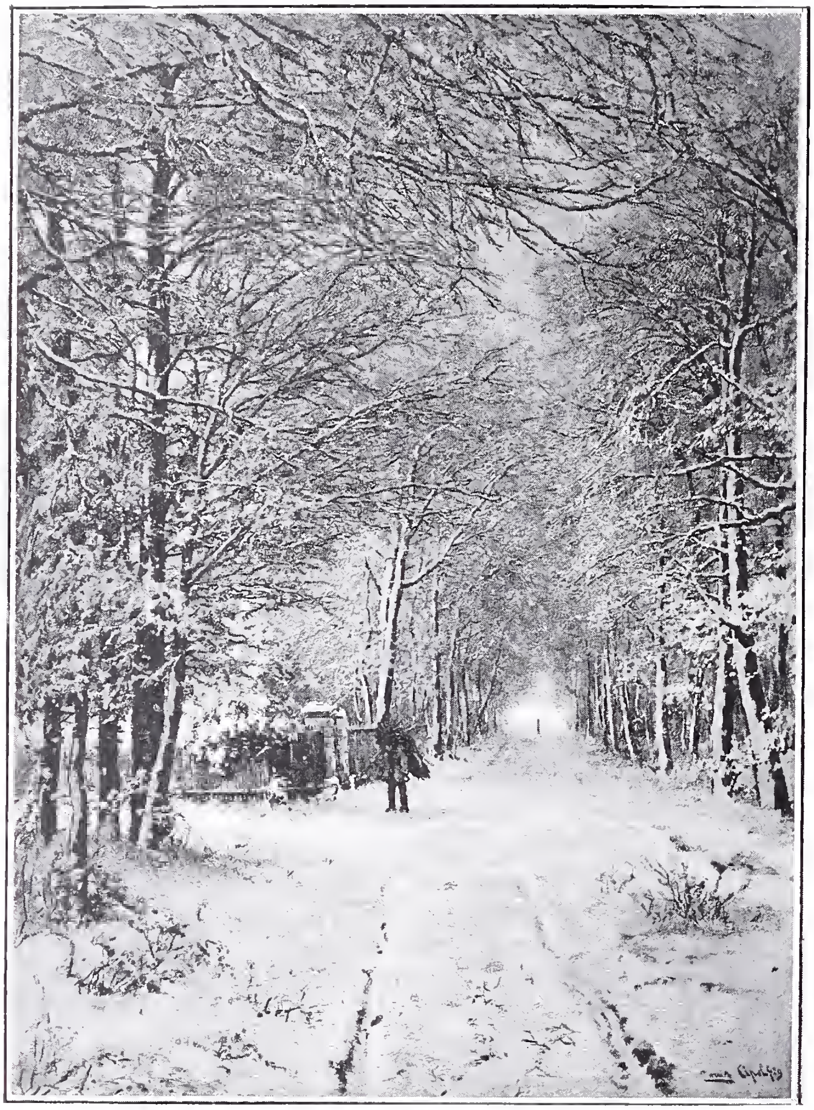
When Apol first started out-of-door work he found much to attract him in the neighbourhood of the Hague. He fell at once into the way of his first master, the ever-lamented "Hop" and took to painting wintry scenes by preference. Above all other aspects of nature snow delighted him most; its pure dazzling whiteness, which, like a cloak of swan's down, covers the land in cold climates.

Although he was eventually distinguished for his predilection for depicting snow and ice, yet the first picture that came under the eye of the public was a lovely little peep of nature, in her summer attire; it represents the sun breaking through the branches of a group of darkly-foliaged trees, like rays of reflected gold. This picture was exhibited at the triennial Exhibition at the Hague in 1869. This was a lucky "*début*" for it attracted the notice of the aged Schelfhout, who, in these few terse words, said: "He will succeed". And his prophesy has been fulfilled. The picture in question was bought by Schelfhout's grand-daughter, Marguerite Rooseboom, the well-known and highly esteemed flower painter. Soon after this successful "launch" into the world of Art, Apol was summoned to appear before King William the IIIrd who granted him the Royal Art-Scholarship for one year, an honour much coveted amongst young artists. This so fired him with ambition that he worked more vigorously than ever. He went back to his cold first love, snow and ice. To depict her in her wintry garb he felt was his vocation, and wisely bestowed

The woods at Beekhuyzen, from a painting.

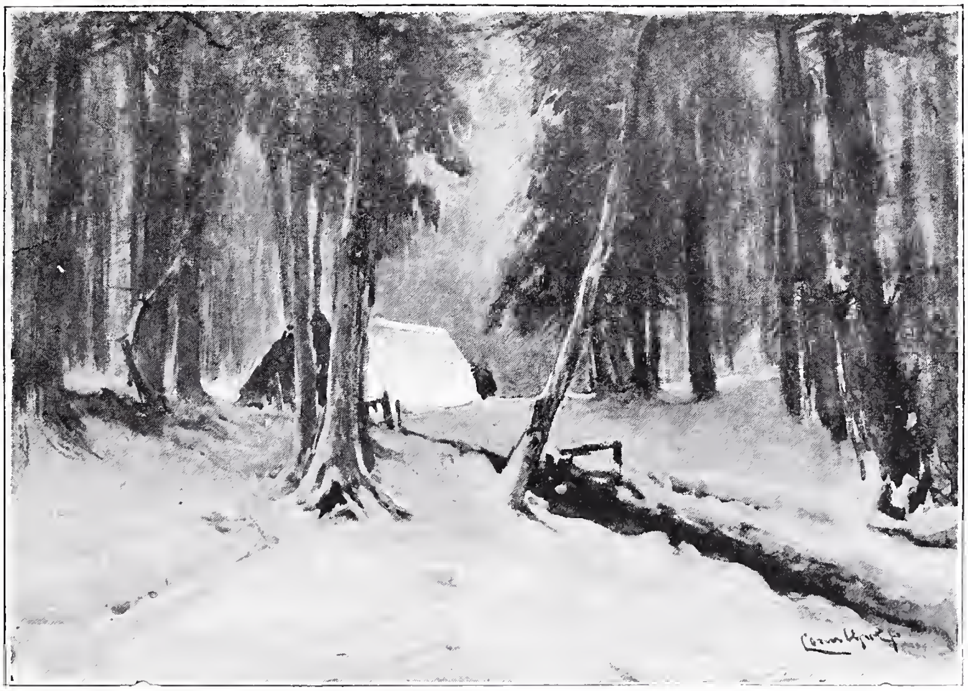
all his energy upon the study of nature, during these inclement months. This is by no means the most agreeable time of the year for out-door work; apart from cold feet and what is worse—for an artist—cold hands, he had but half a day to work in.

Apol's reputation was now thoroughly established and no collection or gallery of Modern pictures was considered complete without one of his winter landscapes. "A January evening in the Hague wood" which hangs in the Modern Museum in Amsterdam, will thoroughly convince any one of this fact. It depicts a mid-winter scene, at the sight of which, the first impulse of the beholder is to shiver. The sun is sinking rapidly in the west. A few clouds



The road to the churchyard, from a water-colour.

are lit up, as if with a parting goodnight kiss; it is just that brilliant moment when it needs but a few ticks of the clock ere a sombre aspect will be cast over the land. The trees are wrapped in a cloak of fog and from the ground rises that characteristic mist of the Netherlands. Snow lies upon every point that catches the eye, and the trees are bowed down by its weight. Birds are flying overhead as if hastening from such an unhospitable board. The solitude, the serenity of the scene, the dying day, the cold aspect, the emaculate snow, not soiled by the tread of man, all these points are equally beautiful and equally realistic. The Dutch government may well be congratulated upon having secured such a master-piece, to hand down to posterity; it may be considered one of the foundation stones of Modern Art in Holland.



In the woods, from a water-colour.

It is surprising that painters of winter snow scenes can vary their interpretations; in this respect Apol is remarkable, especially as he gives us but little life and few figures. His snow covered ground, his ice bound lakes, his bare branches of trees, wrapped in their white shroud, without life or movement, are never monotonous, never the same. He shows us nature as he sees her, without any conventional straining to mar the realism of the scene. Of course there are people who prefer Schelfhout's pictures, with their crowd of detail, those picturesque men, women and children skating and sliding on the ice, but for my part, I prefer one of Apol's serene aspects, where all that meets the eye is restful and fills the mind with composure. No scenes of excitement; no *kermis* (fair) on the ice, so dear to our countrymen; no incidents of carousing and merry-making; merely repose such as can be found only in inanimate nature.

Apol is so well-known, and his style of painting so popular, that the mere mention of his name brings with it a vision of snow and a pleasant dream of spotless purity.

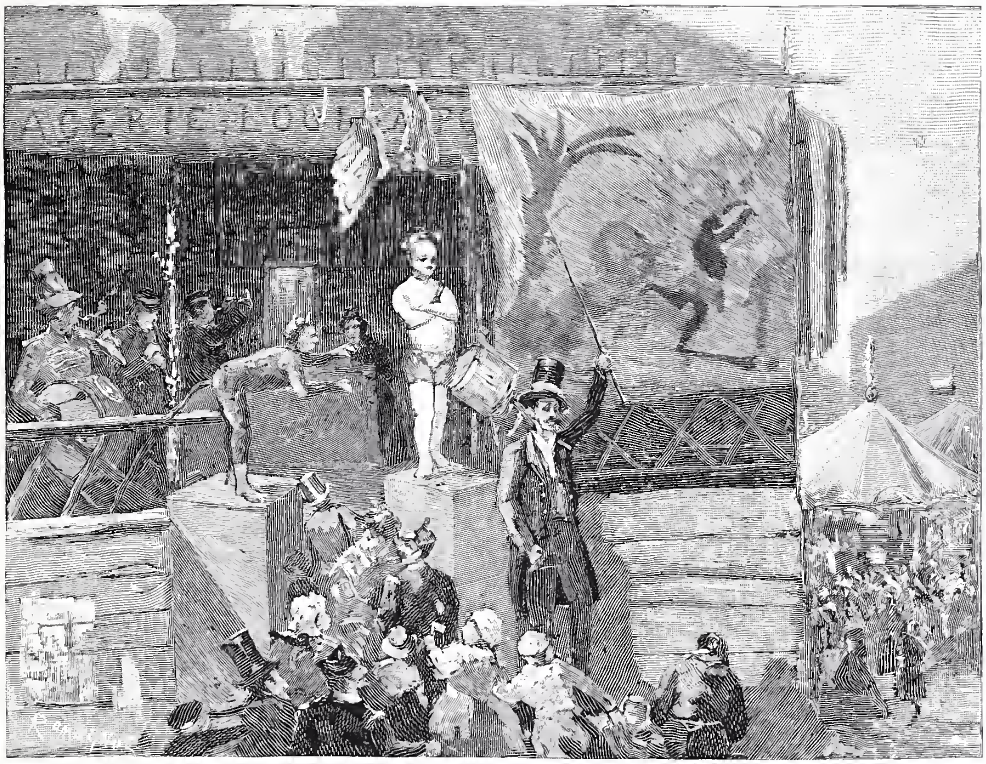
A few years ago in "Our Painters of the Pulchri Studio" I wrote: "Apol's great facility in producing pretty little taking pictures. is apt to lead him into carelessness, betraying sometimes his superficiality." I do not wish to retract these words. What can be truer than "*tout savoir c'est tout pardonner.*" Is it not pardonable that any one with so much talent and facility, should occasionally allow himself the privilege of sketching rapidly, without much reflection. Such carelessness would be unpardonable in those who have to struggle hard to succeed and where it is a case of "try, try again."

Drifting ice, from a pencil sketch.

We must take every man as he is. We admire Apol's quick and easy grasp of every subject, his facile brush, his rapid conception, his general alertness, in mind and matter, and his swiftness in producing such a succession of beautiful pictures.

Occasionally Apol allows himself a little degression from his usual subject; but many artists allow themselves this privilege. Now and then he delights in depicting warm sunny peeps, or autumn's golden tints, or a brook surrounded by reeds and rushes, a field studded with wild flowers in varigated shades of colouring, or else a river with boats and barges and the setting sun dying the horizon with its purple and crimson rays; yet snow in its vastness, in its monotony, and in its grand simplicity, attracts him far and above every other aspect of nature, and comes with greater facility and ease to his ever ready brush.

Amongst these divergencies I must not fail to mention one particular picture. It is reproduced on this page and will speak for itself. It is called "Souvenir of the Hague Kermis" that annual Dutch institution so dear to every Hollander. Here we see the booths displaying their various attractions. The one conspicuous in the foreground is promising multifarious amusements. Those in the background are the merry-go-rounds, dear to children of every clime. When Apol was a young spark, he was fond of this yearly carouse. With his particuler chums, Klinkenberg and du Chattel, (both eminent men in the present day) he gave himself up to the pleasures of that festive week. How recklessly he spent his hard earned money, squandering more in one week than many German or French students lay out in the course of a year. Ah! the remembrance of those happy days of our youth; those frivolities, those pranks and sprees, do we not all of us live them over again in imagination, when years of discretion have come upon us.



Souvenir of the Hague Kermis (Fair).

No one was surprised when Lodewijk Apol offered to join the expedition on the "William Barents" to the North Pole in 1880. Such a trip to the land of eternal snow and ice, was naturally a great inducement to our artist. Should you at any time, have the good fortune to see the sketch book, which accompanied him on this journey, you will perceive that his brush told a better tale than pen and ink could have done, to describe such an interesting tour; the sketches speak for themselves better than words. It was however quite evident that Apol at first intended to keep a regular diary, for he commences the book by carefully recording the incidences attendant upon the departure of the ship and the events of the following days. Then writing becomes irksome to him no doubt and sketches and drawings fill the remaining pages, and only here and there a few words and dates are given to serve as guides for future use.

Natives of Nova Zembla.

Apol can yarn away by the hour. He is a splendid *raconteur* full of witty remarks and with a keen sense of humour. He made me laugh one day by a most ridiculous simile *à propos* of a picture he had seen which was finished in one part and scarcely commenced in an other. He said it made him think of a brave grenadier, who, upon getting out of bed in the morning, put on his busby without previously dressing or so much as combing out his locks or washing his face.

His stories about his expedition to the North are most entertaining. I think I cannot do better than let him describe the trip in his own words:

"We sailed away on the 3d of June '80. This was the third voyage of the "William Barents" to those Northern climes. I was an ignoramus on board ship being new to such experiences. All hands on board had to take their turn in keeping watch, and of course I had to do ditto. I was not merely

„*Winter*"

FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mrs. Tersteeg-Pronk.

an idler, taking up precious space, or eating the still more precious rations, but in fact one of the crew. When my time came to climb up into the "crow's nest" with numbed fingers and stiff limbs I managed to get up to this "sky parlour," and do my duty, but never, you may be sure, without my sketch book in my pocket. As we got further and further north my delight grew in proportion, for the snow and ice increased. On the 18th we sighted land (a small island) and here we anchored. Now came my first supreme moment. I rushed about, not knowing what to tackle first. The island appeared to be totally uninhabited, although there were the remains of a few broken down dwellings; this I regretted as human beings would be interesting to sketch and moreover might prove useful in other ways. What was our surprise however, when two individuals suddenly appeared. It was quite evident that they had been making a "*coup de toilette*" before showing up. *He* wore a pea-jacket, to one of the buttons of which hung the tin cover of a biscuit box, by way of decoration, fastened by a coarse piece of twine. *She* wore a long shapeless coat, made from the skins of reindeer, high boots like what a man might wear. I call them *he* and *she* advisedly, for indeed at first sight we did not know to which sex they belonged. Their hair was very unkempt evidently the use of comb and brush was not fashionable upon the island of Karmakuli (we discovered the name afterwards). These Samojades invited us into their house, not much better than a wooden shed. The inside was

Karmakuli (Nova Zembla).

divided into two apartments, I use this word for the want of a better one, but indeed "apartment" conveys no idea of the place. One of these was divided into two, the division being a few rough planks, with a round hole in the centre, by way of door. We were pressed to peep in through this hole, and to our amazement we beheld a new-born infant, wrapped up so tightly, that the poor little beggar couldn't move a fin. Those regions are obviously healthy; here was "Mamma" tramping about already and looking as if nothing had happened. When we left this garden of Eden (perhaps "Mamma" has populated it by this time) we presented "Papa" with a bottle of Dutch gin, which made him as happy as a King.

Carefully and slowly little by little we pushed our way through the ice-bergs, like mountains all round us; we surprised many whales, who vigorously spouted at us, and often interfered with our progress, but the undaunted "William Barents" pushed on bravely till alas! one day she got aground on a reef. Excitement on board ran high, for we felt that serious damage had been done to our keel, for tell-tale pieces of wood floated to the surface, and we feared we would have to abandon our little ship. We worked manfully and every man became a born ship's carpenter on the spot. These were anxious moments but all's well that end's well, we managed to keep afloat and steered for Hammerfest, having to abandon our more northerly course. We reached this friendly harbour on the 4th of September and what was our surprise when soon after our arrival in port, we were visited by a Dutchman, a Roman Catholic priest, who was living at Hammerfest and doing much good work there amongst the natives. He proved a jolly good fellow and immediately carried us off to his funny little home where we were fed upon—to us— luxuries, and given the best of good cheer. But I must bring my long story to an end. After our repairs were finished we sailed away again with our head turned towards home, reaching Amsterdam on the 1st of October. Once in dry dock it was discovered how much damage the "W. B." had sustained. This trip I shall never forget, and would do it again if I got the chance."

Having allowed Apol to speak for himself I must now take up the thread of my story. From this hazardous expedition Apol brought back a great many sketches and drawings. Many of these were afterwards used for illustrating the accounts of the various northern trips made by the "William Barents". Some of them, of course have served as subjects for his pictures. But it was only after sixteen years, in 1896, that they were all utilized for his important work, viz. the Nova Zembla Panorama in Amsterdam. Apol was very pleased at being requested to undertake this gigantic work and he at once set about it with energy. His wonderfully facile and quick brush stood him in good stead now. He laboured industriously for about three months and met with his reward, for the Panorama was an undoubted success. Thousands crowded to see the land of eternal snow brought within such easy reach. Even now

A misty morning, from a painting.

it has not lost its attractions, for it is still visited by hundreds; and foreigners, who visit Amsterdam, seldom fail to have a look at Apol's

Ysel, from a painting.

Nova Zembla. I myself have seen many panoramas, but not one pleases me as much as this one:

The snow, the snow, the pure white snow,
It is the purest thing I know.
The earth in winter, with a shroud
It covers gently. Never loud
Like wind and storm and boist'rous rain,
Which beat against my window pane.

Noord in Gelderland, from a painting.

And when the earth wakes up in spring,
And birds again begin to sing,
She casts away her pall of snow
And bids her little seeds to grow
Which all the winter long have slept,
And warm beneath her cloak were kept.

The snow, the snow, the pure white snow,
Is like a maiden's youthful brow,
Ere sin or evil it has scarred
Or by the world it has been marred;
Some maid who's led a virgin's life,
Till she becomes a good man's wife.

The snow, the snow, the pure white snow,
There's nothing purer here below;
God sends it to us clean and white,
And fresh and sweet and dazzling bright,
But soon as men upon it tread
Its pureness has for ever fled.

In 1886 Apol took up his residence at Roosendaal in Gelderland where he studied the beauties of that part of Holland, so little known to the stranger.

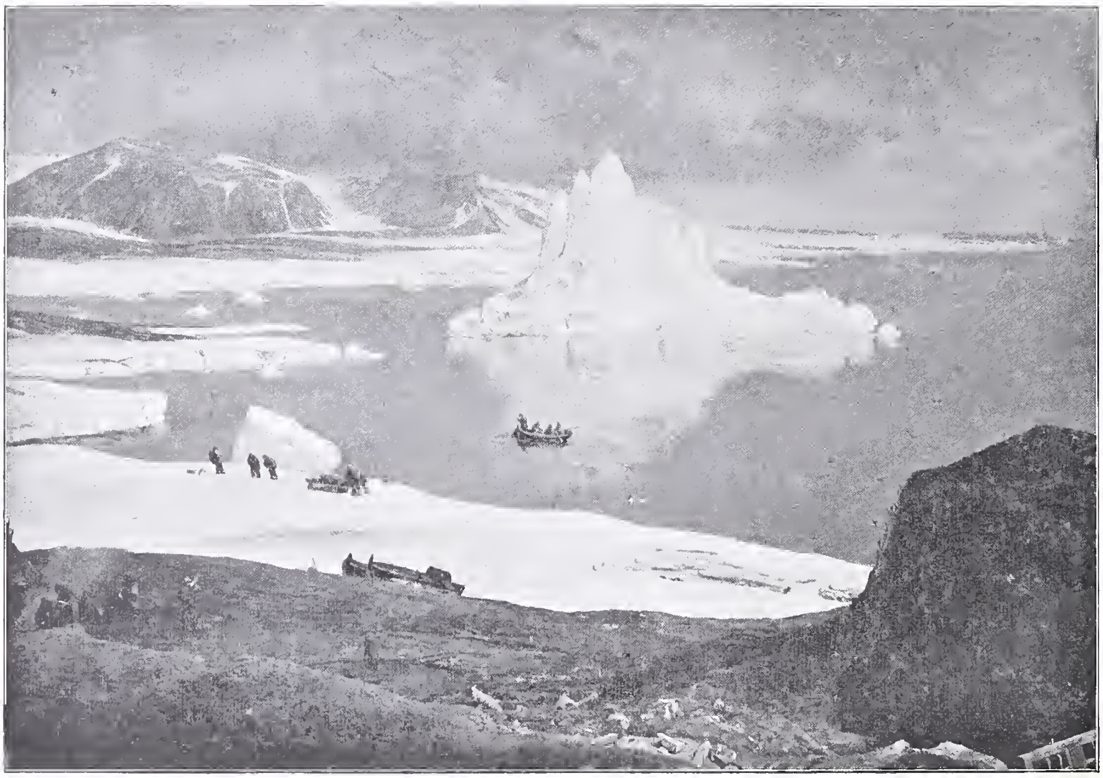
Under the birchtrees, from a painting.

Quoting from Vosmear, (In the *Spectator* of the 17th of September) "Gelderland is little known to the traveller. He who visits Holland sees but flat low-lying ground, and associates the country with windmills and ditches; he does not know what beauties are to be found in some parts of our little land. Let him visit Arnheim and Roosendaal and the country all about there, and he will change his mind, and tell a different tale when he returns home. He can then talk of hills and dales, noble beeches and spreading oaks, of bubbling brooks and flowing streams; the air redolent of sweet scents, and the trees clothed in their beautiful foliage, the meadows carpeted with wild flowers, he

A winter's evening in Holland, from a drawing.

can extol our orchards where an abundance of fruit may be found. It is the happy hunting ground of our art fraternity where they find many picturesque episodes of peasant life and vivid glimpses of rural scenery, so suitable to the brush of landscape painters. We call it our play ground, our verdant pleasaunce, in fact the garden of Holland."

Again Vosmaer writes in the *Spectator* "Lodewijk Apol is living in a charming cottage in Roosendaal. I have visited him there and seen all his numerous sketches amongst them those of the Northern regions; they deserve an exhibition all to themselves. What a wonderful contrast they make to the lovely green country seen from the windows of his studio.



Portion of the Panorama of Nova Zembla in Amsterdam.

The picture, upon which he was working at the time, was a pretty peep of summer sunshine, though most of the canvases, in his studio, were winter scenes. Noticeable amongst them were three of his winter master-pieces. One represented a long avenue of stately trees, down which a cart, heavily ladened, is being driven with difficulty through the deep snow. The light which breaks through the snow covered branches, gives a charming effect to the whole. The picture is strong in brush work and splendid in colour, The original study for this canvas is given on page 148. The second of these fine paintings was a deep wooded glen, covered thickly with the purest white snow; over the whole crept a tinge of pink from the rays of the setting sun, a production worthy of so great an artist. Number three was an old farm house almost buried under the snow. These pictures show what a clever exponent Apol is of winter and how closely he must commune with nature, to be able to express himself so truthfully and record her charms with so much beauty and sympathy."

Apol shows great freedom of execution and broadness of touch, these form salient characteristics of his art. He is gifted with much creative fancy, yet is ever true and faithful to nature.

Portion of the Panorama of Nova Zembla in Amsterdam.

His handling is vigorous and spirited and his works show an ever increasing power.

His pictures are executed with such vigour and precision, and with such a nice regard to tone and technique as must make them pleasant to live with, notwithstanding the chill of the snowy aspect of his canvases. Invariably simple are his renderings and always suggestive of repose. The bare trees, near some frozen surface of stream or lake and the thickly piled up snow around, are all represented with forcible simplicity, yet plainly revealing character and vitality and they show that he is complete master of his own work in particular, and of art in general.

If it is a nocturnal sky he depicts, it is plainly made visible to us that night is approaching; is it a breezy day, we see the slight movement amongst the branches of the trees; is there a storm coming up, we involuntarily gather our garments closer about us and think of the necessity of seeking shelter; are there certain tints, and faint pink spots, touching the various objects on the canvas, we know them to be the indication that the day is waning.

We need not ask the time of day, we need not consult the title of the picture, our eye conveys to our mind almost the exact moment intended to be represented by the able brush of our artist.

His atmospheric effects, his lights and shades, his hazy tints or clear wintry skies are all grand realisations of nature, and show him to be by no means a novice in the art, and certainly not a painter of small importance.

When I visited Apol, in Gelderland, I was struck by the beauty of his surroundings, and envied him his country home. Yet after the lapse of six years he began to feel isolated, and knew that it was not good for him to absent himself entirely from the centres of civilization and from the companionship of other artistic minds. Perhaps I should not use that word "companionship" for he needed no companion having taken to himself a charming wife, a native of Gelderland, and his life was very happy. Apol, however, for the sake of Art, went back to his birthplace, the Hague, where he had first seen the light of day on the 6th of September 1850; and once more was numbered amongst the citizens of the *Residentie* 1).

He selected a nice house, the top story of which was turned into an *atelier*. This "workshop" as he himself delights in calling it, is not only useful but ornamental. On the walls hang old arms and trophies, swords and daggers from foreign lands, foils for fencing, showing plainly what his hobby is. Antique pieces of furniture, carved cabinets, containing *bibelots* of all sorts, are to be found there and many charming bits of blue china as patches of colouring. The most interesting of all, to my mind, are the many souvenirs brought back from his northern trip. Only an artistic eye could arrange such a medley with any sort of success.

When Apol was a young man he was known for his good-natured joviality and cheerful disposition, these pleasant qualities he has retained through his life. He is still a jolly good fellow and a general favorite. At the time when he was an art student and associated intimately with Klinkenberg and du Chattel, they were commonly called "The lucky clover leaf."

Apol has always been—like so many of his contemporaries and predecessors—a member of the well-known Pulchri Studio 2), contributing much towards its popularity and a great mover in its exhibitions and entertainments.

We reckon Apol amongst our best Modern Dutch painters. He belongs to many Artistic circles and is held in great esteem, not only by his

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1) The Hague.

2) A description of the Pulchri Studio will be found in Vol. 1.

own countrymen, but wherever Art is understood and appreciated. He has received many gold and silver medals, not only in Holland but from other countries.

At the exhibition in the Hague, in 1872, he obtained the gold medal for a fine master-piece. Amsterdam, Liege, Munich and Philadelphia have presented him with silver medals.

King William III made him Knight Commander of the order of the "Eikenkroon" and the Prince Regent of Bavaria added, in 1889, the Badge of the Grand cross of St. Michæl.

Johan Gram.

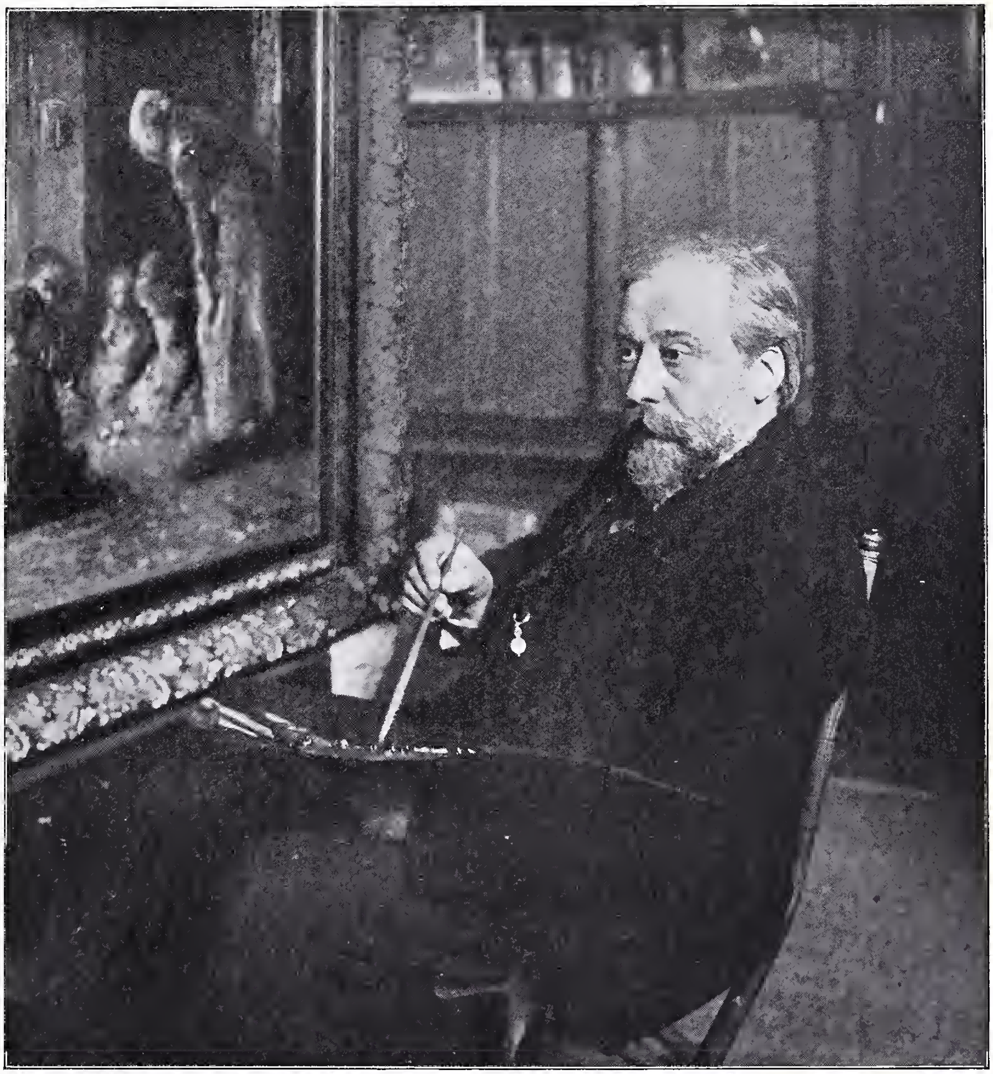
B. J. BLOMMERS.

BY

A. G. C. VAN DUYL.

The doll, reproduced from a water-colour in the posession of Mr. Völcker van Soelen.

B. J. BLOMMERS.



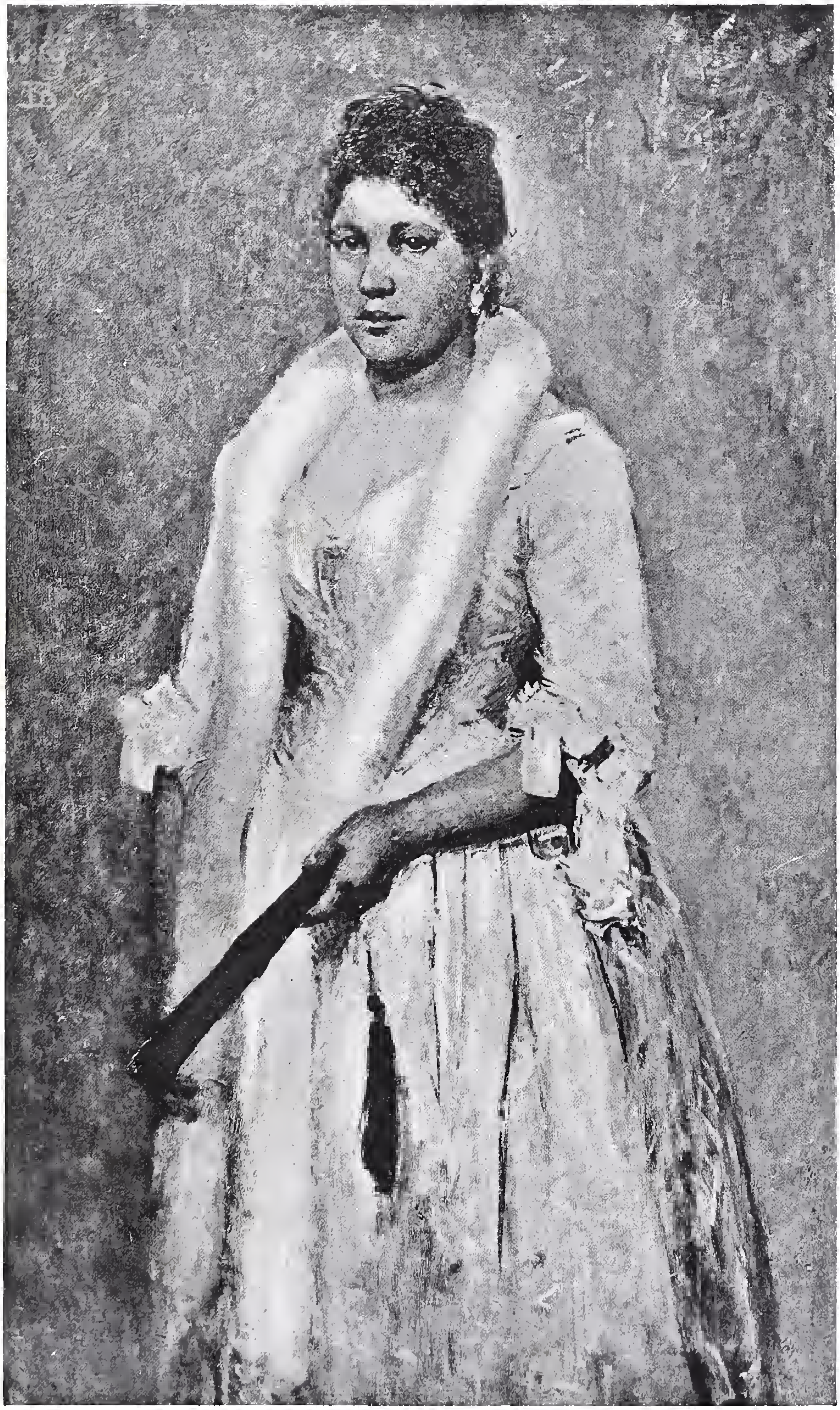
Having been requested to write a short biography of the celebrated painter B. J. Blommers, I resolved to visit him at his Villa near the Hague. I knew the man very well, but had never seen him *chez lui*, nor had I the pleasure of conversing with him for some time, so I felt it was necessary to be *au fait* of all his last productions and hear his views upon Art before undertaking so important a task. So, one fine morning, at my earliest convenience, I took the train and started for the Hague. It was towards the end of winter, snow was lying in patches here and there on the ground, but the sun was shining brightly and there was no cold wind to make it disagreeable.

Upon arriving at the Hague I decided to walk out to Scheveningen, where the Villa Johanna is situated. The country was looking lovely and I enjoyed the walk, wishing all the time that my lot had been cast to wander under green trees and amidst country scenes, instead of in the heart of such a great city as Amsterdam, where all is brick and mortar and where there is not even a green suburb within easy reach. The beauties of nature so fascinated me that I sighed that I had not been born a poet, as I was positively inspired by the surrounding scene. The young green shoots were struggling out almost within reach of the patches of snow. A brilliant sun was shining overhead and birds twittering as if already thinking of the joys of matrimony. I felt happy and contented as I sauntered leisurely along the road. The weather has a great influence upon some people, but "weather" is seen by everyone through different spectacles, for the hotel porter at the Hague—where I had indulged in a second breakfast before starting on my long walk—remarked as I was leaving: "You're not lucky, sir, in your day for such a long walk." Now in fact, to my mind, the day was charming, so that it was quite evident that porter and I used different glasses and saw things, and especially weather, from a different point of view.

The Villa Johanna is charmingly situated. On entering you find yourself in a *vestibule*, comfortably furnished and artistically arranged. It struck me how lucky some people were who could live in a neighbourhood where it was not absolutely necessary to be a millionaire to possess an acre of land, and where the houses are not built all height and no width, towering up into the sky, and where the builder has some regard for age and rheumatic knees.

Here was space and air, and from where I stood I could see the wide staircase, with its easy shallow steps, so different to what I am accustomed to, I could see evidence of Blommers' good taste in all around, not only had he an eye to beauty but to comfort as well.

I was ushered into a large drawing-room, out of which a smaller one opened. These rooms were handsomely and elegantly furnished. In a conspicuous spot, in the large drawing-room, hung a life-sized portrait of Mrs Blommers, the genius of the house, the mainstay of the family. A woman of great character and of noble mind. In the smaller room hung a group of portraits of the little Blommers, some of which are reproduced in these pages. Another work of Blommers, which I especially noticed, was a panel-shaped painting, it represents a little girl, in a natural and easy attitude, lying full length on the ground, the basket of blackberries is tossed down beside her, and her pretty fair hair mingles with the bright grasses and varigated wild flowers. A reproduction is given on page 163. Another pretty little picture I must not forget to mention, it represents a bunch of wild flowers, tastefully grouped and painted with a



Mrs. Blommers. From a painting.

light and delicate touch. The bunch is so realistic, that it involuntarily suggested the idea of "picked by the children and painted by the father."

After a few minutes I was requested to go up to the studio; the stairs leading to the next floor were, as I have already stated, easy to mount, and again I thought with a pang of my own home "ladder."

The studio is large and airy and as I crossed the threshold I made a little exclamation of delight. One side is evidently the "workshop" where a couple of easels were standing, both holding paintings, which were receiving their finishing touches. The light was thrown upon them from a large window, cleverly arranged with blinds to regulate the light at all seasons of the year, and at all hours of the day. The other side of the studio might be called the "play ground" as there were toys and other signs of children being allowed within this sanctum. On the walls I noticed many treasures, not only works by Blommers himself, but productions by his friends and contemporaries.

William Blommers. From a painting.

There was no crowding, no unnecessary ostentatious display, and certainly no pretentions to show. The place told its own tale, that it was the home of a man of good sound sense and an industrious worker.

Blommers showed me some of the choicest things on the walls, and took them down for me to examine. There was a charming picture of one of his own children painted by Maris, a landscape by van de Bock and a seascape by Mesdag; but what interested me most was an etching of Millet's "Gleaners" etched by our artist himself and certainly most cleverly done.

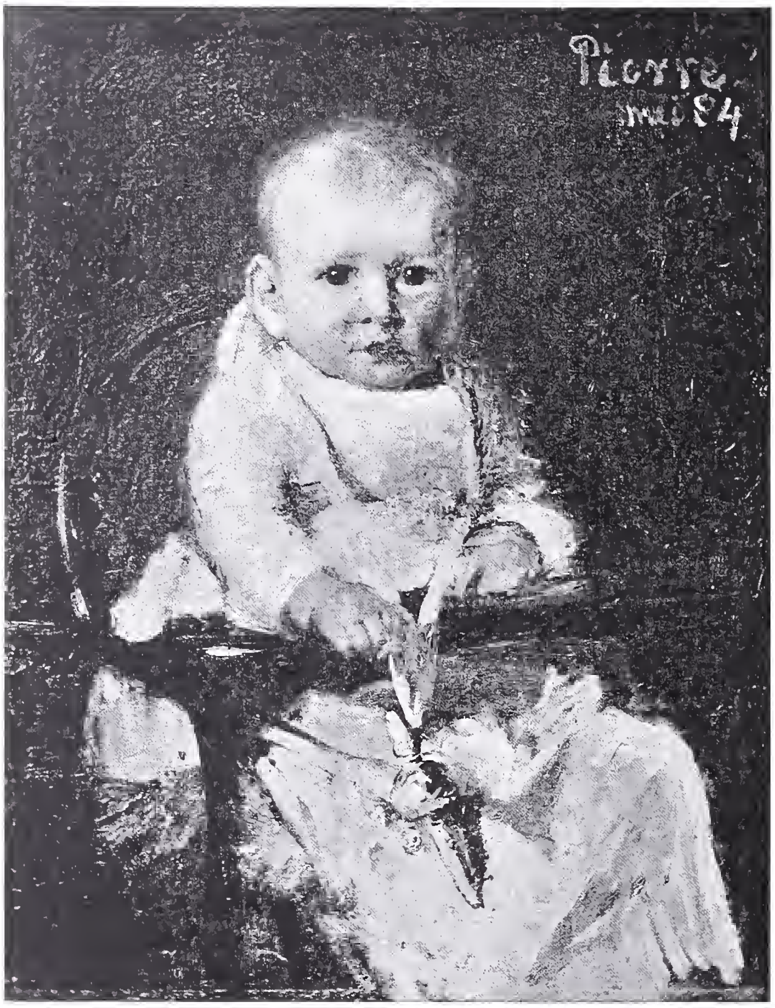
I had come with the express purpose of questioning Blommers about many things in the proper "interviewing" style, but evidently I am not a born interviewer, for the questions I had intended to ask seemed to slip out of my memory and I only listened to the highly interesting conversation of my host and was loath to interrupt him. But I did ask him his opinion on a subject, which had suggested itself to me coming along in the train. "Tell me," I said, "do you consider colouration and atmospheric effect of the first importance in a picture? I noticed this morning, from the carriage window, the soft hazy atmosphere and the blending of colour from the reflected light cast upon the various objects in the landscape, and it passed through my mind how impossible it must be not to admire such beauties of nature, and how blind a person must be who could not appreciate, nor feel any sympathy for so much charm; and although the views, which were rapidly passing before me, as I sped along, were very much the same, yet through the influence of the atmospheric effect they were incessantly varying. I thought how all this must delight an artist and I think at that moment I longed to be a painter as I afterwards wished myself to be a poet."

"Yes," he replied, "yet the colouration of which you speak and atmospheric effect are not the first considerations in the producing of a picture. A picture can be beautiful and perfect without any colour whatever, in black and white, or monochrome. The chief and first thought must be the balance, a true and perfect balance of light and shade. Examine a masterpiece by some great painter. Everything is perfectly balanced. He has known exactly how and where to place each stroke of his brush, light and shade are weighed and not found wanting. It is correct in every point, but it is the *spectator* that is at fault and not the

"Picking blackberries." From a painting belonging to Mrs. Blommers.

spectacle. It is surprising how differently each man sees the same object." (And I thought of my porter at the hotel).

The following day happened to be the seventieth birthday of our great painter Roelofs. All the artistic world of Amsterdam flocked out to congratulate the old man and I was amongst the lot. It was then again that these words of Blommers came to my mind. This fête was considered a sort of Jubilee, for it was fifty years since Reelofs had painted his first picture of note. The name of Roelofs was in every one's mouth and crowds of friends and admirers honoured the veteran painter with a visit. Much talk was heard of how he (Roelofs) had *re*discovered the Dutch landscape, almost forgotten since the days of the old masters, how *he* had found beauty in the low-lying swampy ground, so characteristic of the Netherlands. When Roelofs returned from his studies in Brussels, more then forty years ago, he took up



Pierre Blommers. From a painting.

his residence in Dordrecht. All the landscape painters of those days were flocking to Gelderland, where nature was considered more beautiful and better suited for producing popular pictures; but Roelofs was attracted by the low-lying parts of his country, by the windmills and the rich meadow lands, the extensive lakes with their overhanging willows (as Gabriël was afterwards similarly attracted) and the result of these "attractions" are well known to the world of Art.

At first the general cry was: "What can Roelofs find so beautiful in and around Dordrecht, that monotonous country?" but later when some of his pictures came before the public, they were acknowledged to be glorious. It was thinking of all this, and talking to Roelofs, that the words of Blommers occurred to me again "The 'spectacle' is the same, but the 'spectators' have changed."

And these self same words may be applied to Blommers himself. He has not "discovered" Scheveningen but he sees its beauties through different coloured glasses. He has found as much that is loveable amongst the fisher folk there, as Joseph Israëls found at Zandvoort amongst the poor fishermen and their humble belongings.

Marie Blommers. From a painting.

After conversing with Blommers for a short time, upon the subject of painting, Mrs. Blommers entered the studio, carrying in her arms her youngest child. This was little Thérèse, the godchild of our Thérèse Schwartze, of whom we Hollanders are so justly proud. Mrs. Blommers is a splendid looking woman, and a perfect wife and mother. The little girl was a picture of health and decidedly a coquette, for she played hide and seek with me behind her mother's pretty head. A child full of vivacity and life, but with *such* parents and *such* a godmother what else could one expect.

I saw at once that an acquaintance with Blommers would be impossible without the pleasure of knowing his wife as well, for she is completely part and parcel of the man. A woman of great talent and refinement, a careful housekeeper and an indulgent mother, although not to such an extent that "Spare the rod and spoil the child" could be said of her.

There are a lot of little Blommers of all ages: Johanna, Bart, Marie, Bernardine, Pierre, William, Henriette and my little friend Thérèse, pretty children full of life and animation. Some are in the schoolroom, some in the nursery, but when all play together and meet on common ground, in the studio or vestibule, excitement runs high. Yet they are not unruly or disobedient and one word from "Mamma" or even only a look, restores order at once.

Pen and ink sketch.

Mrs. Blommers has the eye and sympathetic feeling of an artist. Her judgment is generally correct and her husband puts great faith in her opinion. He laughingly calls her: "My public."

Mrs. Blommers' portrait (page 161) conveys but little idea of the woman herself. Her dignified brow and her calm presence must be seen to be appreciated, in fact she is a woman among a thousand; kind hearted, liberal minded, with plenty of originality. Full of fun, yet at times so serious that it gives you a feeling of "Sunday best."

Having said so much about Mrs. Blommers I think I must devote a few lines to Blommers himself. He belongs to that fortunate group of artists who come so easily and readily to the fore and take their firm stand in the "foreground" of Art. His style of drawing is not heavy and ponderous, but decidedly light and attractive. And the man himself is like his Art, cheerful and pleasing and interesting to know. He is an enthusiastic talker especially when the beauties of nature are discussed. His pictures show that what he paints he feels and that he enters heart and soul into his subject. His style is pleasing; sometimes he gives us an interior where smiling faces greet us however poor the home may be; sometimes we see the beach on a sunny afternoon at a moment when the *pinken* are returning with their haul of fish, and great excitement prevails amongst the men and women on shore to hear what success the toilers have met with. Again we get a rainy day when we see the fishermen sheltering under the various boats, drawn up on the beach. But whatever the aspect, it is always beautifully painted, and worthy of a Blommers.

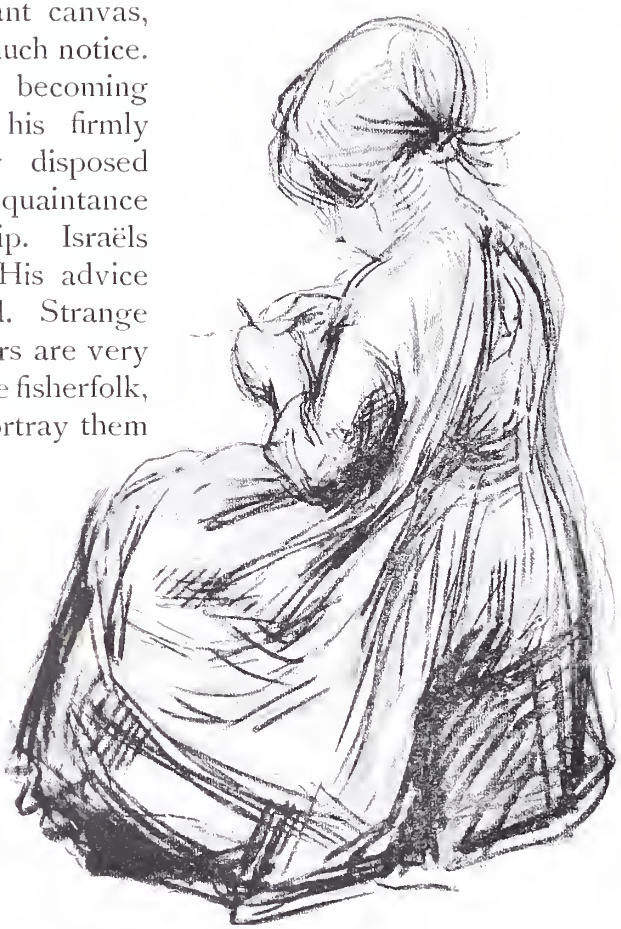
Blommers' father was a lithographer and his son was destined to be the same. But by good luck he was "rescued" by Maris who, seeing that his young friend had decided talent, considered it a pity that it should be

"Mother's joy." From a painting in the possession of Mr. J. H. van Eeghen.

wasted upon lithography. At last Blommers *père* was made to see the artistic talent in Blommers *fils* and he was allowed to abandon the less congenial "trade" of lithography for the more desired one of Art. He was put to study at the Academy of Drawing at the Hague under its able Director van den Berg.

As early as '69 Blommers exhibited a picture. This picture had the good fortune to be hung next to one of Joseph Israëls' works, and as there was always a crowd before this important canvas, Blommers' painting also came in for much notice.

This led to the two artists becoming acquainted; the elder man, with his firmly established reputation, was kindly disposed towards the rising artist, and this acquaintance developed into a lifelong friendship. Israëls was of great help to Blommers. His advice was always listened to and followed. Strange to say the subjects of the two painters are very similar. Both depict the home life of the fisherfolk, though Israëls is rather given to portray them in greater poverty than Blommers. Israëls' fishermen and women are generally old and decrepit, whereas Blommers' are represented in their youth and prime. But these are not hard and fast rules, for both these men often vary their subjects.



Study in chalks.

The National Museum in Amsterdam possesses the celebrated canvas by Blommers entitled "Shrimpers". It represents children on the beach dragging a basket full of shrimps; other children, in the distance, are sailing little toy boats, of their own making, in the pools, left by the receding tide. At the same Museum you will also find a sweet picture called "A Girl Knitting." These pictures endorse my above statement that Blommers generally gives us the fisherfolk in their youth.

Many of Blommers' pictures have found their way to England. Mr. Forbes, the well-known Art collector, has one or two and some of Blommers' works can be seen both in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Artists do not always hear where their works have wandered off to. This I think must be a great disappointment to them, for their pictures must be like their children, and they have nursed them for so long, and got to love them so well, that to lose sight of them must be very sad.

„On the sea-shore"

FROM A PAINTING

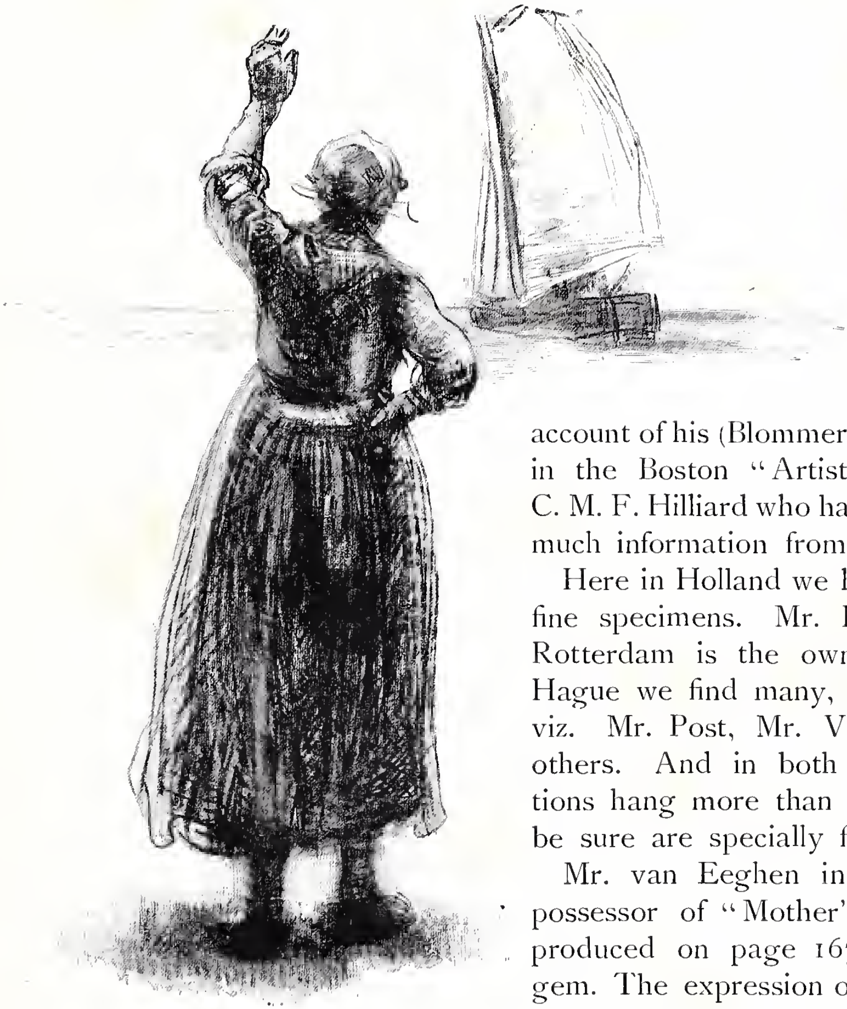
in the possession of Messrs Boussod Valadon & Co.

To give you an instance of this: Blommers once received a visit from an American clergyman, Brooks by name, who being in England took the opportunity to run over to Holland to make the acquaintance of B. J. Blommers, the artist who had painted one of the favorite pictures in his Art collection. He was a rich man, and no doubt of some importance, for he had been invited to preach in Westminster Abbey. (This however Blommers did not discover until after his departure). The painting that was owned by the Rev. Philip Brooks had been entirely lost sight of, and it was therefore interesting for Blommers to hear of it again.

After Mr. Brooks' return to Boston an account of his (Blommers') pictures appeared in the Boston "Artist", written by Miss C. M. F. Hilliard who had no doubt gathered much information from Mr. Brooks.

Here in Holland we have of course many fine specimens. Mr. L. V. Ledeboer of Rotterdam is the owner of one. In the Hague we find many, owned by rich men viz. Mr. Post, Mr. Verstolk Völker and others. And in both the Mesdag collections hang more than one; these you may be sure are specially fine.

Mr. van Eeghen in Amsterdam is the possessor of "Mother's Joy" which is reproduced on page 167. It is certainly a gem. The expression of true motherly love and happiness is so cleverly depicted on the young woman's face.



Study in chalks.

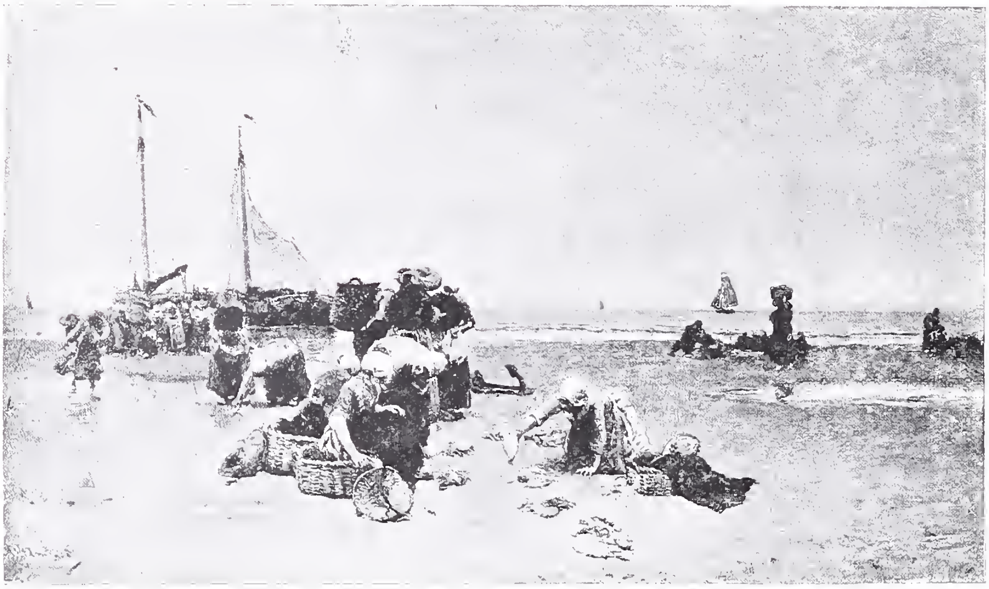
Another charming picture will be found on page 170. This picture is entitled "Preparing for the auction." Here we see the women arranging the freshly caught fish on the sand, preparing for the auction, which always takes place as soon as the *pinken* get in, and the fish is then packed and sent off to the chief centres. This picture is also owned by an Amsterdamer.

The picture reproduced on page 174 represents a fisherman and his family at dinner. Evidently there is not much ceremony in this home circle. The hens come in and pick up the crumbs which fall from the "rich man's table." This painting belongs to Mr. Westerwoudt.

Blommers has been the happy recipient of many medals. Not only conferred upon him by his own country but from Paris, Munich, Brussels, Antwerp etc.

At the International Exhibition in 1883 his pictures brought him the Diploma of Honour. He had three canvases hung, all of them being subjects from the life of the Scheveningen fisherman.

At one of the triennial Exhibitions in Amsterdam, Blommers exhibited a fine composition of the Scheveningen beach at a moment when there was much activity among the *pinken*. This canvas gained for him the Gold Medal. But a still greater honour he considered it when Messrs. Goupil & Co. made a beautiful photogravure of it. This was in 1882. The picture is called "*Pinken* putting out to sea." The picture in question became the property eventually of Mr. Ledeboer of Rotterdam.



The auction on the beach at Scheveningen, from a painting.

But to describe such works of Art is almost an impossibility when the describer has not seen them. The name of a picture conveys but very little beyond the vague outline of the subject.

This little "*causerie*" or as English people call it "Interview" gives but a poor idea of Mr. B. J. Blommers and his Art. Some of his pictures, sketches and studies are reproduced in these pages, but they are not sufficient to judge of the many beautiful canvases that have left his studio, yet they are sufficient to convince, even the most unbelieving, that Blommers is a great artist.

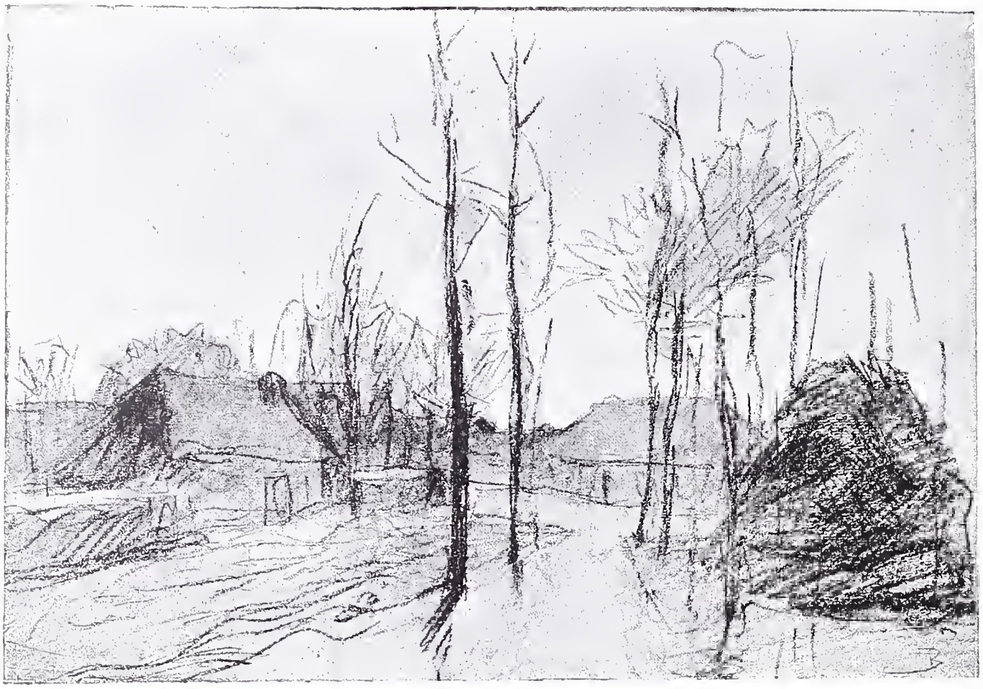
On page 171 are two pretty little pictures "A mill" and "Going to church."

There are also a couple of small landscapes of Hees, near Eindhoven, where Blommers spent more than one summer with his family, as well as several clever drawings in chalks.

Mill in North Brabant. From a study in oils.

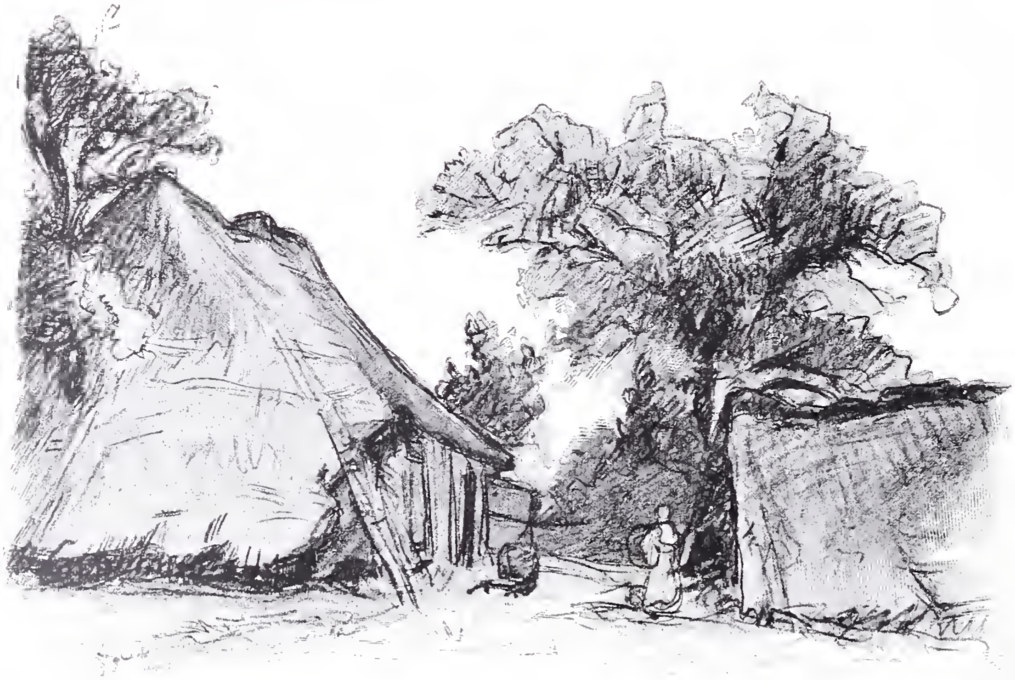
In his *atelier* are to be seen a variety of rough sketches and studies of landscapes and cottage interiors: such as family groups where the labourer or

"Going to church" in North Brabant. From a study in oils.



Sketch of a village in North Brabant.

fisherman's wife is the centre figure, surrounded by her hungry children, clamouring for food like young pelicans. These studies will probably in time blossom forth into pictures.



Sketch of a village in Gelderland.

"Dressing the doll", reproduced on page 159, is a charming picture. While the young mother is dressing the elder child's doll, the younger one is taking the opportunity of eating something out of a dish, which happens to be within its reach. It is a water-colour and owned by Mr. V. van Soelen.

Blommers is also a very good etcher; his touch is broad and yet light and he works with ease and swiftness.

Study in chalks.

All Blommers' figures are wonderfully true to nature, and yet are so unmistakeably his, that a child or young woman, sitting in some humble chimney corner, knitting or nursing a baby, might be taken as his signature.

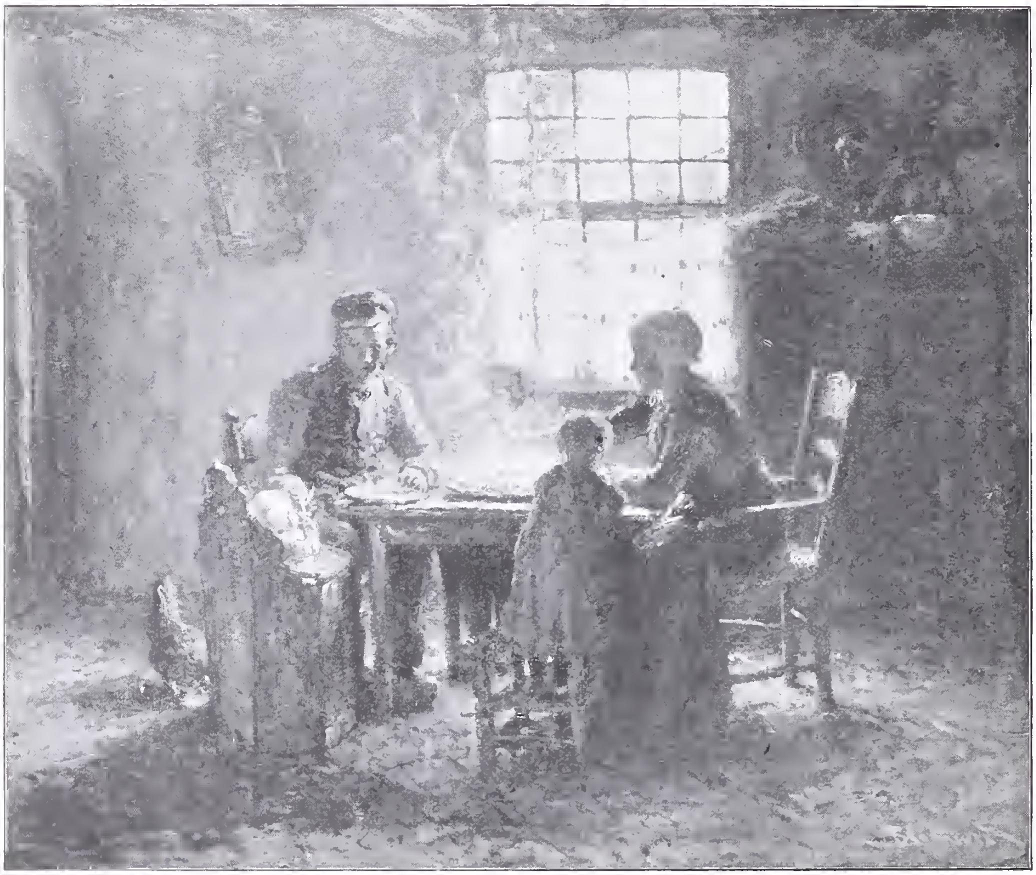
One of his most celebrated works is a painting called "Looking at the doves". It represents a Scheveningen interior. The ground is partly covered with strips of old matting. High up, out of reach of the cat, hangs a wicker cage, which contrasts well with the dark wood of the ceiling. In the cage are two little doves. In the centre of the picture stands a young mother, holding up her little child to see the birds. The woman is fresh looking, with sturdy limbs and rosy cheeks. The child is full of vivacity and health. They are plainly the wife and child of a fisherman.

This lovely picture has alas been lost to the nation by the ignorance of some government official. It was selected to be purchased for the National Museum, but a man, who appeared to have the chief voice in the matter, considered it "not well enough drawn."

Some of these people who are selected as judges of Art, are often without sentiment and judge a picture from some hard and fast rule of their own. They lose sight of genius, they do not understand the simple character of the peasantry and fisherfolk, they fail to see nobility among the poorer classes. They find it easier to show reasons in opposition to, than in support of the painter's theory. They find fault with some trifle, which they consider a mistake and so they say "The work is not good, away with it!"

There always is, and always will be, that eternal strife between those who are blessed with a touch of poetic feeling in their composition and the matter-of-fact stubborn critique, who either cannot or will not see the beauty in a picture, and who utterly fails to seize the quintessence of charm in some works of art.

Some people know only how to find fault and have an easy knack of discovering the shortcomings in their fellow-creatures. Genius, poetry, sympathy, inborn talent are to them as strange as Arabic.



Dinner time. From a painting.

But my alloted space is coming to an end, I must not encroach any longer, though, with such a subject to deal with, space is essential. I should like to add many more things, but the printer says "If you add much more I shall have to suppress some of the illustrations". This would certainly be a great pity, but I must add just a few lines more in praise of my artist.

Blommers holds a prominent place amongst our modern artists. He is a man with a receptive nature, who trusts to the impressions of his own eye and is not carried away by any inventive ability. He puts his whole soul into his work and views careful study as a necessary evil imparting as it does artistic knowledge, enabling its possessor to thereafter work with a confidence attainable in no other way. To this may me traced the freedom and power of his method, equally apparent in his oil paintings as in his water-colours. The choice of material seems to be of little moment to him. Whatever he produces, we see before us a charming picture, not only as regards the subject but as regards the work. His touch is sympathetic and light, yet broad and firm. He works with confidence, there is no hesitation, no uncertain lines. His productions show that his brush is handled by a man of exceptional talent and with a rare knowledge and a keen appreciation of nature.

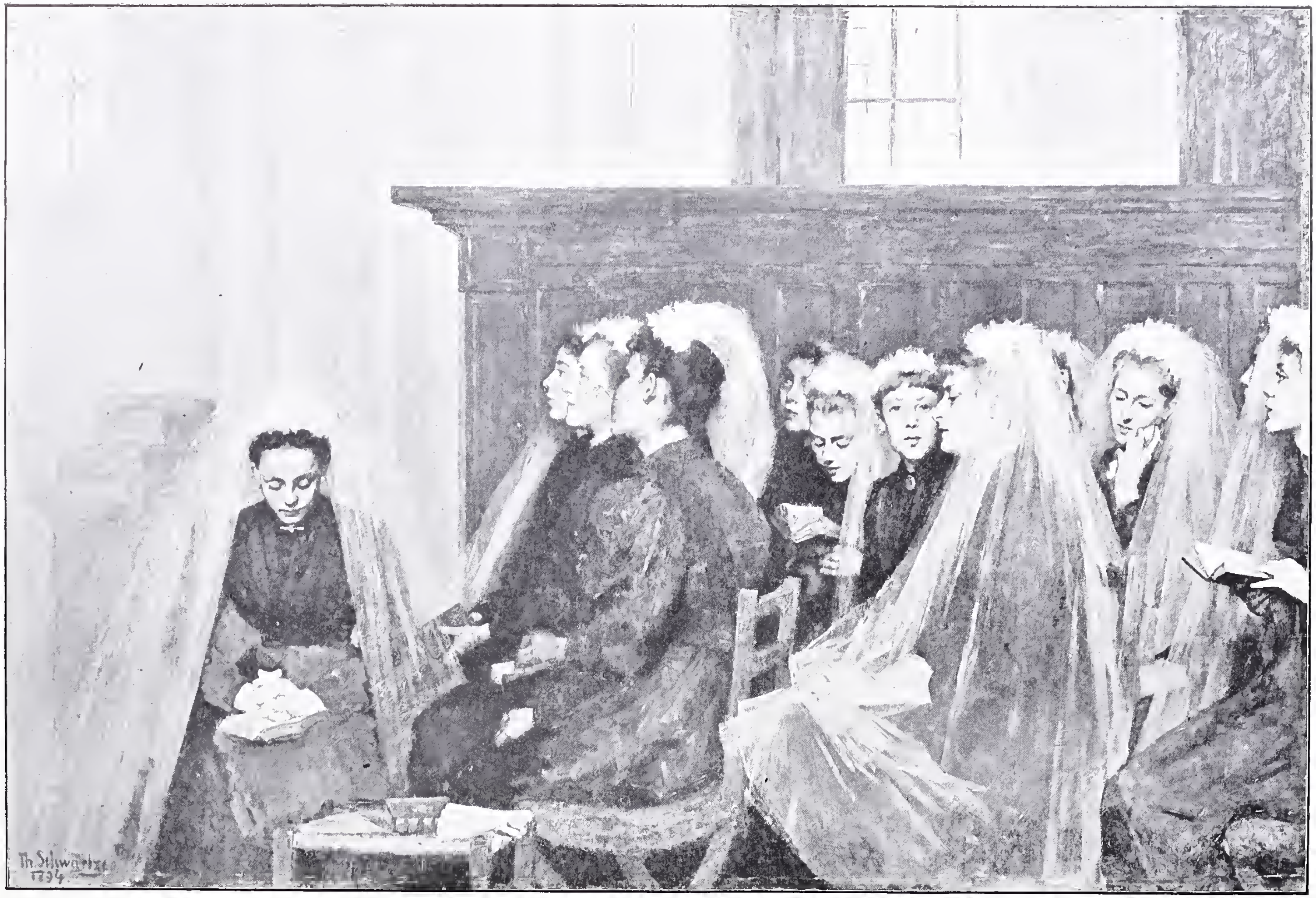
I have forgotten to mention that Blommers is splendidly represented in Zurich, in a private Art collection, by a charming picture entitled "Good morning Daddy." Also that he has a fine watercolour in the "Teyler's Society" and an oil painting in the Munich Pinacotheca.

A. G. C. van Duyl

THÉRÈSE SCHWARTZE.

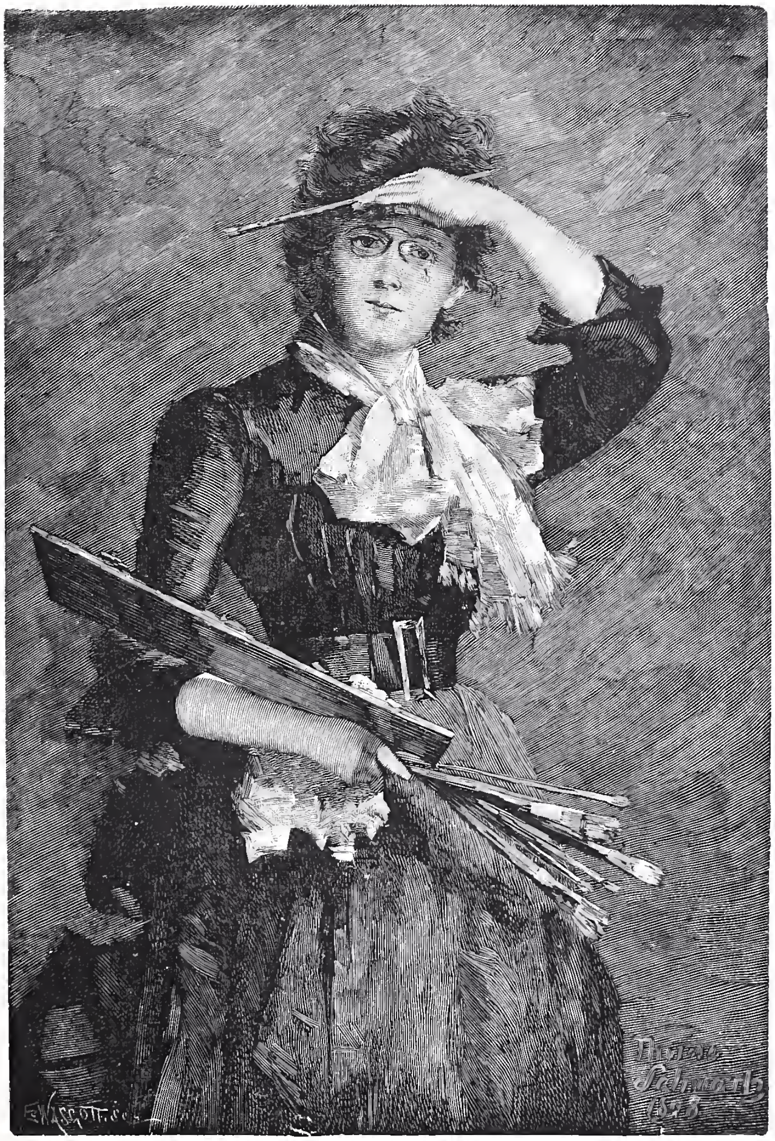
BY

H. LEONARDS.



Lutheran communicants, from a painting in the Museum Suasso.

THÉRÈSE SCHWARTZE.



"You ask me to describe my outward appearance? Well I am just as ugly as ever, small, thin, a pale face and bulging-out green eyes. Voila Thérèse Schwartze."

Had Thérèse looked into her mirror when she wrote these words she would not have described herself so unjustly. She calls her eyes green, but they are really a deep rich hazel, and when anything interests her, or excites her artistic nature, then the pupils dilate until the eyes become a sparkling black and if they do project a little this is only the effect produced by shortsightedness. She may call herself thin, if she likes, but I prefer to call her slender, and as for being short, she is about the average height. She has very small hands and feet, pretty little ears, a tiny mouth and finely chiselled features. In fact she libels herself, like so many people do, who have an enthusiastic temperament and great mental power.

She works hard and incessantly and is not easily satisfied with her own efforts. In her work she finds her happiness, toiling studiously all day long, and her poor models get but little rest. As regards the unflattering description she gives of herself, it could only be applied under certain conditions as, supposing she is much worried over a difficult portrait—perhaps a fidgetty child who will not sit still—or perhaps her friends or her relations cause her some uncalled-for annoyance; or she feels ill, or the wind is in the East; or again supposing she is very tired, and after a hard day's work, society claims her evening, *then*, and *then only*, in a remote way, might her own words be applied to her. A moment's joy or a pleasant surprise will bring back, in the twinkling of an eye, the light and pleasant look on her sweet smiling face, and then she is transfigured into an entirely different little person.

At the time when she wrote these uncomplimentary words about herself she was in Paris (1879) in poor health, low spirited, in fact not in her normal state. She looked so delicate that her friends feared she was consumptive.

In her own words she writes:

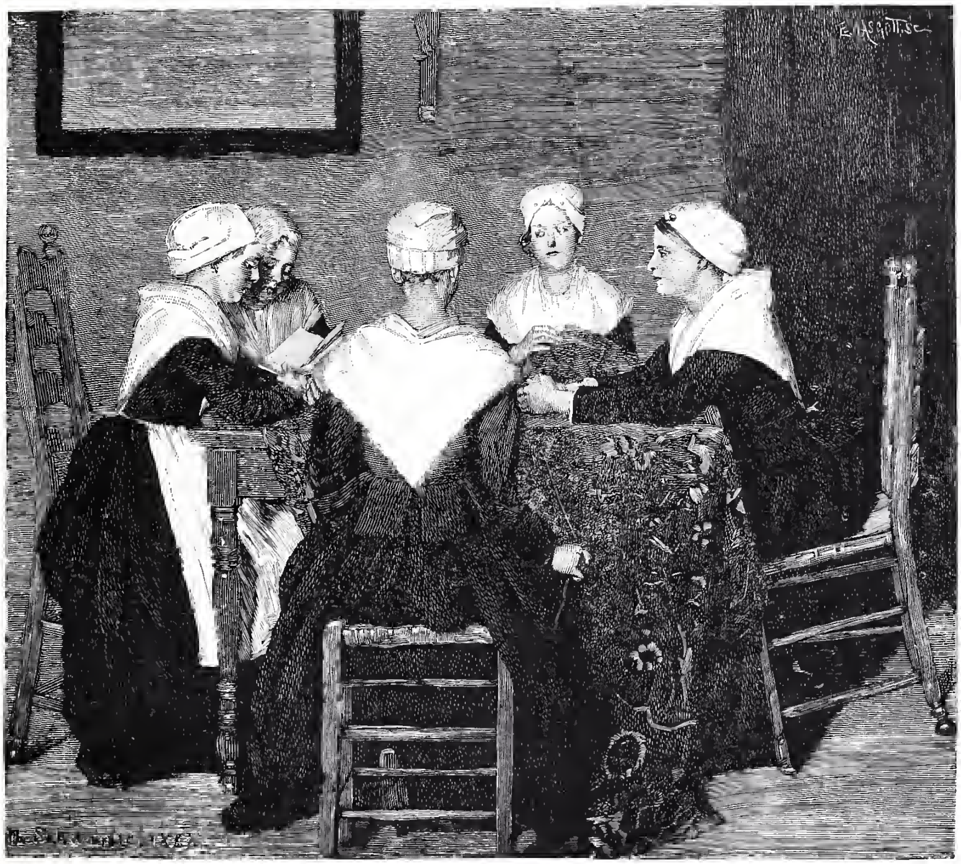
> "The pain in my back is so great that it feels as if an animal was gnawing away my backbone and as the animal seems to find my spine very tough the process is long. I wish it would be quicker, and have done with it, for the pain is horrible."

At the time when this letter was written to her home she had only been a short time in Paris and was experiencing many trials and discomforts, which naturally increased her ill-health and added to her depression,

A first visit to Paris is a trying moment for an enthusiastic young Art student. Thérèse wanted to see everything at once, and as her stay in France was only to be a few months, she wanted to make the most of her time and get to work soon, not realizing all the difficulties that beset the path of beginners. Later when she was settled down and working steadily her health was restored, and then no one would have recognized her by her own description. In fact I feel half inclined to erase all I have written and describe her myself, as *I* know her and as she is *now*.

Thérèse has the greatest aversion to anything the least unwomanly or emancipated. She never allows the least slovenliness to appear in her work and certainly not on her person, nor in her atelier. So many would-be artists think it characteristic of Art to be negligent in appearance. Order, neatness and taste, are the rules by which Thérèse Schwartze arranges her life. She commenced early with these simple regulations and she has never broken away from them. This method of order is perhaps the secret of her productive brush. Regularity, even in the minor things of life, increases time. There are no precious moments lost looking for anything or arranging such things as should, by daily attention, arrange themselves.

Thérèse is gay and genial; thinks always first of others, and enters heart and soul into the joys and griefs of her friends. Severe and stern *in* her studio, but beyond its walls she is full of fun and lightheartedness. If she is well, and in good spirits, she can be a most delightful companion, full of amusing tales and anecdotes and telling them, in such a way, that it is impossible not to laugh. One of Miss Schwartze's most loveable traits is her extreme modesty. I saw a letter, written to her mother, upon some occasion when she was away from home, and I remember these words:



Orphans. (Boyman's Museum Rotterdam).

> "I cannot imagine what these people see in me, to make them so kind and attentive...."

Upon one of her visits to France she had the occasion to paint the portrait of a French gentleman, which necessitated her staying, for a short time, in the house of her sitter. These people were perfect strangers to her, yet in a letter, written by the wife to her son, she says:

"La gracieuse Mademoiselle Schwartze nous a quittés hier, le coeur bien gros, tant la chère enfant s'est trouvée heureuse près de tes vieux parents, qui, je puis te le dire, l'ont entourée de soins et d'affection, chose toute naturelle quand on la connaît. Le portrait de ton bon père est terminé; il est très ressemblant. Quant à la peinture, elle nous paraît fort belle. Elle l'a emportée pour la montrer à Monsieur Henner et nous fera part de l'appréciation de ce Monsieur *si* elle est satisfaisante, ce qui ne peut manquer malgré sa séverité. Elle est d'une modestie bien rare, je t'assure. C'est une raison de plus pour l'aimer et l'encourager. Franchement quand on connaît intimement Mademoiselle Thérèse, on n'a aucun mérite à l'entourer de soins."

Miss Schwartze has always been a severe criticiser of her own work. All true artists are. They understand nature better than we ordinary mortals, and they can therefore see how indifferently they have interpreted the beautiful works of God. If, however, this self criticism and extreme modesty, is carried to too great an extent, there must be a want of self confidence and something radically wrong.

Persons of a delicate constitution and of an excitable temperament feel fatigue very soon, especially when perseverance and hard work is required to achieve success. A woman naturally feels fatigue sooner than a man, it is therefore not surprising that Thérèse Schwartze frequently collapsed in the early days of her career; yet she never gave in, never broke down, and never would take a holiday, unless she felt she had earned it. When her work was not satisfactory, in her own opinion, it was with difficulty that she restrained herself from rubbing her palette knife over it and effacing the whole.

Art is a hard task-master and demands our whole self and is certainly not satisfied with half measures. The difficulties and hardships which fall to the lot of women, are not sufficiently taken into account; a woman who is successful, either in Art or Science, is not very often adequately appreciated and does not receive enough praise.

Miss Schwartze's father, John George, was born in Amsterdam on the 20th of October 1814. At the age of three, his parents emigrated to America and we may thank our lucky star that Thérèse was not lost to us.

Thérèse's grandfather had set up in Philadelphia 1) successful chemical works, and his son John was intended to succeed him in the business and brought up accordingly. But Art willed it otherwise. At an early age he showed signs of artistic talent and every spare moment was utilized for drawing.

Art was born in him and refused to be suppressed. At last the desire to take up painting, especially portrait painting, as a profession, became so overmastering, that with the assistance of an American portrait painter of some

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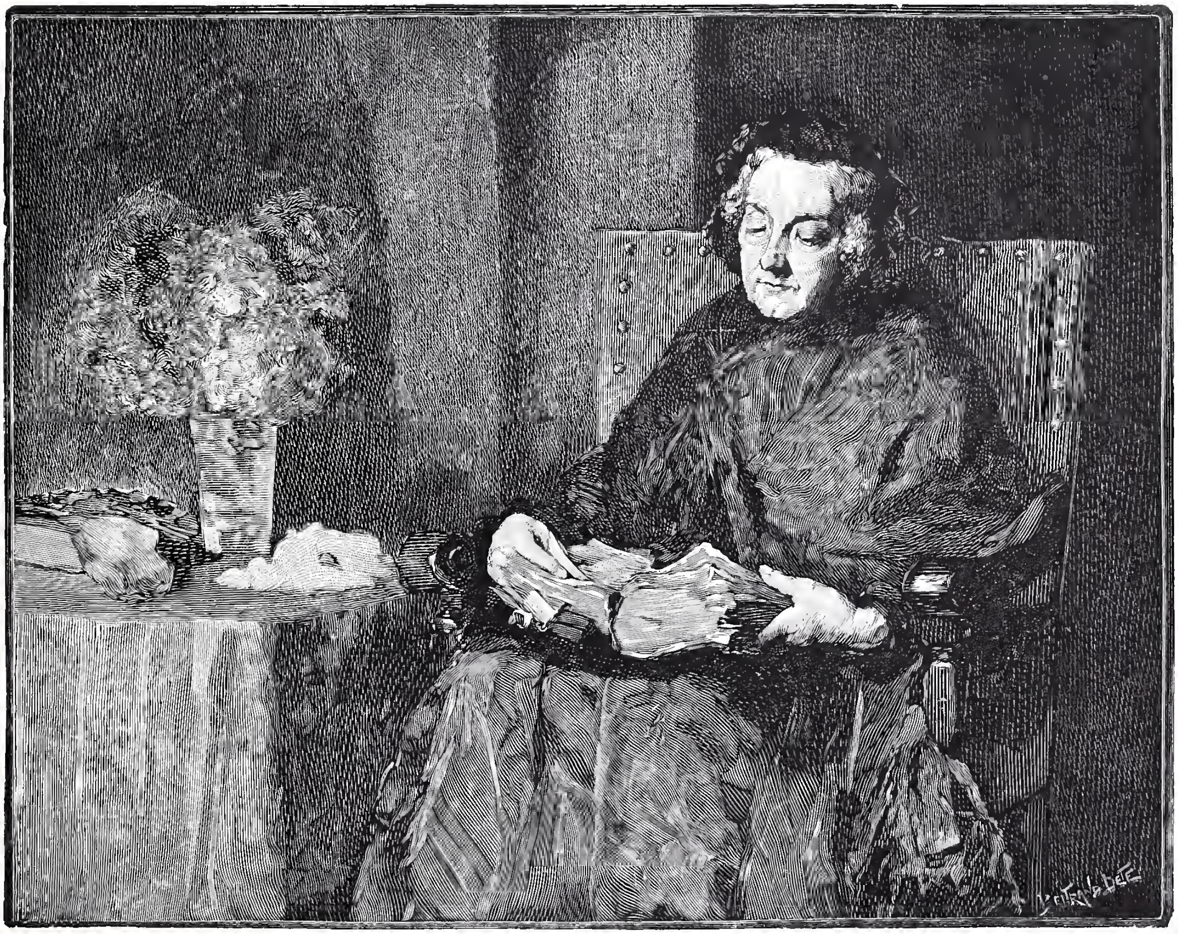
1) Thérèse Schwartze's grandfather, Johann Englebert Schwartze, son of a worthy citizen of Vlotho in Westphalia, appears to have got into some trouble; being accused of conspiracy against the government, he and one of his brothers took to flight and selected Holland as a place of refuge. Here he started a chemical factory. He married a certain Miss Clara Eleonora Schildbach, and leaving his brother in charge of the Amsterdam factory, he emigrated to America and set up large chemical works in Philadelphia and started business there.

note, a certain Mr. J. A. Smith, he won the day and was sent over to Europe to study at Dusseldorf.

During his academical years he fell in love with a young Dusseldorf lady, and he painted her portrait so successfully that it was exhibited in Amsterdam, being the first picture he ever exhibited.

Schwartze's Art, (especially portrait painting), was a different thing altogether from the prevailing taste of that period in Holland. In France, Art was reviving and making a fresh start. Schwartze was, not only a clever artist, but understood drawing technically. He was never conventional in his rendering, but sympathetic and poetical. His portraits of children were very pleasing and are much prized even now. The portrait of his future bride was highly commended when it came under the eye of the public. Much, however, must be said in favour of the subject. The young lady in question was very beautiful and inspired poets in her day. Even now, when Mrs. Schwartze is an old lady, it is a pleasure to look at her and we can easily understand why Thérèse



Portrait of Thérèse's mother.

loves so passionately to paint her dear mother. She has made at least a score of pictures of her. The latest one we reproduce on page 183.

Miss Schwartze is very fond of using charcoal as a medium for sketching. This method, unless carefully preserved, is apt to get rubbed and in consequence many of her clever charcoal drawings have been lost, for want of care. Miss Thérèse does not value her own work sufficiently, and I fear many interesting bits have been lost in consequence.

When Thérèse's father married he left Dusseldorf and settled in Amsterdam, the home of his birth and where he had many family connections. It was not long ere he made numerous friends for he was an extremely agreeable man and soon became a general favourite. Israëls was one of his great friends and contemporaries, and Bilders too, both men proving of assistance to him in his artistic career.

Those who remain *à la hauteur* of Art must remember the portraits painted by Schwartze in the heyday of his fame, how full of life they were, to say nothing of the extraordinary good likenesses, and it is a crying shame that we miss the name of John George Schwartze from our National Galleries and Museums.

At an early age Thérèse Schwartze showed a decided talent for drawing. There are drawings by her at the age of eighteen. Her portfolios are interesting to examine, they are full of odds and ends and also many good things. Some of the drawings are marked "not drawn by me T. S." This shows how conscientious she was and would not accept any undeserved praise. Some of the sketches marked thus are by no means so good as her own.

At a tender age she began a regular course of study with her father, whom she completely idolized, and it was a great grief to her when he died in 1874. Her great love for him and her sense of duty, had spurred her on and she always maintains, that this close attention to work and her desire to please her father and master, has been the cause of her ultimate success. Shortly before his death he said to a friend, in speaking of his daughter: "She paints as well as I do, yea better!"

In 1875 Thérèse went to Munich to study painting, armed with some good letters of introduction, amongst them letters to Gabriël Max, Lenbach and Piloty. She stayed in Munich just about one year, which was a year of hardships and discomfort. She tried several *pensions*, going from bad to worse. These Munich "manageresses" seem to think that young artists can thrive upon the cold Munich winds and want nothing better. In some houses she found dishonesty as well as starvation. Yet, through it all, she worked indefatigably, morning, noon and night, and never lost heart or courage. The climate was very trying and added to that the poor food, it is surprising that the young girl did not fall a victim to some illness. The

Dutch and Bavarian idea of cleanliness differ so totally, that a born Dutch woman suffers in submitting to anything that is not scrupulously clean in her home surroundings. The stories of her adventures during those twelve months, passed in Munich, are most amusing and it is worth while getting her on the subject.

The children of Mr. Mayer-Leyden of Brühl.

Miss Schwartze has a way of undervaluing her own talents. She has been known to say: "I haven't the least faculty for grouping my figures and models."

But then as a rule, she has not much need to do so, as her style consists chiefly of portraits of single figures, or possibly a group of young girls or children, which readily lends itself to artistic arrangement and grace.

In former years huge canvases, on which were depicted crowds of lifesized persons (portraits of public men, as a rule) were so much in vogue that it was almost a necessity for members of the Senate, high Sheriffs, rich burghers, military men, mercantile Societies and many other communities, to be painted in their "war paint," sitting round a table or in some Court of Justice, which gave the artists of those days plenty of opportunity for exercising their ingenuity in the matter of arranging a dozen or more men, all looking very much alike; the result being generally an ugly stiff and wearisome picture. What a number of these groups hang in our townhalls, our council chambers, and public places all over the country, and how tedious they become. Strangers marvel at the exact fit of some of the canvases and wonder whether the hall was built to fit the picture or the picture painted to fit the hall. The latter is probably the most likely, in fact I believe artists were given the measurement, so many feet by so many feet, and the order was executed regardless of the quality of the work.

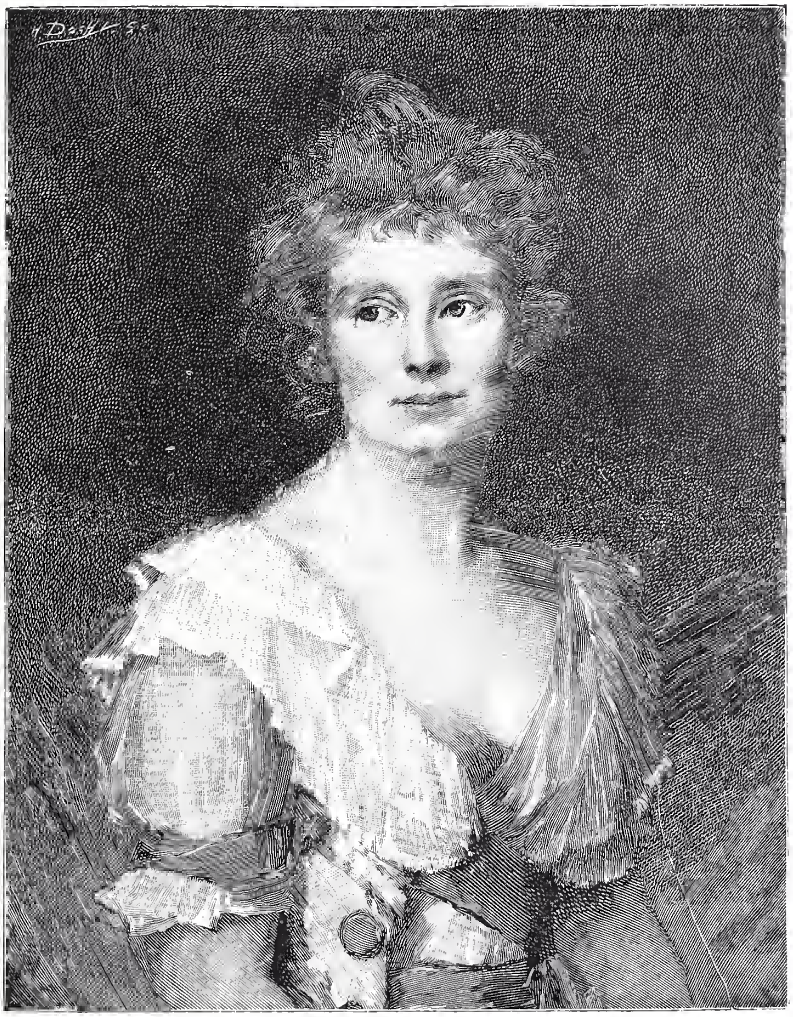
At this period of which I am speaking Art had fallen very low, "no one cared how it fared" not even the government. The few fairly good artists were ignored and there did not even exist a single artist's club. But fortunately since then a great change has come about. Art has revived and a wonderful improvement taken place. The international Exhibitions have done much towards this revival, they have brought about interchange amongst the nations. Artists themselves have become more venturesome and many have struck out a line for themselves: "Nothing ventured, nothing gained" and indeed much has been gained by this spirit of independence.

"Your country is in fact too small for your energies," said a stranger to me one day, "your great men find the sphere too narrow and cramped for their activity." This is certainly very true and great artists must feel this "smallness" quite as much as men of science. It was this that Thérèse's father felt after settling down in Holland. Biblical subjects were his favorite themes for pictures, but the narrow-minded Protestantism of those days limited his subjects and restricted his style, nor could he make them as attractive as he would have liked. Art in fact was at low-water mark in his church community. One of Schwartze's finest canvases was not destined for his own country but was sent over to America, which country, however, did not benefit by it for it was lost at sea; the ship in which it was sent was run down and sunk in the Atlantic (I believe by the "Alabama") and the canvas was never heard of again. But by good fortune the "Pilgrim Fathers" (this was the title of the picture) had been ably lithographed by Professor August Allebé.

When Thérèse returned from Munich she was not altogether satisfied in

Amsterdam. She could not find a satisfactory teacher nor did she get the advice she felt the need of. She was still too young to be altogether "self sufficing" in regard to her profession.

Piloty had said to her in Munich "If you were a man you would accomplish many things, your feminine want of self-confidence will always stand in your light, unless you learn how to throw off this timidity and become an independent being."



The Baroness Michiels van Verduynen. (Pastel).

She also felt the need of encouragement and perhaps a little flattery. But our good Hollanders are not given to praising each other. A Frenchman was once heard to say: "*Vous êtes un peuple essentiellement moqueur.*" We seem to fear spoiling talent and originality by any outspoken praise. Outwardly we make light of excess of talent, though inwardly we appreciate it.

But Miss Schwartze certainly had one good friend in the Art world and that was Joseph Israëls, of whom we Hollanders are justly proud. He was happy to give the daughter of his old friend every help and advice in his power. Bilders was also acquainted with Thérèse, so that she was not to be so much pitied. The aged Bosboom had also been a friend of her father's and he too proved of assistance. She wisely sought advice only from artists who had reached the top of the tree, not trusting herself to be carried away by the ideas of the smaller men who were often pedantic and self opinionated.

I have heard Miss Schwartze remark that men are far more conceited than women. She has had experience with both and with the *best* of both you might add. It is amusing to hear her discuss this theory, and I feel sure that most men will agree with her. With women you may say she has gained her case before she has commenced her suit. Pretty women know that they are pretty and take it as a gift of nature. They study carefully their toilet of course, but they "sit without posing." Men, on the other hand, are filled with their own importance and are visibly anxious to have themselves beautified and flatteringly handed down to posterity. Even men, who appear modest and retiring in their every day life, will suddenly develop an unexpected vanity and concern about their outward appearance, and their social importance. But, as a rule, this vanity and importance is knocked out of every Dutchman by his *best* friends, they laugh him out of it, as the Frenchman remarked they are "*moqueurs*."

Madame Cuypers. (Pastel).

True art is averse to all that is conventional or unfaithful to nature. A portrait does not only mean a painted resemblance of the features, but an idea of the character of the man, a living creature, a resemblance of mind as well as body, and such pictures are those of Thérèse Schwartze. "*Il y a presque trop d'expression*," were Henner's words when his opinion was asked.

A portrait painter's life is not altogether a bed of roses. Every one wants to be beautified; a thoroughly good likeness is what the painter aims at but with this the sitter is not always satisfied; indeed a *good likeness* is often just what they do *not* want, unless the subject is an exceptionally handsome man or woman.

⁂

"The journey was easy and not at all fatiguing. I have not had the time to see much of Paris yet, but what I have seen I am delighted with."

These lines are from a letter written home by Miss Schwartze when she visited Paris for the first time in 1878. It was the year of one of the big International Exhibitions.

A family group. From a painting.

This visit made such an impression upon her that she resolved to go to

Paris to study. A comfortable pension, a roomy studio and a good master were the three essential points she said she required to make her completely happy, and not one of these but what she expected easily to find. Little did she realize the difficulty she would have in respect of all these points.

When she returned to Paris, with the idea of making it her home for a time, she hunted hopelessly first of all to obtain a reasonable yet comfortable pension. At last she pitched her tent at a school for little children. Here she obtained a small and cheap room, as her object was to be economical. But as regards the *atelier* for work this seemed even more difficult than the lodgings.

In a letter home she writes:

"Mademoiselle D, is a nice kind woman of about forty. The house is very old and tumbled down and the children terribly noisy. However all this would count for nothing *if* I had only an *atelier* wherein to work."

The Salon of '79, was not what the great Exhibition had been of '78, at least not in Miss Schwartze's estimation, to use her own words:

"Last year there were many pictures that excited my admiration and greatly delighted me, this year there is much that I do not understand and certainly a great deal that I do not admire. The technique is strange to me and the colouration so bizarre. I do not 'agree' with much of the art. So much singularity, that it almost amounts to eccentricity. Perhaps I require training, in time I may come to admire what I now do not understand. It surprises me that the jury are so lenient, for there are really some daubs, that no one in their right senses could call well painted."

Later, however, Miss Schwartze wrote in rather a different strain. She undoubtedly realized the thoroughness of the French teaching. But the procuring of a studio was still apparently an impossibility and bothered her a good deal. Henner had promised to assist in this matter, also in the advice of a teacher, but he had, it seems, entirely forgotten his promise.

Quoting again from one of Miss Schwartze's letters:

"Mademoiselle D. is really a good soul if only her house was half as good as herself, but alas this allows much to be desired. It is dirty and uncomfortable. The dining-room is a sort of outside barn. To get to it you are obliged to cross a dirty courtyard, which becomes muddy when it rains, and where the offal is thrown in one corner, and if it only confined itself to its own corner it would not be so terrible, but bits of cabbage and old paper get kicked about all over the place and we often have to step over this rubbish to get to our dinner. The table, upon which we have our meals, is of common deal and is innocent of any table cloth. The benches are rough wood and have no backs. We are obliged to dine in our wraps as it is such a cold place. Our plates and forks are of tin and so are our drinking mugs. We eat to live, not live to eat. I am thankful when the meals are over. The children are well behaved but noisy. But all this does not matter, I should be quite contended if I had a suitable place to work in. Now I am working in my own room, which is unsuited both as regards size and light. I have no master yet either. I feel I am wasting precious moments."

Later, however, she had the good fortune to meet Henner, who regretted he had forgotten about her and hastened to give her the address of what he considered a suitable place for her to work in. A model class for women.

"Early the following morning," wrote Thérèse. "I stepped out dapperly to the *Quai Voltaire* full of hope and pleasant anticipations. Imagine my surprise when I found myself in an *atelier*, not as big as my own home one, and at least thirty women of all ages packed into this small space, all working from one model. I could not even get inside of the door. And not wishing to lose my monthly contribution of seventy francs, they offered to squeeze me in. They work from the same point of view a whole week, and each pupil in turn may pose the model according to her own idea. At this rate, my turn for arranging the model's position, would come once every thirty weeks. The air in the studio was frightfully close and bad, and judging by what I saw of the work done it was very second rate. I really could not stand the place so I left and went to the Louvre to sit down quietly and think what I had better do. After considerable battling with

An orphan. From a drawing in charcoals.

myself I determined to take my courage in both hands and go to Henner's studio. I however first went back 'home' and took a couple of canvases with me in a cab, amongst them Mamma's portrait, and drove straight to Henner's studio. I confess I was rather nervous and wondered how I should express myself in pretty and polite French. I did not want him to think I was conceited and proud of my own work, nor did I wish him to think that I considered myself too good for the class on the *Quai Voltaire*."

Henner received her very kindly and no courage was required. He praised her work to such an extent that she felt positively overcome. He pointed out a few faults but only a few He was charmed and said the pictures could easily be sold. He looked carefully at her mother's portrait, asking many questions and kept on repeating: "*C'est très charmant, c'est gentil etc.*"

Pastel. In the possession of Mr. G. van Tienhoven.

"You must have a studio of your own, my dear," said Henner. "You must study, you will make a name for yourself. You are an artist!" He recommended her to begin by copying some of the great masters at the Louvre; Holbein, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Velasquez. He would direct her. advise her, help her, she must depend upon him always.

He foresaw no doubt her successful career, though perhaps did not quite realize that she would eventually reach the top of the tree.

I had the pleasure of reading the letters she wrote to her home, and I will quote again from her own words:

"Yesterday a young lady came up to me at the Louvre. She was also copying. She said 'You are Mademoiselle Schwartze. She recognised me from Henner's description and wished to make my acquaintance. He seems to have described me minutely for she appeared to know all about me outwardly and inwardly and was also completely familiar with my works. Don't tell me that men are not worse gossips than women."

But this was not ill natured gossip, on the contrary it was all kindly praise. In fact Henner was so full of the talent of this young Dutch woman that he spoke of her wherever he went and roused general interest in her. Every one knew of her, every one spoke of her, Lalanne, Henry Havard, Gréville, Jean Aicard all talked about her, wrote about her, praised her, and from being unknown, she became the talk of the artistic world in Paris.

After satisfying Henner by doing a certain amount of copying she found a good roomy *atelier* and set up work in earnest.

Bonnat, who had been ill and also much away from Paris, when he event-

„*Fatherless*"

FROM A PAINTING

in the possession of Mr. Joan Schmitz.

Th Schwartze 1897

ually made the acquaintance of Miss Schwartze, apologized for his seeming want of politeness, for Thérèse had called upon him with a letter of introduction.

In 1883, when Thérèse was one of the jury for the exhibition in Amsterdam and sat beside Bonnat, he acknowledged that there had been a sort of misunderstanding when first Miss Schwartze came to Paris, as there had been apparently with Henner. As neither of them had seen any of Miss Schwartze's work at the time, they did not know that she needed any special advice.

It only shows how little interest people take in their fellow human beings, unless they are celebrities. If these men had known how celebrated Thérèse Schwartze would be some day, they would never have neglected her as they did at first. These words of her own will speak better than I can:

Pastel.

> "I have been to see Bonnat at his *atelier*. He did not seem to know in the least who I was, my name he had quite forgotten. I was very embarrassed; he said he would like to see my work before venturing upon his advice or suggesting what studio or class to join. Unfortunately he was laid up on the sofa with rheumatism and could not come to me (this was before I had a regular *atelier* of my own). I however said I would bring a few of my canvases and drawings to him for inspection. This I did. He examined my work closely and said nothing. I felt myself standing on hot coals. At last, after a very long silence, he said:—stretching out his hand to me—'*Mais Mademoiselle, vous êtes née peintre. Le coloris est superbe, magnifique et si le dessin était tout à fait bon ce serait excellent.*'
>
> "Now you know that I hate praising myself and how disgusted I am generally with my own work, but I confess to you that I was pleased and I know you will be equally so. I blushed and stammered and by way of making me still more confused he kept on repeating: '*Mais vous êtes née peintre.*' He gave me much sound advice. He likewise suggested a little copying and after that nature and only nature. If it is all true what he has said to me I may indeed feel myself a lucky and a happy woman."

Not long after this visit to Bonnat Thérèse found at last a nice comfortable and roomy studio. The first model she engaged was an Italian boy. Immediately afterwards she painted the portrait of a Spanish lady. (This was later exhibited in Amsterdam). She worked now with ever renewed ardour until the heat of August drove her out of Paris and she returned home.

Every one was struck by the progress she had made in so short a time, the improvement was even greater than she herself realized. Careful copying at the Louvre and seeing many fine pictures had broadened her views and strengthened her style.

In the autumn of that year she painted a portrait of Frederick Muller, which met with great success. The portrait of a man so generally known as Frederick Muller would naturally lead to greater criticism, by the public, and be more liable to be pulled to pieces than the likeness of some unknown person. Of course opinions always differ upon every subject, but in this case the universal impression was that the picture was good, although a few unartistic people ventured to presume that the technique was wrong.

An orphan singing. From a painting.

When Frederick Muller came to Thérèse for his first sitting, she had never spoken to him before, she knew nothing of his peculiarities, his ways, his general character, yet the likeness was wonderful. This learned man was not an easy subject to depict, as he was so well known it would be a picture much criticised by the public. Through his hands have passed many valuable books on science and art, also prints, pictures, drawings, etc. He attends most of the important Art sales throughout Europe, and is often commissioned to buy costly editions of old books or valuable old drawings. He can drive a good bargain and is yet true and just in all his dealings. His piercing eye looks you through and through, he is full of dry humour, and knows how to appreciate a joke. He is known by Art collectors and librarians in all countries. It may easily be imagined that such a man, with his animated face, and his ever varying expression, would be difficult to paint.

"How in the name of all that is wonderful have you been able to catch the elusive expression of that ever changing face. Why it's Muller all over!" These words I overheard spoken by a person whose opinion held much weight with the artist herself.

This wonderful intuition of Thérèse Schwartze to tell a man's character by his outward appearance, is not the gift of every portrait painter. It is not acquired by study nor by practise, but is born with the artist, and indeed Miss Schwartze was a born painter in more senses than one. Bonnat's words were quite true "*Vous êtes née peintre, Mademoiselle Thérèse.*"

Portrait. From a drawing in charcoals. (In the possession of Mr. G. van Tienhoven).

In the spring of '80 Miss Schwartze returned to Paris, not however to take up any serious work, but with the object of enjoying the sight of all the newest pictures, a visit to the Salon and a renewal of the acquaintance of all the treasures at the Louvre and Luxembourg. Her impressions and remarks upon the pictures exhibited, and her interviews and conversations with various artists of renown, were written to a friend in Amsterdam. These letters were so interesting and cleverly written that the "*Algemeen Handelsblad*" asked for the permission to publish them. Miss Schwartze reluctantly gave her consent but stipulated that the author should remain unknown. They were read by many with great interest, not only were they amusingly and cleverly written but they gave us an insight into Art past, present and future. Not only did she describe the latest "*cri*" in pictures, but the old masters were discussed.

In the latter part of '80 Miss Schwartze was requested to go to the Palace at Soestdijk to assist the Princess Henry of the Netherlands with her painting, in fact in plain language, to give the Princess a few drawing lessons. Thérèse felt nervous at the prospect of having to teach a Royal personage fearing that she might, in her zeal and artistic enthusiasm, forget herself in the presence of royalty.

Soon after her arrival at the Palace she wrote the following letter:

"The first lesson is successfully over and my fright and anxiety is appeased. When I arrived, a nice little *dame d'honneur* accompanied me into her Royal Highness's presence. I was not even allowed the time to brush my hair. At first I kept on forgetting to whom I was speaking, but the Princess is such a dear and only smiled at my mistakes. Her one idea is Art, so that we were soon sworn friends. Evidently no time was to be wasted for I was at once requested to hunt through the length and breadth of the Palace for a suitable room and I started at a break-neck pace, accompanied by the Groom of the Chambers. But where was the north? Nobody knew and and I the least of all. At last after a great deal of talk and discussion as to the points of the compass, I fixed upon a good sized room, which strange to say, was immediately next to my own bedroom. This seemed most suitable for I should not then be found wandering about this vast house and losing my way ten times a day."

Everything went happily and Miss Schwartze was charmed with her Royal pupil. But alas we have to mourn, at an early age, the death of this much loved Princess. Before her last illness she visited Thérèse in her *atelier* in Amsterdam and even worked there for a short time. Always modest and retiring and constantly apologizing for taking up so much of her teacher's valuable time.

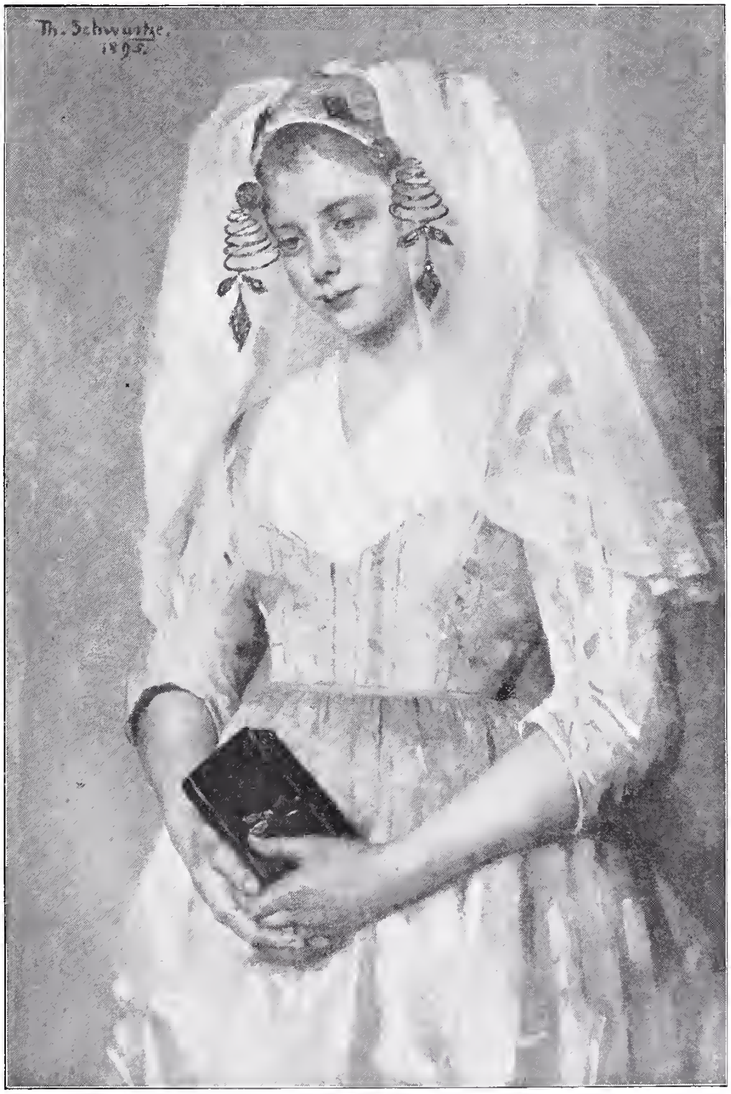
In 1883 Miss Schwartze was appointed on the jury for the International Exhibition in Amsterdam. It was then that she became personally acquainted with many leading artists of various nationalities, to whom the name of Thérèse Schwartze was of course familiar. Her judgment in judging the many canvases, which passed before her view, was decided, quick and to the point; always giving a reason for her opinion.

Again in '84 she went to Paris, this time with the intention of remaining some time and taking up her work there again. Orders for portraits flowed in. She painted the portrait of Harpignies, the celebrated French landscape painter. This picture was exhibited in the Salon of the following year and gained for her the French distinction. *Mention honorable.*

But Thérèse might never have lived to receive this honour. This is the story:

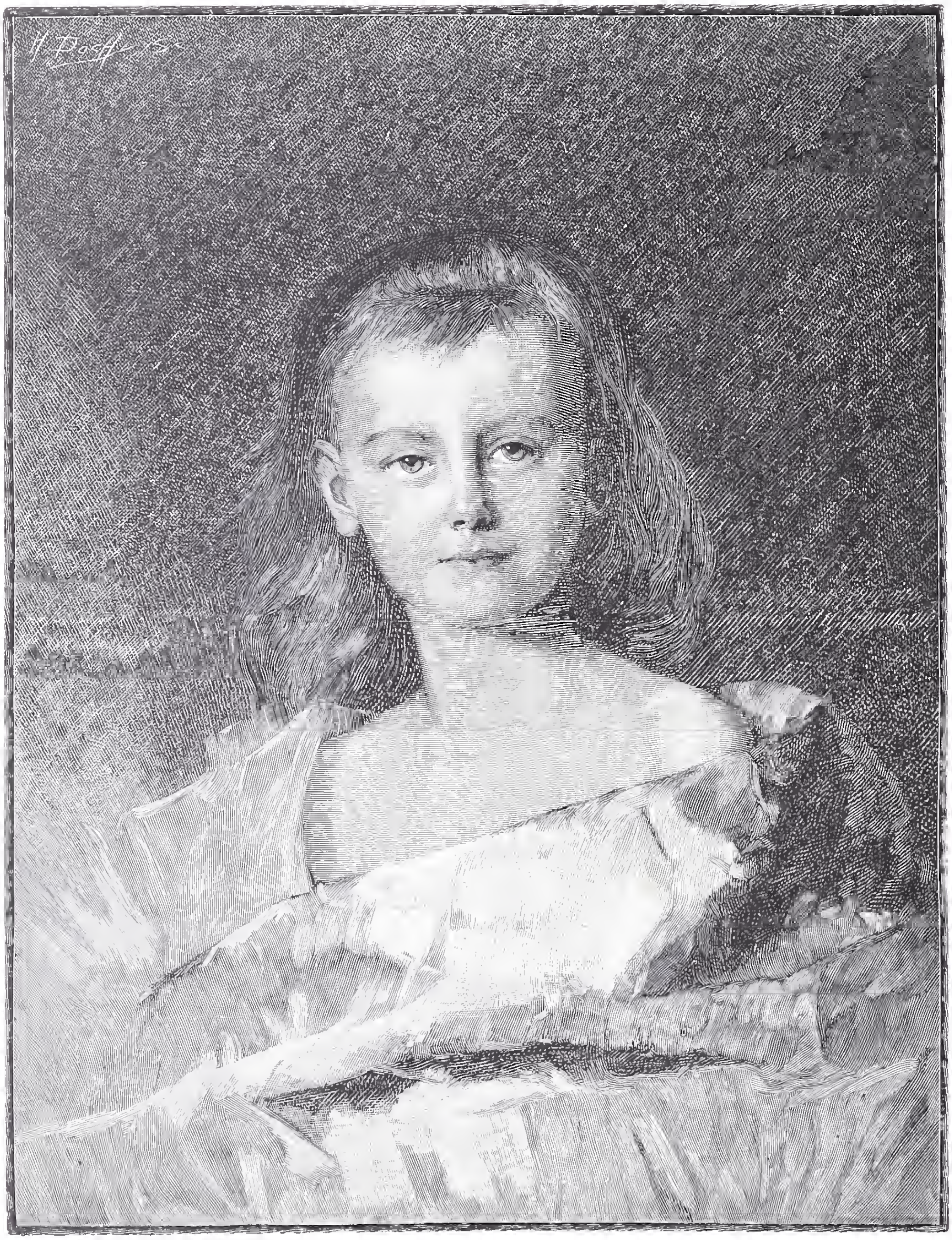
One day Miss Schwartze visited a friend at her studio where she (the friend) was busy working upon an interesting model; a fine strong man of a powerful build and handsome head. Miss Schwartze was struck by the man's appearance, and wanting a model, she engaged him to come to her when her friend had finished with him. When she desired the man to pose his hands for her picture, he tried to hide one hand. She discovered that he had a thumb missing. He explained the matter away by saying he had been run over by an omnibus. Nothing more was said on the subject, until the two girls heard that this interesting and handsome model was a murderer wanted by the police. He was known by the missing thumb. It was bitten off by his victim. Think of the risk that these two young women had run.

"But I had a revolver," said Thérèse, "though perhaps I would have been too frightened to use it." More than likely I should say. She explained that her revolver was useful in case of need "you never know what may happen" she added. But I think she would have preferred to tackle the man with her little hands as she is wonderfully strong in the wrist. She never uses a maulstick, which in itself is a proof of the muscle of her arm and the steady nerve of her hand and wrist. See her at work, stretching a large canvas over the frames, and with hammer and nails hard at work, you will notice the strength in her wrist and the finely developed muscles of her arm. The man, minus the thumb, might have met his equal in Thérèse Schwartze had he wished to treat her as he did his victim Madame. . . .



A young bride from Oud-Beierland. From a painting.

In '85 Miss Schwartze took to pastels. Even in France, where pastels are so beautifully used, our artist need not be ashamed of her work. She can hold her own with the very best of French pastel painters. She blends her colours so beautifully and her outlines are soft and distinct. Her pastels are like her oils, full of life and animation. What a pity it is that this pastel method is so perishable. There is no material that lends itself so well to portraiture, especially when the subjects are either pretty young women or little children. With the latter Thérèse is singularly lucky.



The young Queen of Holland. From a pastel.

A couple of years before the death of our late King, Miss Schwartze was commanded to paint a portrait, in pastels, of the Princess Wilhelmina (our present young Queen). When Miss Schwartze held an exhibition of her works in Amsterdam in '90, the Queen Regent allowed this portrait to be exhibited along with the other works by the same hand. This portrait attracted general attention and was highly praised by the newspapers. We give a reproduction on page 198.

Miss Schwartze is often so absorbed in her work that she seldom hears any of the conversation that takes place, and sometimes very incoherent and funny cross purposes are the results of the answers she gives. The "sitters" are however not allowed to talk or move during "sitting-time" and if they disobey then the usually sweet-tempered artist becomes a tyrant on the spot. The autocrat, not of the "breakfast table," but of the studio. There is nothing left to do but obey implicitly.

Before Miss Schwartze starts a fresh canvas she considers a long time. She looks, she studies, she thinks out positions, backgrounds, style, colouring and that important point garment. She talks *to* her model, *with* her model and finds out as many little characteristic movements and habits before starting the portrait. Sketches and rough drawings are made but nothing is commenced, on the beautiful clean new canvas, till every detail is settled.

It does not, however, follow that even *then* she does not again change her mind, for sometimes she is suddenly inspired with a fresh idea, and away go all the previous carefully thought-out poses and plans.

When Thérèse Schwartze was invited, by the Italian Government, to paint her own portrait for the Uffizi Palace in Florence—where as every one knows, hang portraits of celebrated artists painted by their own hand—a visit to her studio would show that a change had come over the spirit of her dreams. Instead of the many studies and sketches, on the walls and easels, of ladies of every century, dressed in quaint costumes or in picturesque draperies, we find a lot of drawings of our artist herself, in her every day working dress. This change, however, is soon explained. *The portrait for the Uffizi Gallery was in hand.* Eventually the result was most satisfactory. We preface our article with this self-painted portrait. The position is happy, natural and decidedly uncommon. Palette and brush in one hand, the other shading her eyes as if criticizing some work of Art. This is a quite pardonable little coquetterie, to shew off a pretty arm, a tiny wrist and a small powerful hand. There is perhaps another reason too, for it partly conceals the *pince-nez* and the "bulging-out eyes." Altogether the portrait is very pleasing, a good likeness and splendidly painted.

In 1888 this portrait was exhibited at the Paris Salon. The papers called it "*une vraie trouvaille*" and only for the want of two votes did it miss the gold medal for the original. In the following year, however, this same picture gained a medal for her at the International Exhibition in Amsterdam.

The Salon of '89 presented Thérèse with a gold medal for her picture entitled "Orphans." 1)

The presentation of this medal in Paris made a great impression upon her for it was given in such a ceremonious and impressive way. Really on the whole they do most things better in France than here with us. Medals and other honours in our country are received through the medium of the parcel post. They are left at one's house like a pound of tea. But in France there is an impressiveness about it, a sort of religious ceremony and a certain sentiment which almost moves one to tears. The jury meet, the Minister of Fine Arts, or of Foreign Affairs, or the Home Secretary or heaven knows what high official, makes a long speech. Then there is a lot of bowing and scraping and flattering remarks flying all over the place in wholesale fashion. When Thérèse Schwartze was called up to the tribune, to receive her gold medal, there was loud and general applause, and cries of Bravo! Bravo! Many of her friends were there and the ladies of artistic Paris had turned out in great force to honour their sex. Jules Breton requested to be allowed the honour of handing the medal to Miss Schwartze. When Thérèse stood before him, he grasped her hands with both of his, and could not speak for very emotion. Every one of the jury stood up and not one was satisfied until he had pressed the hand of the Dutch girl, who had carried away so great an honour and so just a reward. Apart from the fact that Thérèse was a woman and a foreigner, her youth was a great incentive for praise and general excitement. She was positively moved to tears. It was so unexpected and she was a stranger in a strange land which proves that Art has no nationality. She almost wished, for the moment, that the parcel post was in France the way and means of conveying honours, like in some other countries.

Thérèse Schwartze is a kind hearted critic. She is very encouraging and always willing and ready to help and do all in her power to further the welfare of others.

One of Thérèse's best friends in Amsterdam is Mr. G. van Tienhoven, first Burgomaster, later Minister, and afterwards Governor of one of the North Provinces. She always finds a warm welcome in his house and is treated intimately and affectionately by his family. We give Mr. van Tienhoven's portrait on page 201, painted by our artist. It is a fine head and lends itself particularly well to a picture. The original intention was to have a full length portrait, but a high Government official, of such a busy city as Amsterdam

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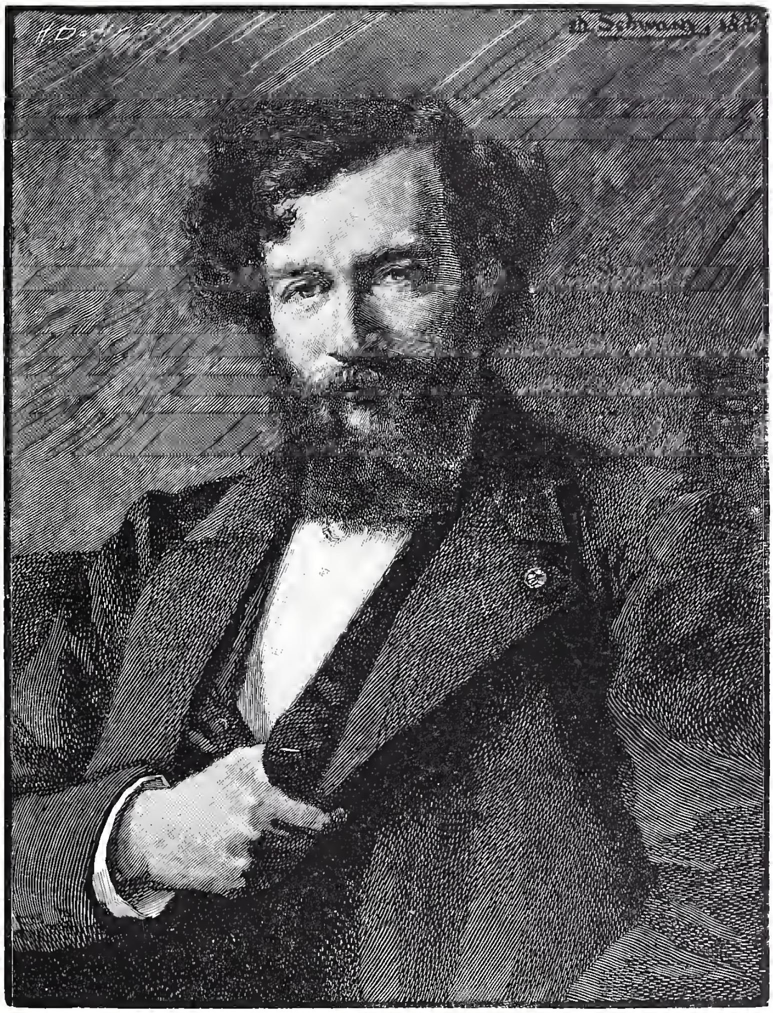
1) Miss Schwartze gained in 1889 one of the Amsterdam medals which was considered a great honour for a woman. In 1892 she obtained in Ghent, a Diploma for the group of children on page 189; also the same year the gold medal for the large picture entitled "Lutheran Communicants" of which we give a very good reproduction on page 179. It is owned by Mr. Rosenthal, but he has kindly lent it for an indefinite period to the Museum Suasso in Amsterdam. In the fall of '96 Miss Schwartze had the great honour (especially so for a woman) to be made Knight of the Order of Orange-Nassau. Last year ('98) Miss Schwartze obtained the gold medal, 1st class at Barcelona, at the International Exhibition held in that town.

has little spare time. Thérèse was disappointed. She wished very much to paint a large picture of her dear and kind friend 1).



Portrait of Mr. van Tienhoven.

Upon some occasion of importance I found myself sitting in the Senate Chamber in Amsterdam. It was a warm day and the monotonous droning voices made me drowsy. I gazed about me, seeking for some distraction, for I felt I was going to sleep. Among the portraits on the walls, of departed celebrities, I saw one of an old friend of mine. I was startled, the man seemed alive, positively alive. Was he going to step out of the frame and speak to me? Sleep left my eyelids, I sat up all attention. This portrait, needless to add, was painted by Miss Schwartze.

If our "wise men" only knew, I thought, if they only knew how easy it is to remain alive. How a little female hand can make them immortal, and forever remembered; the idea so impressed me that looking across at our so called "wise men," I stood up and was on the point of becoming an orator when I remembered my humble position and sat down quietly before I was called "to order."

Thérèse Schwartze certainly has a marvellous talent, or shall I call it a knack, for catching a likeness. There is never any difficulty experienced in

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1) It appears that a second portrait was painted later of Mr. van Tienhoven (full length) by Miss Schwartze for the Amsterdam Aula, along with that of Mr. N. G. Pierson.

identifying the personage whom she has intended to represent, which is done with such signal fidelity to nature, not alone in form and feature but also in the not less essential particulars of characteristic attitude, manner and expression. Some portrait painters are clever at glowing flesh-tints, or glossy auburn hair, others get the sheen on the satin or the grace of a flowing drapery, others again are skilful in the portraying of a hand or in the natural posing of a head, but few are good at getting the expression and making the canvas alive with the personality of the sitter. Miss Schwartze is good at all these above mentioned qualities. The beautiful pastel of the Baroness Michiel van Verduynen, on page 187, and the spirited portrait of Mr A. C. G. van Duyl, on page 203, will speak for themselves and endorse my words. The penetrating look in the eye, through the spectacles, in the latter work is extremely cleverly done.

Miss Schwartze is a kind and generous critique. She is often consulted and her opinion asked regarding some picture in particular or upon art in general. She always finds a good word for every work submitted to her, and she is very encouraging to young beginners. Her views, upon all subjects, are broad and liberal.

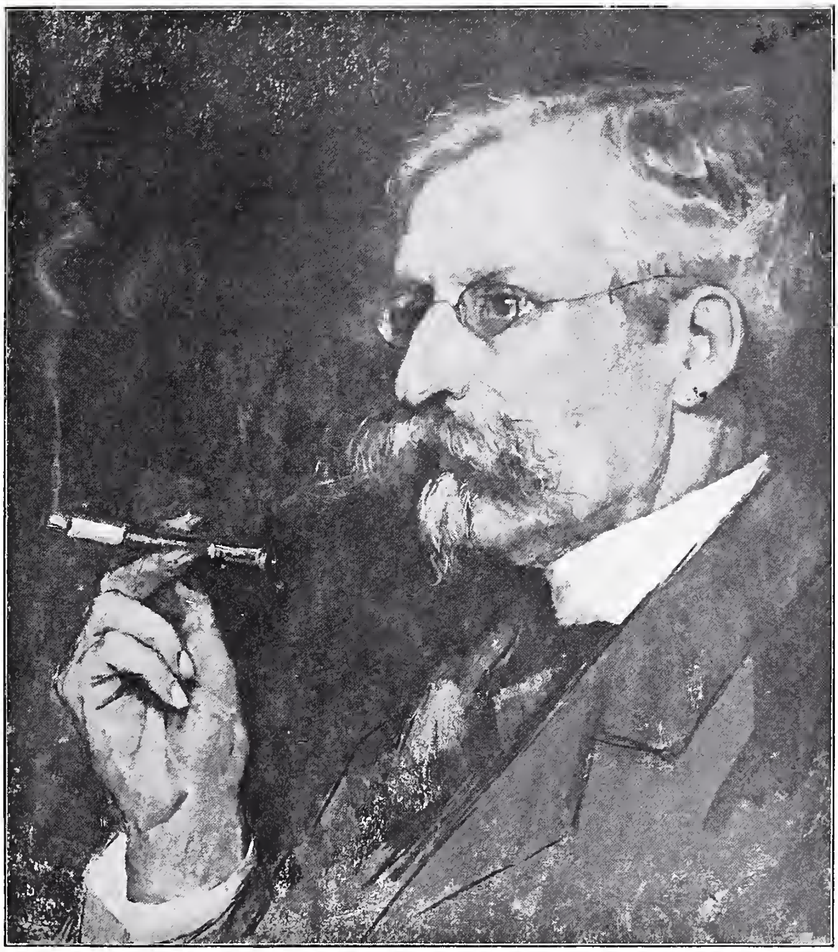
Although portraiture is one of Miss Schwartze's chief characteristics yet, as this work will show, she paints a variety of artistic subjects and is fond of depicting the picturesque Amsterdam orphan girl in her quaint costume. Her pictures are sympathetic and ingenious and always have a touch of pathos in them. Her keenness of perception, no less than her technical power, is strikingly exemplified in most of her works. She is wonderfully expert in throwing the light upon the white caps and kerchiefs of her orphan girls, or upon the veils of her young church communicants or village brides.

She shows a boldness of touch and *verve* bespeaking the confidence of an artist experienced in dealing with the material of which she treats. Her work can easily bear comparison with the finest achievement in portraiture and always, in whatever country exhibited, wins the readiest admiration. Her brilliant execution and her vivacity of style distinguish her from most portrait painters.

Her backgrounds are always suitable and do not, as in so many cases, confuse the eye and take away that pleasant repose and tranquillity, so delightful in a picture with which we have to spend many years of our lives.

My alloted space is coming, alas, to an end and I have turned over my last page. But I must not fail however to mention that Thérèse Schwartze has inspired many poets in her day. At this moment some lines occur to me which I consider will be appropriate wherewith to bring this *causerie* to a close:

Thus spake Art: "Of my gifts didst thou not receive the best and the truest?
A love for the good, a desire for knowledge, for beauty and charm,
Exactness of eye, and deftness of hand, to model with palette and brush
The finest and greatest of all, of all the wonders created



Portrait of Mr. A. C. G. van Duyl. Pastel.

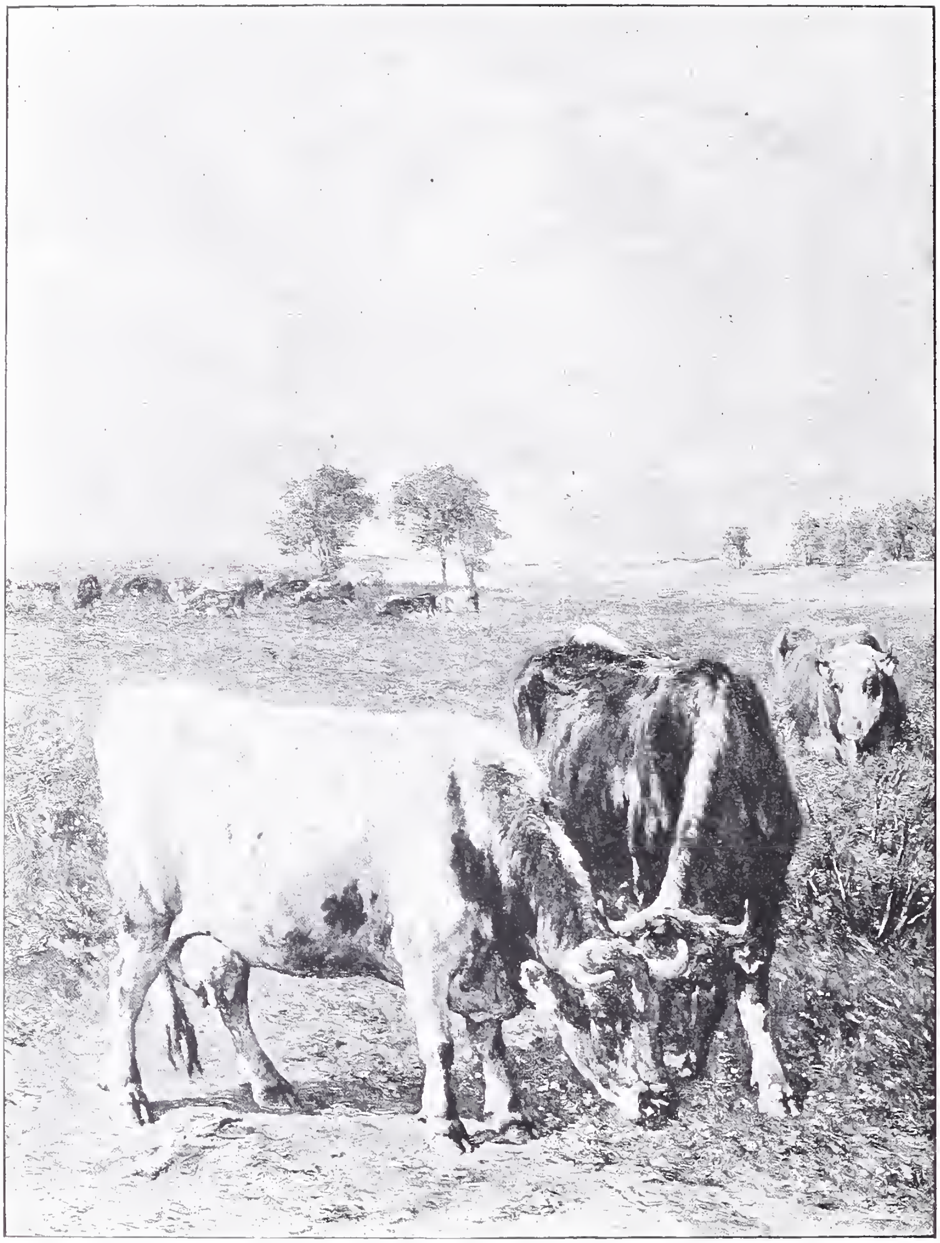
The likeness of God: Man! which thou causeth to live on the canvas
And live yea when death has long robbed the warm blood of its life;
The day it will come, we will say: 'Tell us the name of this man?'
Forgotten he is, but the hand that skilfully guided the brush
Thérèse Schwartze it was; woman so modest, yet number'd amongst the great
Why? Because early she honoured and followed my laws and commands;
Heeding not profits, advantage or praise, with conscience so true
Giving her best, her heart and her soul, her strength and her power."

H. Leonards.

J. H. L. DE HAAS.

BY

A. G. C. VAN DUYL.



In the downs. In the possession of H. R. H. the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

J. H. L. DE HAAS.

J H L de Haas

It would be interesting to know what makes an artist decide on his career. What prompts him to take up a brush or pencil. Probably most artists would reply that the inclination was so strong that it could not be resisted. But many of them do not know themselves how the first promptings of art originated. Some no doubt have been influenced by their surroundings, or perhaps a friend has turned their thoughts into some art channel; probably these inclinations were always there, they only wanted calling into life. There can have been no philosophising, for philosophy is foreign to art; art is nature; birds sing by natural instinct, an artist paints by inspiration, though it may take years of hard study to accomplish anything good. Art is born in a man and with a man, it cannot be dinned into him.

De Haas was born in Gelderland, at a small country village called Hedel. His birth took place during the annual summer holiday of the family, otherwise they always lived in a town. Had he been brought up midst green meadows and wooded glens, had he been able, at an early age, to watch the cattle browsing in the fields, the patient cow standing so still while she is milked in the pasture land, one might have fancied that being nurtured in these surroundings, these rural scenes, that they had given him a taste for depicting the rich pastures of Holland.

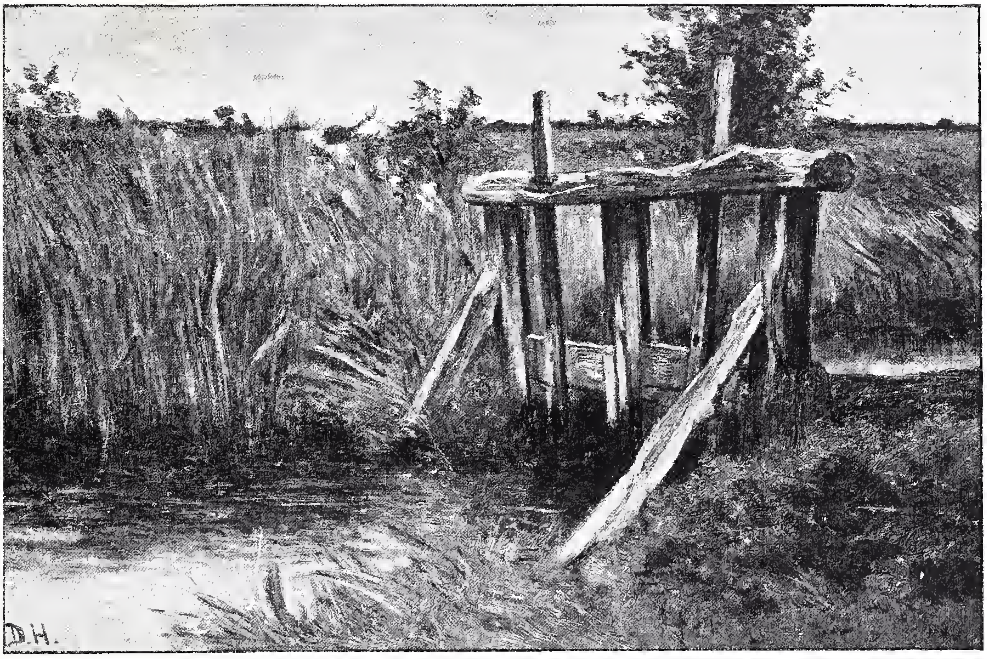
Early morning in Kempen.

But such was not the case. The first indication of artistic talent, made itself apparent when de Haas was a boy, at school in Amsterdam. As a youth he was sent to the Academy of Plastic Arts where he underwent his first serious course of study. He showed a particular taste for depicting animals, he was therefore sent, in the course of time, to van Os, the animal painter, who had a large *atelier* in Haarlem. He studied under van Os four years.

If we examine the pictures of cattle, in our Museums and Galleries, and see what was thought so much of in former days, and compare these animals to those of de Haas, then we are forced to think that de Haas has learnt more from his close study of nature, than from any school or master. He accomplished much during five years spent at Osterbeek (from his 22nd to his 27th year). It was then that he became known and exhibited his first picture of note.

At the International Exhibition in Paris 1855, de Haas exhibited two pictures. These were highly spoken of and Gustave Planche, in his able article upon *L'Exposition des Beaux Arts*, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, extols them most highly. These are his words:

Monsieur Johannes Hubertus Leonardus de Haas, a trouvé à Osterbeek le sujet d'un charmant paysage. On pourrait certainement souhaiter plus de solidité dans les terrains sans se montrer trop sévère, mais à tout prendre c'est une toile pleine de fraîcheur et de grâce. Je trouve dans cette composition le sentiment vrai de la nature et une dextérité qui révèle des études courageuses."



Sluice at Kempen.

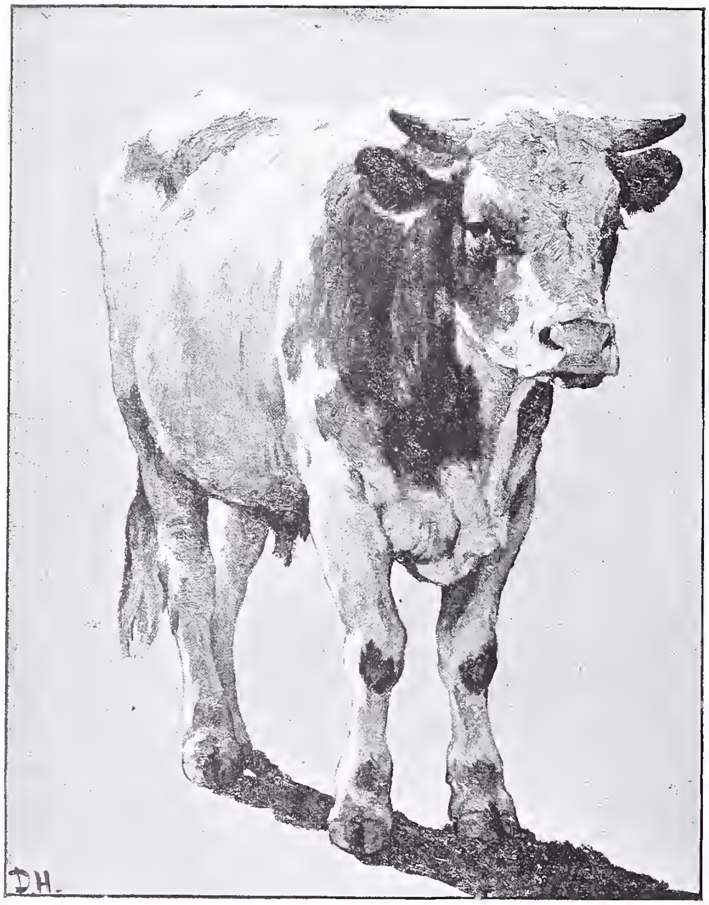
To be thus spoken of, by such an art critic as Gustave Planche, in a periodical whose opinion carries weight in all the dominions of Science and Art, was a great honour, and especially so for a rising young artist. And the honour becomes still greater, when you consider, how few strangers were praised by the French Art-critics.

After this delightful praise de Haas worked on more industriously than ever, gaining power and strength daily and always repeating to himself Gustave Planche's words: "*le sentiment vrai de la nature.*"

Some little time ago I happened to be in Brussels, so I called upon de Haas

(He lives almost entirely in the Belgian capital, although he works much in Holland.) My eyes wandered over all the pictures, sketches and drawings—more than three hundred I think—hanging on the walls of his house. Such refreshing glimpses of nature in her loveliest green garment. Many beautiful pictures of cows and bulls, looking as if they might, at any moment, walk down off the walls; in fact quite uncanny.

Just at that time there were two exhibitions of pictures opened in Brussels. The one was the regular yearly show at the "Cercle" the other was arranged by some Antwerp School of Art. Being in Brussels at the time I of course paid both exhibitions a visit.



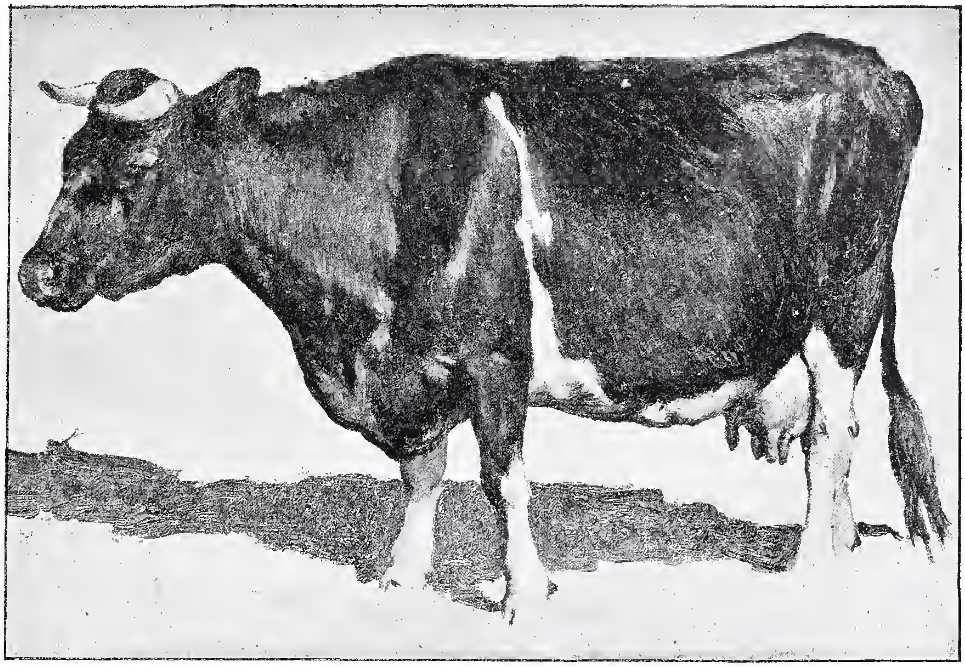
A young bull.

Now to tell you that I admired all the extraordinary canvases I saw, would be telling an untruth. There were people who pronounced some of these daubs "lovely," but I am sure they did not mean the word in its true sense, it was only up-to-date enthusiasm.

But perhaps we are approaching that time when we will really admire that style. Who can tell? We change, we develop, we are never two days alike. This is a progressive world, never standing still and always, let us hope, improving. How often has the taste in art changed? No two centuries are like in their opinions. Sometimes from continually seeing, or from habit and custom, we get to like what at first we considered eccentric. By slow degrees we become like the man who was seized for committing a crime, which he had only most graphically related. At last he really began to believe that he was the criminal.

I do not believe, however, that atrocious pictures can, or ever will be, admired by people in their right senses. There is a great deal of mediocre and that is just where the difficulty lies, and where the confusion comes in. A room full of pictures, painted with colours of brilliant purples and screaming greens, is so appalling, that one feels inclined to rush away at once, without taking a second look; like the man who opened the door suddenly of the wrong apartment, and seeing his mistake, retired in double quick time. But upon closer inspection and when the eye has got accustomed to the brilliancy and singularity of these crude shades, we find sometimes good work, and unmistakable artistic genius. At first we disagree with the painter in every point, but gradually we begin to ask ourselves if, after all, he is not right; we see something to admire, we continually find more and more. Our eye gets used to the vivid tints and at last we are forced to exclaim "It is fine!"

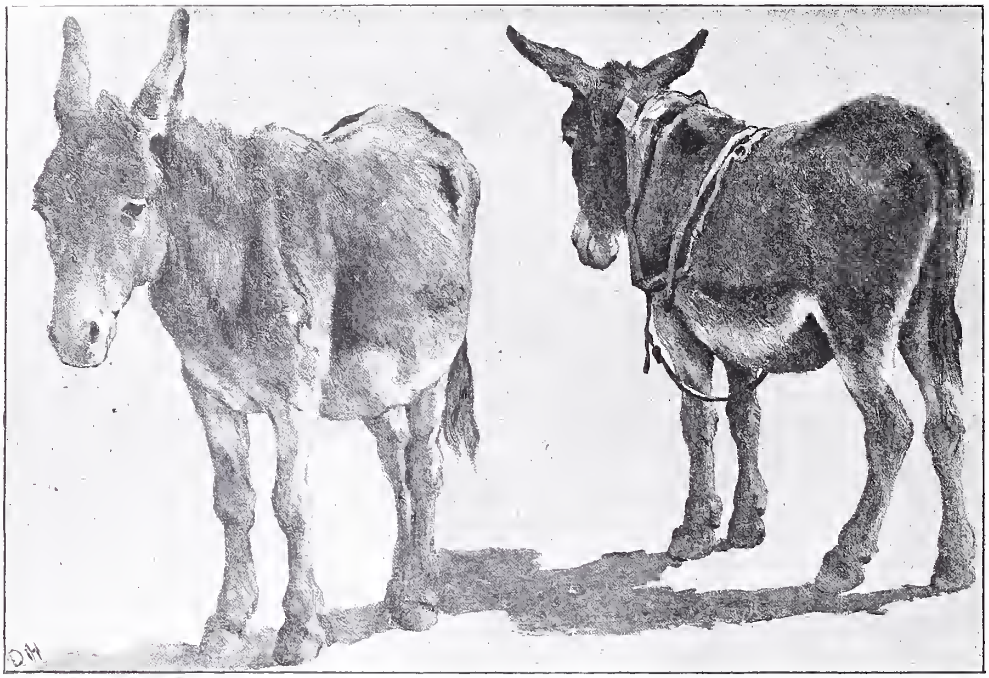
Some artists call his style of colouration distinguished; I call it distinguished by reason of its being different to the colours of nature, I think it comes partly from the want of sympathy with nature, from the lack of perserverance to attain that dexterity, to be able properly to interpret with the hand, what the eye has seen; then a good deal of the bizarre comes from the love of being singular, the desire to be noticed and do differently to what others are doing. In fact to be remarked.


A study.

When we see sensible people, and just those perhaps whom we would least expect to do so, admiring these eccentricities, we begin to wonder and fear whether this magic, this conjuring, is going to affect us, our very selves in the end. We try to hold on to our own old-fashioned ideas, we want to remain faithful to the true "*sentiment de la nature*," we argue that those colours are wrong, and we do not approve of them, yet in the end, we are obliged to acknowledge, that there are moments and conditions when the world has *just* such an aspect, *just* such a tone.

De Haas' subjects are landscapes and cattle. He has been residing for many years in Brussels, since 1857 I believe, but he makes many trips into his native land, sometimes these trips are of long duration. He has carefully studied the ubiquitous Dutch cow and he may be said to understand her every attitude and posture, the very nature of the beast in fact.

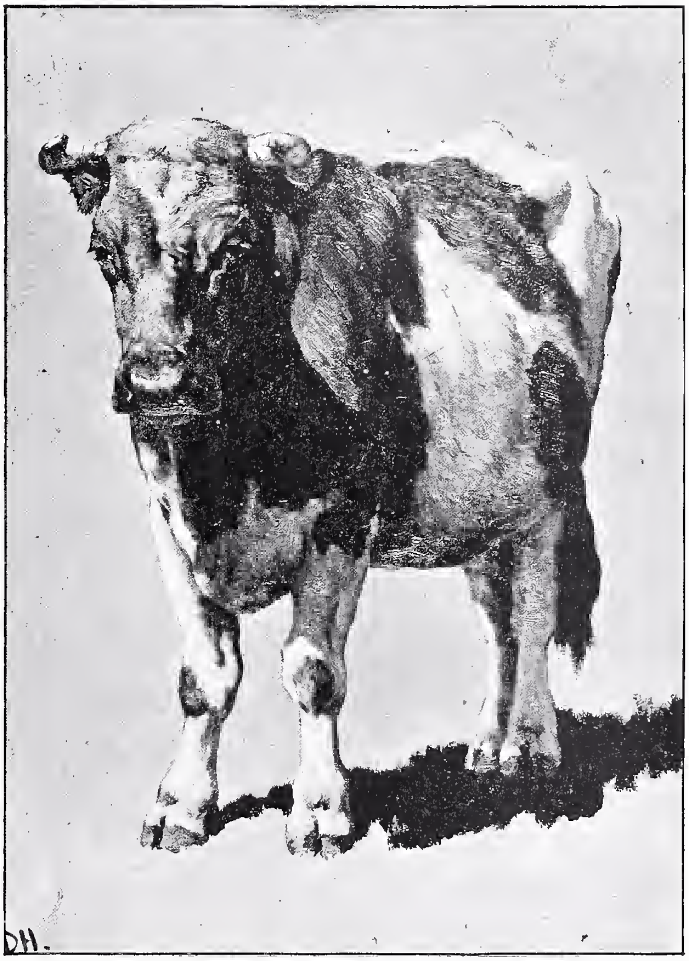
His landscapes are extremely pretty, so soft and caressing. Judging from his pictures we can clearly see that de Haas has studied closely and diligently, and thoroughly understands what he is about, he can "*tricher avec la nature*" as Gustave Planche says. Though he is conscious of the importance of detail, yet he knows that it must be subservient to the whole. Some of our cleverest painters, of former years, paid too much attention to detail, forgetting what is most essential, namely the harmony of the whole.



Donkeys. (Picardie).

In his studies of cattle, and animals in general, de Haas is very precise and careful, never allowing colour in any way to interfere with the outlines of the drawing. His pictures of cows are so splendid that it shows how thoroughly and how carefully he has studied their nature. They stand firm on their feet, or they lie in natural easy positions, every attidude is as we are accustomed to see them, and there is never any fanciful rendering. To pose a cow is not an easy matter. An immense amount of patience is required, and many attempts have to be made ere a satisfactory result is achieved. An animal must not look stiff or woodeny, and although to some people a cow is a cow, yet there is a great deal of difference in every one. To get that soft meek expression in the velvety eye, is far from easy, and although they are cumbersome heavy creatures, they ought never to appear clumsy.

The studies of cattle in these pages will fully endorse my words. And there can be but one opinion and that is, that there are few, if any, better painters of cattle than de Haas.



A study.

On the wall of de Haas' studio hangs an early work by Mesdag, done from the window of his studio in Brussels. It is a winter scene, snow lies on the stones in the street, and it is executed with a touch, which plainly foretold the future. It was just the peep, which he could get, of a certain angle in the street, from his window and was ridiculously true to life. I examined it minutely. Who is not familiar with the wonderful marine pictures by Mesdag, and seeing a small canvas, painted by the same hand, in the days of his "struggling" was in itself interesting.

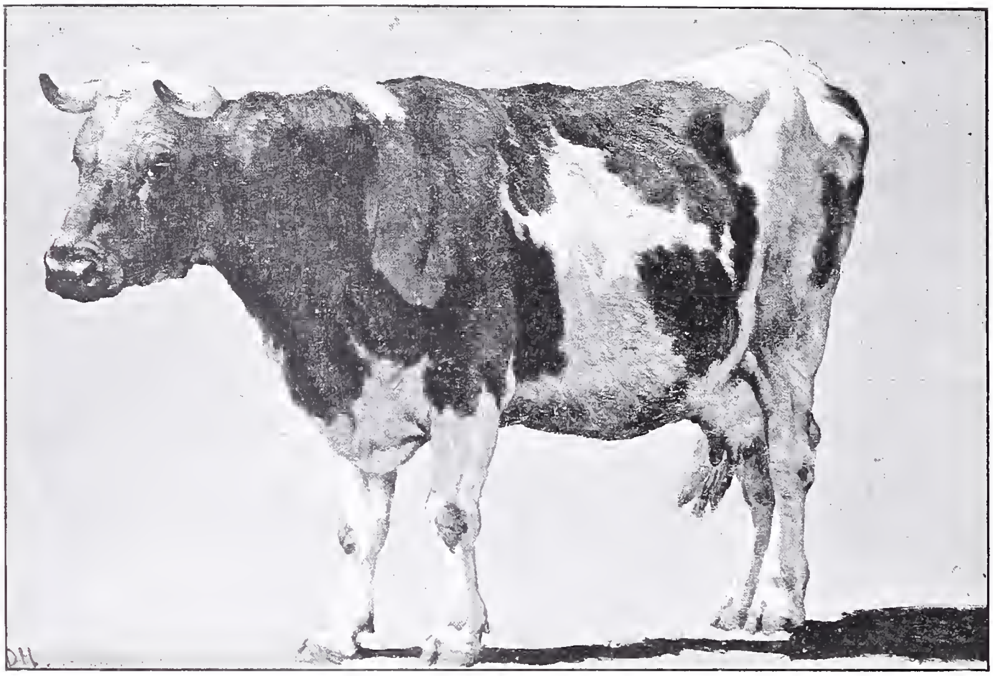
Most of the works by de Haas go to England and America. It is difficult to keep track of their whereabouts, they often change hands and even the original owner is not always known to the artist himself.

In Amsterdam we have three of his finest pictures at the National Museum. One is simply called "A cow", (a legacy from Mr. Jacobs). The other entitled "A rising storm", and the third "Early morning in Drenthe".

In the Gallery at the Hague you will find a beautiful landscape. In Brussels, at the Museum, there is an oil-painting and also a water-colour. The subject of the latter is the well-known "Donkey trio."

The Royal Pinacotheca in Munich possesses a *chef d'oeuvre* entitled "Dutch meadows". Beautifully painted and so soft and restful to the eye. No crude colouring there, no *fin de siècle* eccentricities. In Berlin there will be found at the Museum "A swampy bit of ground". Nature in her sweet simplicity and harmonizing tints. Some of his paintings have found their way as far as San Francisco.

In Rotterdam, at the Boyman's Museum, there hangs a curious picture, with a double interest. The landscape is painted by Roelofs and the cattle added by de Haas; and as a sign of the general appreciation of de Haas' works, a series of his animal studies have been used in the schools in Berlin, Stuttgart, and Madrid, for the student to copy from.



A study.

Not only is de Haas a painter but he is also an art collector. As soon as you enter his house you see what his hobby is. He has a great weakness for beaten-copper. The house is full of beautiful specimens and for those who understand this work, it must be extremely interesting. Dinant was formerly the seat of this industry, copper and brass beaters could be counted by hundreds, but now there is not a trace left, unless you count, as such, the Dinant cakes, a very nasty stiff sort of hard-bake which is baked in the shape and with the ornamentation of the old copper works. There is a great effort on foot to revive this industry in Brussels.

This *repoussé* work makes beautiful wall decorations, and de Haas' house, on the Place du Luxembourg, is well suited for such embellishments. The vestibule is prettily tiled with blue Delft, and all over the place are valuable antiquities of all sorts and kinds. There are a couple of little drawings, by David and Peter Oyens, in this work, showing corners of the studio and smoking room. The drawing room is a large, handsomely furnished apartment, opening into a conservatory, filled with flowers and plants and beyond this the garden. The walls of the dining-room are decorated with a dozen beautiful painted panels by van Moer, the usual Venetian views: The Doge's Palace, the Square of St. Mark, the Bridge of Sighs, etc. The drawing-room is a veritable art cabinet. Some little gems by Bakker Korff, a beautiful painting by de Haas' friend August Allebé; a portrait of our artist himself by Lenbach, and a large portrait of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, (who is a kind friend of de Haas in particular and of Dutch art in general) all hang in this room. Also two fine pictures by Israëls, a canvas by Gabriël, a flower piece by van Os, two Troyons, one Frommentin, a Theodore and a Philippe Rousseau. Pictures too by Vollon, Daubigny, Jacque, Emile Wauters, Palgliano and many others. Beautiful old furniture, lovely Venetian glass, old Delft, old Saxon, fine specimens of Chinese and Japanese china and art treasures of all sorts. Indeed a catalogue would be necessary to enumerate all this store of wealth and interesting *bibelots*.

On the Yssel. In the possession of Mr. Braun at Schaffhausen.

In 1869 de Haas was awarded the gold Medal in Munich, since then he has exhibited there regularly every year. In 1888 he was invited to be on the Jury at the International Exhibition in the Bavarian capital, for the Dutch division of Art. I regret to say the Dutchman gives but little support to such things, de Haas therefore gladly accepted the offer, intending to do all in his power to further the interest of Dutch artists. It is a well-known fact how successful he was in this respect, and how much good he did; Dutch art became better known in Bavaria. Every subsequent exhibition in Munich has told the tale. Many pictures are sold yearly and not only are many sold, but

Early morning in the meadows. In the possession of the Royal Museum at Stuttgart.

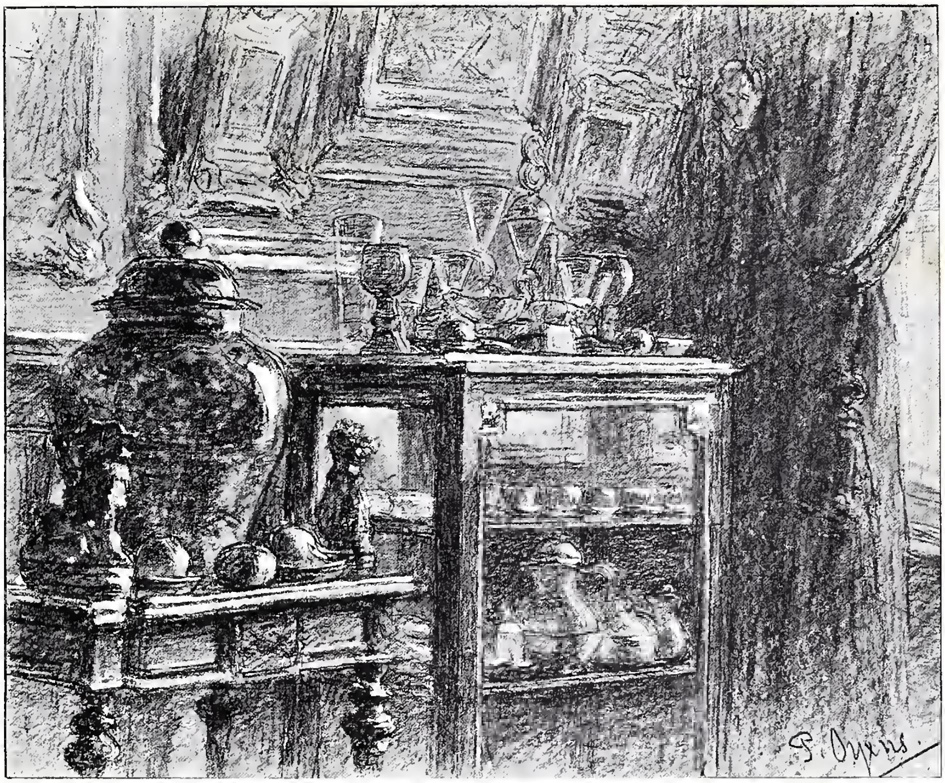
„*A rising storm*"

FROM A PAINTING

in the Museum in Antwerp.

orders to Dutch artists flock in and there is a good feeling and an understanding between German and Dutch Art Societies. This has almost entirely been brought about by de Haas.

In 1892 de Haas was appointed by our Queen Regent as commisary for the International Exhibiton in Munich without prejudice to the public revenue. Thanks to our artist's untiring efforts this exhibition proved in every way the most successful of all former exhibitions, as regards the Dutch exhibits. Not alone did de Haas strive to collect together all that was good in oil paintings, but was equally painstaking with water-colours, pastels and drawings.



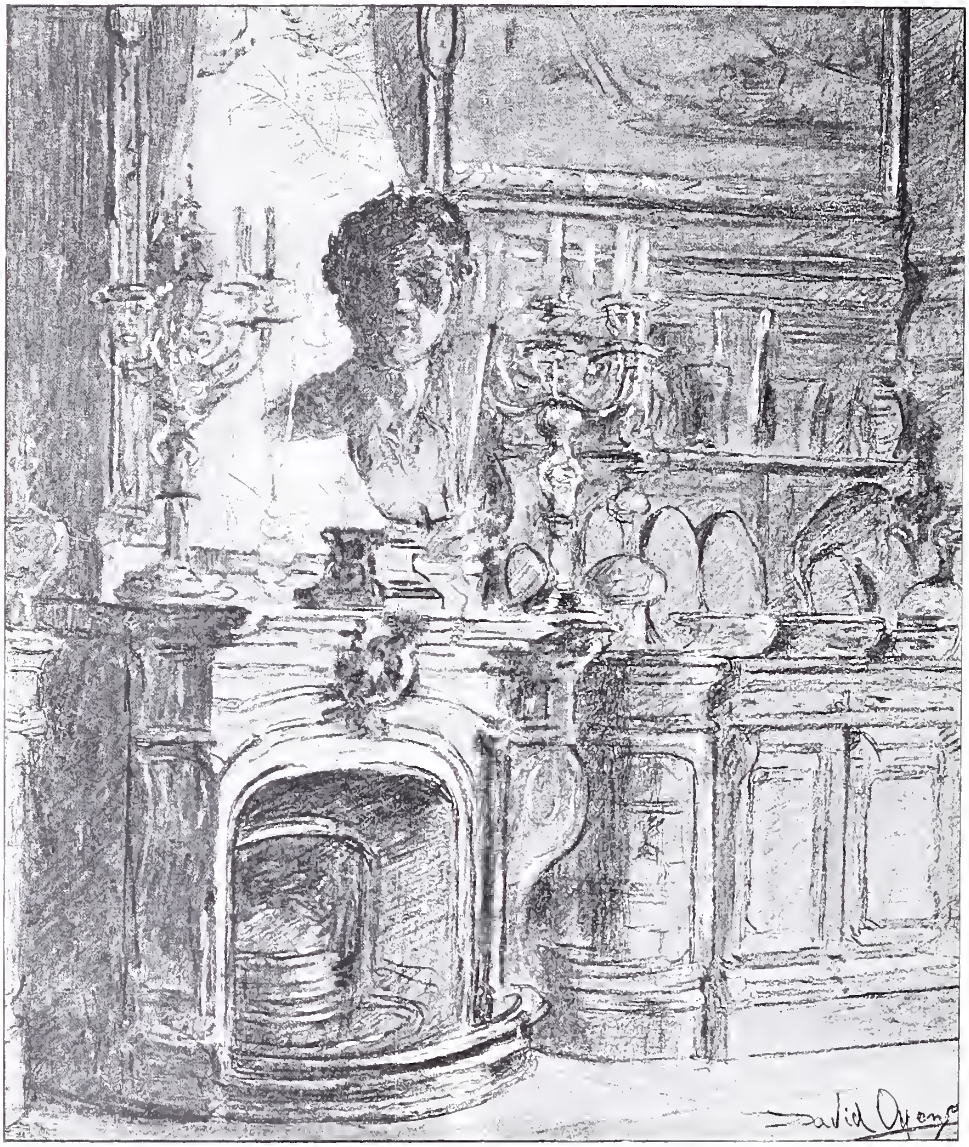
A corner of the drawing room. From a drawing by P. Oyens.

He also obtained the permission from the Queen Regent, to select some of these pictures for the Royal Modern collection. About sixteen of the finest canvases, which he bought, have formed the foundation of our ever growing Royal collection. Certainly our Dutch Art made a splendid show that year. We filled three of the principle rooms in the Art Department; these rooms had formerly belonged to the English Government. Thanks to de Haas, Dutch art has now a firm footing in Germany.

De Haas' paintings show much realistic treatment in their pastoral beauty and display a great amount of genius, in so unmistakable a manner, that it has raised him to a high level amongst the painters of the Nineteenth Century.

His handling is throughout extremely vigorous, and yet he gives one the idea of a nicety of observation and a careful attentiveness to the laws and rules of nature.

As a painter of cattle he has few rivals in past or present times, and he undoubtedly takes a position in the front rank of the artistic fraternity.



A corner of the smoking room. From a drawing by P. Oyens.

Two important works of his are reproduced on pages 207 and 217; they speak for themselves. The cows in the foreground of "In the Downs" are so true to nature that one would not be surprised to find them, one morning, outside of the frame, though the sensation might be somewhat startling. This

At rest on the downs. From a painting in a private collection in Neurenberg.

beautiful picture is owned by de Haas' friend and patron, the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

A man who has successfully exhibited his works as early as 1855 can of course no longer be a young man. But age has nothing to do with de Haas, he is still young in every respect. Full of life, full of fun, and in splendid health. We need not ask the number of a man's years who is active and goes his daily round of duties, showing no signs of the sands of life running out.

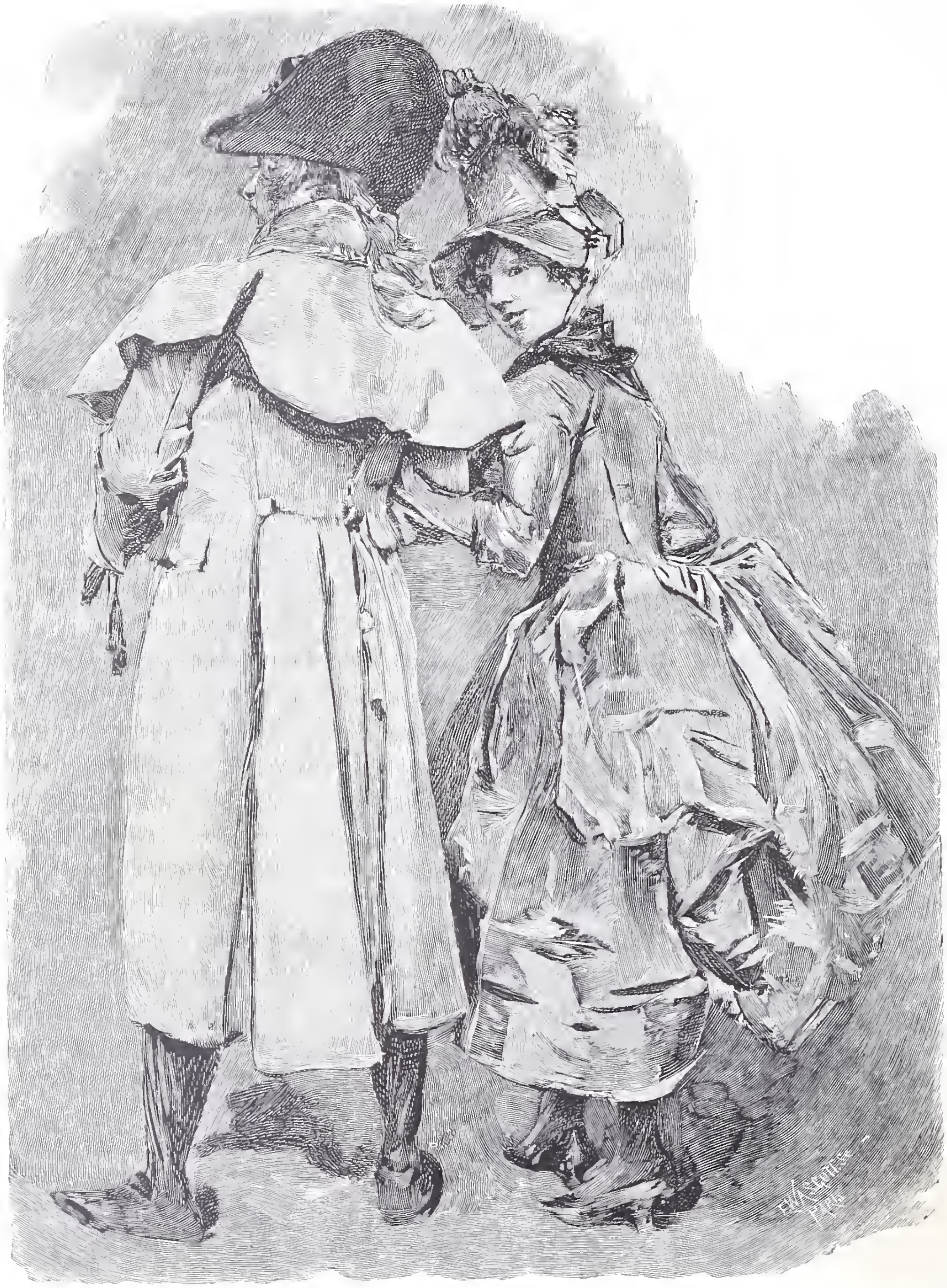
But he has lost many of his friends and many contemporaries in the art world, but that does not leave him friendless, for he is ever making fresh ties of friendship. He is loved and honoured by all who come in contact with him, either professionally or socially; and what better can be said of any man.

A. G. C. van Duyl

F. H. KAEMMERER.

BY

A. L. H. OBREEN.



"Sur la promenade". From a study in oils.

F. H. KAEMMERER.

Paris has irresistable powers of attraction for artists of all nations, and I may say that the Netherlands has paid her share of the toll which the French capital demands.

There is not an artist in Europe who does not look forward to visiting Paris—like a pilgrim does to the shrine of his saint—either to study or learn; or should he be of riper years, to revisit the scenes of his student life and see all the treasures which this city of cities contains.

Is the studying of art in Paris prejudicial to a foreigner or not? This question is capable of being answered in a variety of ways. If by this you mean technical teaching, in the narrow sense of the word, then I say there is no better place for it than Paris. There we find skilled masters and teachers, many academies and studios, all well supplied with every thing that is necessary for the advancement of the pupil, and he who has talent soon comes to the fore, and he is encouraged in every possible way.

Besides which, Paris has a very peculiar character of its own, which we find no where else, namely great opportunities for interchange of ideas on all subjects connected with the fine arts. The life in Paris, amongst artists and students, amongst poets and authors, is like a merry-go-round of thought and ideas, a constant "exchange and mart" of imagination and sentiment. The most eccentric persons find admirers and followers, and are not looked upon as lunatics. This alone is a great boon for artists, for by this means they are able to remain free and independent, and are not kept in one groove, which so often mars the career of a poet or a painter. It is like being unequally yoked, a team that does not pull well together in double harness, yet each would go well in single.

Many a one arriving in Paris, for the first time, and fresh from some quiet home, feels the scales fall from his eyes. It suddenly occurs to him that all what formerly he thought beautiful and almost holy, melts away by reason of the ridicule and mockery of his new Bohemian surroundings.

These are the two great reasons why Paris is so splendid for young students.

But—there is always a but—there is another side to the question, namely that the Parisian public is almost too easy to please, and in consequence the artist is not sure whether his work is really good and worth the praise bestowed upon it, or not.

A study.

If there exists in the world a forcing house for art, it is undoubtedly Paris. The teachings and instructions there are so diversified and varied, and opportunities so manifold, that even a fool is almost bound to learn.

The consequence is that very often youths, who show some inclination for painting, are encouraged and forced on, I might say, until they grow to a certain height, and then never get any more advanced, certainly never come to ripeness.

This is the reverse side of the story, which is the same in every land and on every subject of education, but more especially in the case of art; when there is no talent and the plant shows signs of drooping, then the Muses cease pruning and watering and desert it.

If, however, an artist has developed his ideas, and worked quietly in his own home and has gained there a certain amount of success, let him *then* go to Paris to perfect himself, to round off the sharp corners, to assimilate new ideas, for then he is old enough and strong enough to digest rich food and withstand any crisis.

If he is still in his unfledged state, let him beware lest Paris prove too much for him. The little learning he has acquired will perhaps have to be unlearnt, and when he starts on a new road, beset with obstacles too great for him to surmount, if left to himself, he may never reach the end. His advent in Paris may perhaps be the crisis in his life, either for good or bad, most probably the latter. He will perhaps feel a vacuum in his brain, which he cannot fill, with satisfaction, nor refill with the old discarded ideas. Many a young art student has cursed the moment when first he set foot in Paris.

A study.

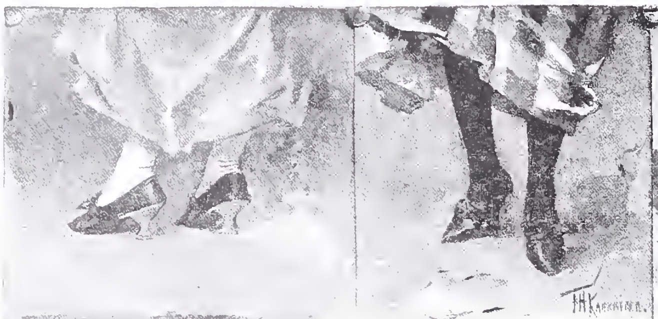
Has he passed the crisis, then well and good. He can then stand by himself upon whatever pedestal he chooses, and if he then carefully examines his own mind, he will find that, not only has he put off the old man and put on the new, but that he has become a French artist.

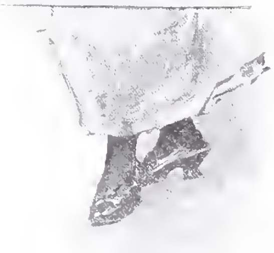
This has been Kaemmerer's case. His name is known as well in Paris as in his own country. A Dutchman who is counted a Parisian.

At an early age Kaemmerer went to Paris:

"Lively, honest,
Simple minded, modest....."

he has made a name for himself and has formed a style of his own, of which



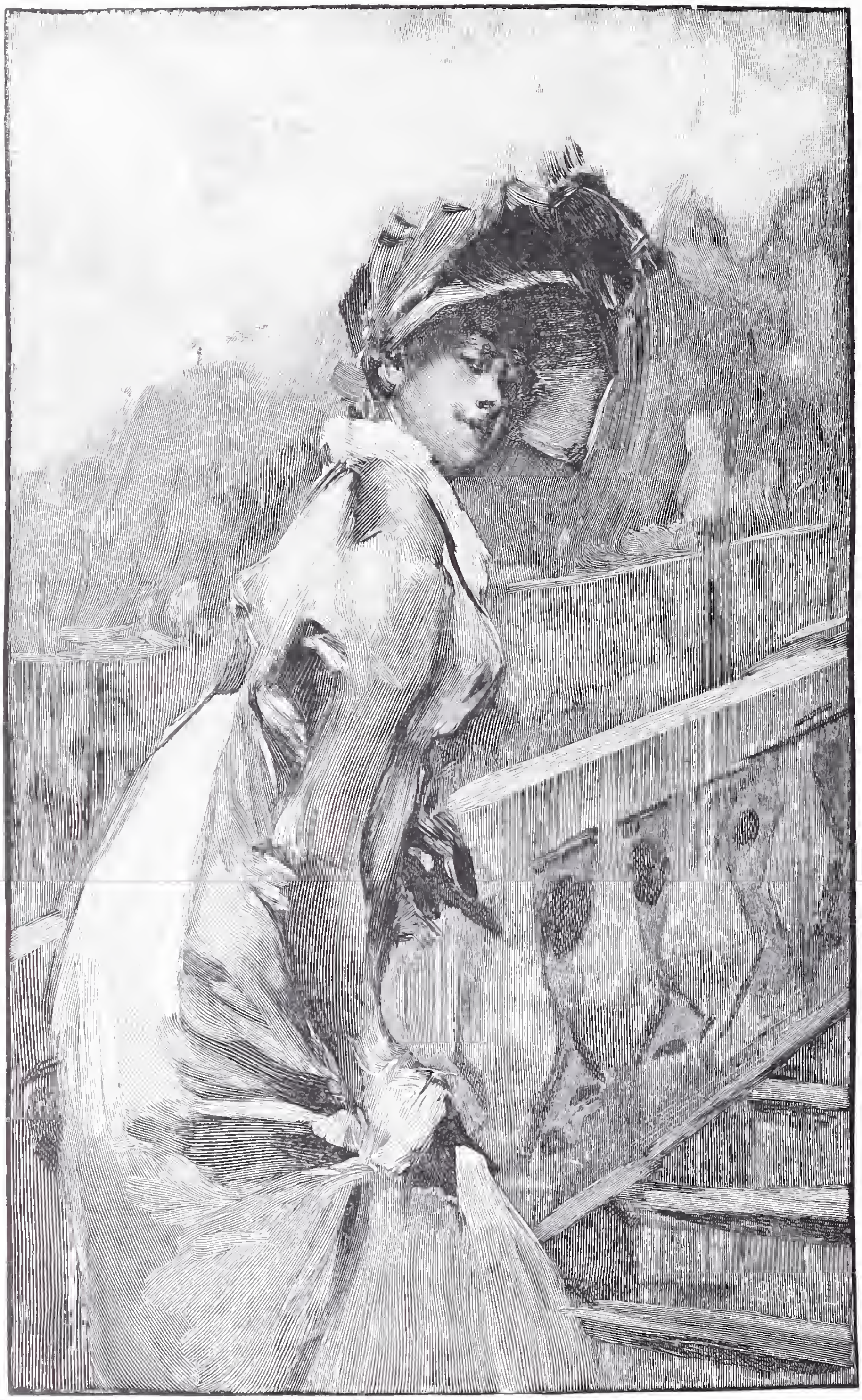


he is complete master. The name of Kaemmerer reminds me at once of the grace and outward show of the Directoire period, and of the fanciful costumes of the end of the last century. Society then, in Paris, was even "more so" than now, and even more *fin de siècle.* People were no longer ground down in the pestle and mortar of the reign of terror, nor were they yet in the iron grip of the first Napoleon, and for a time they were emancipated. Between those two periods of violence and war, the Directoire may be called a pleasant intermezzo—a sort of performance of clowns between the break-neck somersaults of acrobats and circus riders, or it may be compared to a grotesque scene from Shakespeare, between two very tragic ones.

The guillotine had made the noblesse of France almost extinct, the people had become beggarly; government paid no salaries and in return received no taxes. Only paper money existed, of which no one knew the exact value, and for which there was no proper security. A new class of people had suddenly become rich, and enjoyed their unexpected luxury. Gallantry reigned supreme, in a manner it had never done before. When that word gallantry is used, in connection with the period of the Directoire, then it must be taken in its fullest and widest sense.

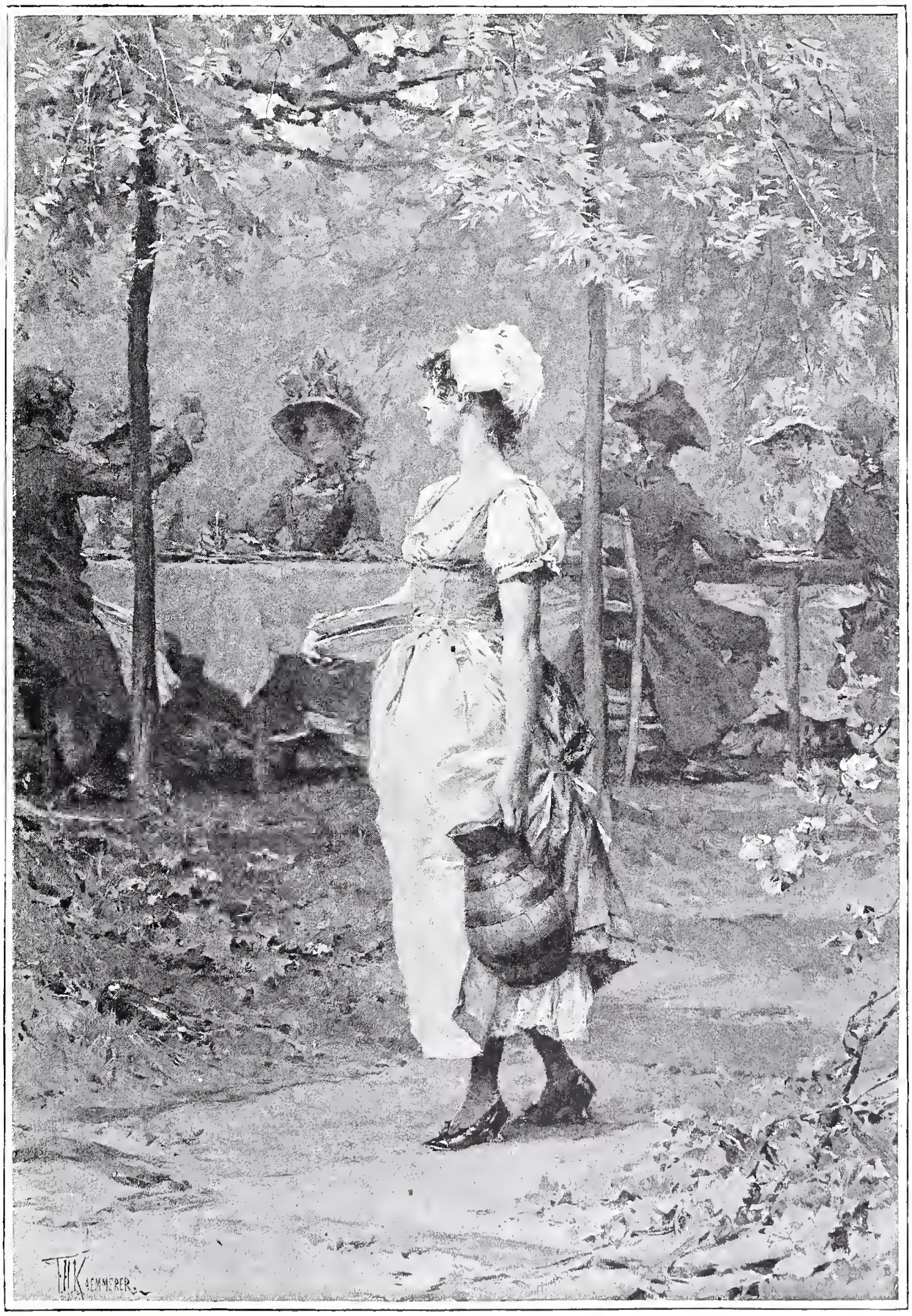
A study in charcoals.

An artist who wishes to study the customs and habits of that epoch, will



Merveilleuse (1791). From a painting in oils. Wood-cut by Florian.

find in it a mine of picturesqueness and singularity, as well as elegance and beauty. All this Kaemmerer has certainly had the good fortune to find.


F.H. KAEMMERER.

A young servant girl at a public house. From a painting.

There are few artists whose works have been copied more in the Modern

French School, than Kaemmerer's. This comes no doubt, because he, though born in Holland, has two great French qualities, namely spirit in the choice of subjects and daintiness in execution. Look at his women, in their long clinging robes, showing the outlines of the figure; look at their piquant turned up little noses, their small hands and feet, their high heeled shoes, so smart and coquettish, as if they were expecting a visit from Barras or Chenier, or some other beau of that period.

Spirit and grace, combined with daintiness and luxury, are the chief properties and strength of the French *genre* painters.

The ultra-modern, who swear by the study of nature in her realism, shrug their shoulders at this, and say: "That what you are painting is not what you have seen, you have not lived through it yourself. Those are fashion plates of your own creation, and not true to nature." Then you will answer and say: "And what if it is not nature. Those who buy my pictures buy them to please the eye and give daily renewed pleasure, when they hang on the walls of their homes."

Then again the other will retort: "I paint not for the public. The public I abhor. I paint to please myself. I do not care whether the public admire and buy, that leaves me calm and indifferent; I follow alone the paths of an artist, and the dictates of my own mind; the path that my eye indicated and my brain discovered, according to my own mood and temper."

A dancing girl. A study in charcoals.

This assertion is a cloak in the which some artists wrap themselves, whenever their work is not liked by their contemporaries.

A study. Charcoals.

The artist who has gained his spurs cannot any longer use this argument, for the good reason that he is powerless to declare what influence has urged him on, whether it is his own self satisfaction or the applause of the public. He begins by feeling his way carefully till he finds the ideas he is groping for and which start him on the road to success. Has he reached this lucky point, then he is *lancé*, but he must continue in the same groove and keep to the same ideas in spite of himself. At first perhaps under the pressure of his own vanity and success, and afterwards because he cannot master any other style. Name any artist you like and you will find that he is fettered to the work that first established his reputation. Till the day of Judgment we will expect Alma Tadema to give us beautiful Roman maidens, sitting on marble benches; Messonnier will always be associated with a man leaning up against a wall or up against a table. From Henner we always expect nymphs, and Carolus Duran, can only be

Carolus Duran, when he paints beautiful modern ladies, dressed in resplendent satins and velvets.

Every artist of talent and renown gets into one particular style of his own, and all the King's horses and all the King's men cannot get him out of it. It remains with him till his last breath.

This applies to Kaemmerer in regard to his preference to depict life such as it was during the Directoire. He has, however, painted other subjects too; the sea-shore at Scheveningen, seen by the light of the setting sun; a few landscapes, and he has also painted the *Place* at Père Lachaise where hundreds of communists were shot, and many other totally different subjects, have, in fact, come into being through the medium of his clever brush; yet with all this variety Kaemmerer is known for his ladies of the Directoire, and this and this only will stick to him to his dying day. Should you desire a picture of that period, you think at once and only of Kaemmerer. Do you desire a canvas by Kaemmerer, you would not ask him to paint any other subject, therefore Kaemmerer and the Directoire are inseparable. Those who meet with success in this world must bear the drawbacks as well as the joys. But can it be called a "drawback" to be applauded by a large and general public. Where is the man who despises applause and disdains success? That man is not yet born. To my mind success must be a huge satisfaction.

On most of Kaemmerer's canvases you will find the same little lady, the same little face with tip-tilted nose, the same coquettish twist of the body and twinkle in the eye. That proceeds from the fact that a certain type has engraven itself on his brain, and has taken possession of his mind, and by dint of frequent reproduction it becomes a sort of second nature, and he cannot depict any other. These little French ladies in their dainty frocks do not stand, or walk, or sit; they trip and dance and jaunt; they recline gracefully and with ease, always coquettish and always elegant.

Look at the half dozen pairs of dainty little feet on page 226, and you will agree with me that these little toes and ankles are not of the ordinary every day kind, and that they are extremely fascinating to look at. They all have however a strong family resemblance, although some are perched up on high heels and others are more moderate in their elevation.

It cannot be said that the French *genre* painters have not gained a world wide reputation. With Meissondier at the head of the list they have travelled far and wide, (that is their pictures of course) they have reconquered North America in this 19th century, a satisfaction no doubt, because England, in a political sense, in the 18th century, took away most of the French possessions. In fact they have revenged the defeat of the Marquis of Montcalm in Canada.

Now the rich American railway king and the ranche potentate, or the Chicago millionaire pay enormous prices for these *genre* paintings, and Kaemmerer may rejoice over the large portion of the spoils which comes his way.

„An accident"

FROM A PAINTING.

How gay, how enlivening, how jolly are Kaemmerer's pictures; one almost doubts whether society at that time was as happy and blithe as he depicts it. Could they be so light hearted so soon after that reign of terror?

Quarrelling fish wives. From a painting.

A wedding, a christening, a carnival, a ball, all these events undoubtedly took place in Paris at that period; but other events happened too of quite a different type, and it is just these "other events" that made the social life, in the time of the Directoire, so prominent, and from whence it has become so well known. The word Directoire suggests many things, let us be thankful that it belongs to the past.

Can you imagine Paris, after two years of terrors and horrors (from September 1792 till the fall of Robespierre in the autumn of 1794) when the populace were living at high pressure and excitement, brought about by bloodshed and tyranny, settling down so soon to social amusements and merry making? It is not possible. During those two years every thing had disappeared which for centuries had formed the basis of French social laws; religion, loyalty, constitution, citizenship, all had been swept away. All social ties were broken or stunted, and are we to suppose that following immediately upon this, came a time of peace and plenty. That the brave burghers were tamed down and married the women with whom they lived, brought legitimate children into the world and had them baptized. That they led a domestic moral life, walking out on Sundays with their wives and children, all dressed in their

A study.

Sunday best? Are we to believe this, I say, by looking at Kaemmerer's dainty little ladies, with their smiling faces and happy looks. Let us try to believe that they were happy, that they were good and passed sensible and moral lives.

But the real and unvarnished truth of the matter is this: there never was a period, in French history, when society lived a coarser or more passionate life, when wantonness, gambling and intemperance were so well to the fore, and life one constant round of enjoyments; when crafty politicians conspired against what little government there was left, and when every man was artful and cunning, trying by dishonest means, to gain the supremacy.

"Le Menuet." A study.

In fact Paris, in the time of the Directoire, was nothing more or less than a gambling hell. The houses of the respectable and genteel folks had passed into the hands of the lowest, and many were turned into gambling dens. The people who had suddenly amassed wealth, by dishonest means, amused themselves eating and drinking, caring not for their poorer brethren, many of whom were starving. The *nouveau riche* made themselves conspicuous in every possible manner, wearing gaudy clothes and riding in bizarre coaches.

There was no art, no literature, no science, nothing but the worship of the golden calf. Though many married, yet they forgot to go to the church or registry office, and did they do this, they soon forgot the sacred ties and divorce became the order of the day.

And what about the christening of their children? Did that mean anything? No, fortune tellers, necromancers, ghost-seers were of much more importance than the religious ceremony. Superstition was rampant and took complete possession of men's minds, and gambling stood first among all amusements. Gambling and superstition generally go hand in hand.

Foundlings grew like weeds by the way-side, and the streets were disturbed by constant brawls. It became the fashion to use muscular strength and carry about a thick stick with a sharp point at the end. It was also considered the correct thing to speak in a high falsetto voice, and leave out the pronunciation of the letter R. To dance along the road with a certain dash of foppery, and wear very fanciful shoes. The men had their chins almost buried under yards of silk cravat, wore long tailed coats, the ends flapping against their legs and on their heads three-cornered hats; the women were not less extraordinary: bare arms, bare necks, and often bare feet. A minimum of toilet after the antique statuary, such a minimum that once there was a row in the Champs Elysées because two ladies—had I not better call them females—had allowed themselves the privilege of showing too much of their persons to the public gaze.

The Directoire was nothing more than a big carnival, a carouse on a big scale, which might be called an epidemic of some psychological sickness, which if healed, threatened to bring on a worse malady.

Yet we will always gaze with pleasure at Kaemmerer's delightful pictures, admire them and feel attracted towards them. We even experience a sneaking desire to be dressed as he has dressed his men and women, and be dainty and attractive as they are; though we do not wish to copy their ways nor fall into their habits.

I think that the third Republic has taken over some of the fashions set by Madame Tallien and that host of foolish hysterical women, who ruled the land then, and I am sorry to say, if you look behind the scenes, that some of the manners and morals have been passed down with these fashions. There is at present a great love of speculation and gambling. Millionaires spring up like mushrooms in one night, and no one is happy unless in the whirl of some excitement. After all, the present day, is only a younger brother of the Directoire.

But for heaven's sake let us drop this subject and talk only of those pretty dainty little ladies. who have been immortalized by the able brush of our artist. Let us admire their beautiful garments and their trim little feet; let us not think of their morals, nor of their manners, but take them as we see them, captivating and bewitching and shall I add loveable.

* * *

For us Hollanders the period of the Directoire is associated with our darkest historical recollections. It is now a century ago since a strong political party received the army of Pichegru, with noisy rejoicings, within the borders of our land.

Suffering a defeat, and being beaten by a hostile army, may happen to any nation, but to drag the stranger within your gates, and make him arbitrator for home quarrels, is the greatest of all villanies chronicled in any nation's history.

The merry-go-round. From a painting.

Dear reader, when you look at, and admire these fascinating little figures of the Directoire, do not rejoice too much over them and their carnivalic exhibitions, but remember, with sadness, that they were received as friends into our land and afterwards trod it under foot as conquerors. If there is any excuse at all it is this: a few years before, another political party had dragged the Prussians over our borders and history does not relate any disastrous results, nor was there any need of reproach.

But we have atoned for our sins. Every sin finds its own punishment and we sincerely wish, and with all our heart, that we had never known the people of the Directoire, save by the delightful and captivating pictures of our talented compatriot F. H. Kaemmerer, whose vivacious and graceful little dames of that period, are so well known to the present generation, by their fascinating charm and by their rollicking spirit of lightheartedness. They will no doubt be admired and appreciated for many generations yet to come, in fact as long as there is any generation left, to enjoy life in general and Art in particular.

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